

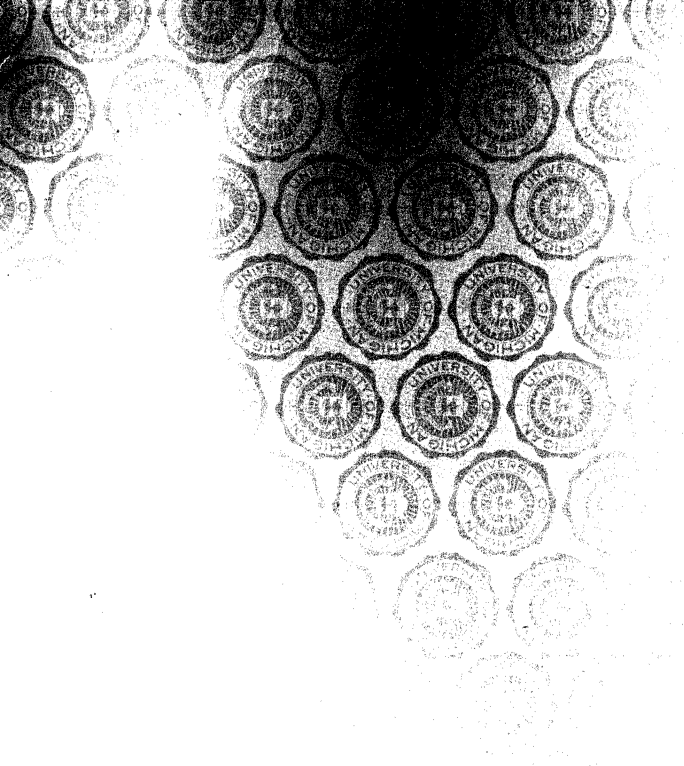
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THE
HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL CULTURE.

JANUARY, 1884.

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HONOLULU:

PRINTED AT THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE OFFICE.

THE
HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

VOLUME I.]

[NUMBER 1.

HONOLULU, JANUARY, 1884.

CONCERNING OURSELVES.

Wishing all our patrons and friends a Happy New Year, with health and prosperity and abundance of good things, we lay before them the first number of the HAWAIIAN MONTHLY. At the same time we desire to say a few words concerning our plans and purposes. In so doing we trust we shall not be considered as violating that rule of modesty which is becoming even in journalists.

We have said in our *prospectus* that we proposed "to discuss in a perfectly independent spirit, any and all matters of legitimate public interest." But we recognize the fact that independence is by no means the only quality required in journalism, and in carrying out the purpose above indicated, we trust that our columns will display that degree of intelligence, combined with candor and fairness, which the public have a right to expect in a periodical of this kind. We shall endeavor also to exercise a sound and conservative judgment in discriminating between subjects of "legitimate public interest" and those which minister to the love of gossip and a taste for the merely sensational. Acting in this spirit, we purpose presenting our readers from month to month, articles upon leading topics of the day, by such writers among us as we consider best qualified to deal with them. Such articles will be upon various subjects, literary, scientific, educational, ethical, etc., and when practicable will be accompanied by the names of the authors. It is not expected that competent parties, writing over their own signatures, shall in all respects think exactly as we do. On the contrary, we believe the interest and value of the MONTHLY will be enhanced by allowing our contributors to treat the subjects selected, in their own way, subject to no limitations except those implied in our pledge that this periodical shall be "conducted in the interests of good morals, good manners and good government."

We shall endeavor at all times to conduct our ed-

itorial discussions in such a manner that they will be generally recognized, even by those who do not entirely agree with us, as a genuine contribution towards that "sound thinking and right feeling," the promotion of which is one of the objects announced in our prospectus.

Political matters we shall discuss from time to time, as occasion may seem to require, treating such questions, however, with reference rather to principles and measures than to individuals. Such reforms in legislation and administration as we consider the condition of the country and the welfare of the people to require, we shall advocate so far as possible on an impersonal basis.

Having defined our position with reference to these weightier matters, it remains for us to call attention to the contents of the present issue, from which it will be seen that the thoughtful discussion of grave questions of history, philosophy, politics, &c., is by no means the only function assigned to the HAWAIIAN MONTHLY. While these matters will not be neglected, it shall be our aim to introduce as great an amount of variety as possible, in order that each number may contain something of interest for all, and that old and young, grave and gay, may find their several tastes provided for in due and reasonable proportion.

In carrying out the foregoing ideas, no pains shall be spared. Our object is to provide a general literary and family magazine, which, while giving especial prominence to matters of local interest, shall by the quantity, quality and variety of its contents, fully justify its being, and commend itself on its merits, to the confidence and support of the intelligent portion of the community. We pledge ourselves that each number of the MONTHLY shall be as good as the facilities at our command and the patronage we receive, will enable us to make it.

HAWAII'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

At a time when persistent efforts are being made by interested parties to disparage the character of American residents in these islands with respect to their patriotism and devotion to their native land, we deem it to be in order to present some plain and undeniable facts in contradiction of such statements. The Americans in Hawaii have shown their interest in the land they are proud to call their own, in ways more practical and more costly than getting up 4th of July celebrations and singing patriotic songs, and that at a time when their government was struggling for its very existence, and the rulers of the old world were congratulating themselves and each other that the disruption of the American Union was already an accomplished fact.

We have before us the report of the United States Sanitary Commission. We need not recount the invaluable services which this unique organization rendered to the armies in the field during the four years of the great civil war; organizing and systematizing the patriotic liberality of the nation; gathering from ten thousand sources contributions of money and supplies; extending its beneficent labors to every part of the vast field of operations; supplementing the defects of official red-tapeism with a voluntary service of wonderful flexibility and perfection and rendering a service which for magnitude and completeness was never equaled or approached in any war in the world. Its operations were gigantic and the value of its services to the national cause, simply incalculable. The successful prosecution of the work undertaken by this organization involved a vast outlay of money, its expenses aggregating not thousands or tens of thousands, but millions; every dollar of which was a voluntary contribution from the friends of the cause.

That the Americans and the friends of America in this country contributed liberally to the funds of the Commission is well known, but we think it is not generally known that the contributions were not only larger absolutely than those of several of the smaller Territories, but were larger relatively in proportion to the constituency from which they came, than those of any Territory or State in the American Union. In the appendix to the report above referred to, there are detailed statements of the amounts received from each State and Territory on the Pacific slope and from the countries adjacent, and among all these, the table headed

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,

holds the place of honor, footing up the very respectable sum of seventeen thousand nine hundred and fifty-five dollars and fifty-one cents—\$17,955.51.

If we turn now to the census of 1860, we find that the entire foreign population of the Islands at that time (Chinese excepted), was only 272, and this number could not have been greatly increased during the years of the war, as we find by the census

of 1866 that the total increase of foreigners in six years had only been (Chinese excepted), 272, making the foreign population at the latter date 2988.

The largest contributions to the treasury of the Commission, from any States in proportion to population, and in the case of California, the largest absolutely, with one or two exceptions; were from California and Nevada, the former giving the magnificent sum of \$1,233,977.81. But if we take her population at that time and the foreign population of these Islands as a basis of comparison, we find that the latter gave at least twice as much *per capita* as the former. In making the above comparison we have assumed that the whole amount raised here came from persons of foreign birth or lineage, and though this may not have been absolutely true, it is certainly near enough for all practical purposes. Whatever may have come from native sources was not enough to materially affect the accuracy of the above conclusions. Exactly what proportion of the 2716 foreigners reported in the census of 1860 were Americans, we cannot say, but it is certain that from them came nearly the whole amount already named. Of the entire sum of about eighteen thousand dollars, more than four-fifths is expressly stated as being from "American citizens" of this country, or is credited to individuals like Capt. Makee, Henry Cornwell and others, who we know to be such. It can hardly be doubted also that the sums credited to "Citizens of Honolulu" and "Citizens of the Sandwich Islands," through Dr. Bellows and A. J. Cartwright, amounting to something over three thousand dollars, came largely from the same source.

We have chosen California for the basis of comparison for two reasons; *first*, because she was the banner State of the Union so far as direct gifts to the central treasury of the Commission was concerned; and *second*, because her position was analogous to that of these Islands, being far from the seat of war, seeing and knowing nothing of actual hostilities, and not having her own people to any extent engaged in the struggle. Nevada, a State then in its infancy, and situated in the above respects very much as California and ourselves, was considered to have done nobly, giving no less than \$107,672.96. But Nevada gave considerably less *per capita* than the foreign community here. It should be remembered also that the population of Nevada, like that of all new communities in the mining regions, contained a very large excess of men over women and children; men mostly in the prime of life and actively engaged in productive industry, and that such communities in America are notoriously free-hearted and open-handed.

Finally, to enable us properly to estimate the degree of liberality indicated by the foregoing figures, we must go back and compare the commercial condition and financial ability of this community twenty years ago with what it is at the present day. The

"flush times" of the whaling business were mostly over. Confederate cruisers had to a considerable extent swept American shipping from the seas. The reciprocity treaty was yet in the uncertain future. The sugar planting industry was still in its infancy, and although a few plantations were paying handsomely, the entire sugar interests in the Islands were but small in comparison with the magnitude they have since attained. We find on examination that the entire exports for the year 1863 were only a little over one million of dollars, or about *one-eighth* of what they were last year—1882. The precise figures for 1882 were, exports, \$8,299,016.70, and imports, \$4,974,510.01, showing a balance *in favor* of the islands, of \$3,324,506.69.

If we compare the value of property in the country at the present time with what it was during the years of the war, we find a difference almost as great relatively as in the volume of commercial transactions. We have been unable to find the record of the assessments of twenty years ago, but according to the report of the Minister of Finance to the Legislature of 1864, the total receipts from taxes on real and personal property for the preceding two years was only \$30,546.77, or an average of \$15,-273.38 per annum. As the rate of direct taxation at that time was one-quarter of one per cent., it follows that the total assessed value of the real and personal property in the Kingdom was a little over six millions of dollars, a considerable percentage of which most have belonged to natives. The assessment last year—1882—was, for Honolulu, \$14,073,-424, and for the whole country, \$32,500,000, or at least *five times as much* as in 1862-3, and it is certain that a much larger proportion of the whole belongs to foreigners than was the case twenty years ago. It is safe to assume that the financial ability and giving power of the foreigners resident here during the war, was not over one-fourth or one-fifth of what it is at the present time, and of the large amount contributed, the greater portion, in fact nearly the whole, as already shown, came from Americans.

It may be objected that the foregoing comparison between the gifts of the Americans in Hawaii and those of their fellow-countrymen at home is unfair, inasmuch as the latter contributed in a hundred other ways to the aid and comfort of the "boys in blue," and that their voluntary contributions of stores and supplies of all kinds, far exceeded the amount given in money. This objection we have anticipated by making our comparison with those communities on the Pacific Slope, whose liberality is unquestioned and whose patriotism is above reproach—communities also whose distance from the scene of military operations rendered contributions of anything but money, either impracticable or at least inexpedient.

It is true that the Hawaiian Americans, like their brethren in California, were not required to furnish their quota of men, but it is also true that they

thereby lost the inspiration of personal interest in the struggle which the people of the northern and eastern states had in the knowledge that their own neighbours and intimate friends, their own fathers, sons and brothers were personally engaged in the conflict and exposed to all the perils of war.

Neither do we forget the enormous loans which were raised at home, nor the multiplicity of taxes of all kinds to which the American Government was compelled to resort in order to meet the expenses of the war; from all of which the dwellers in these Islands were exempt. But we also remember that most of the money so raised was expended at home, stimulating every branch of business, enriching thousands, giving remunerative employment to every one who was willing to work, while the enormous increase in the volume of the currency produced its inevitable results in making money easy, inflating prices, filling the pockets of the people, until a dollar scarcely looked as big as a quarter had done before the war. From this artificial stimulation of business and this inflated condition of the money market the people of these Islands were free, and this fact should be made full allowance for in estimating the value of what they did pecuniarily for the cause of the Union.

We have dwelt especially upon the money aspect of this question because the facts and figures on that point were more easily accessible, and could not be denied or questioned. The depth and intensity of American feeling here during the war, the hearty rejoicing over every victory, the sincere mourning over every defeat, the public meetings and illuminations, the anxiety with which each foreign arrival was looked for, the keen interest with which every phase of the conflict was watched, and the enthusiastic reception of the tidings of final triumph, are all matters which, however real and vivid to those who witnessed and took part in them, cannot be reduced to figures or made to appear in a table of statistics.

Nor were we by any means without representatives in the field. The data on this point are scattered and not easily obtainable with any degree of fullness. We need only mention such cases as those of Warren Goodale, who resigned the important position of Collector-General of the Kingdom to return home and enter the army; of Samuel C. Armstrong, who for gallant and meritorious conduct was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and who is now widely known as the head of the Institute at Hampton, Va.; of Dr. N. B. Emerson, born this on island of missionary parents, who served in a Massachusetts regiment and took part in some of the principal battles of the war; of a son of Henry Dimond of this place, who returned to the land of his fathers to enter the service of the Sanitary Commission, &c.

These and others whose names might be added to the list, were in sympathy, in feeling and in every aspiration of their hearts, Americans. America was their native land or the land of their fathers, and though by the accident of birth or the exigencies of

official service they were technically Hawaiians, they proved their Americanism by the most crucial of tests. And yet these are the men who, according to the statistics of the sugar commission, are to be classified simply as Hawaiians, and denied all claim to be regarded as Americans at all. Can anything be more unjust and absurd than such a classification when applied, for instance, to such a man as Warren Goodale, who resigned a profitable and permanent official position to risk his life in defence of his native country; or Dr. Emerson who left college to enter the army.

We find on enquiry that a considerable number of Hawaiian born residents in the United States entered the service in various capacities and served with honor. This was particularly the case in the vicinity

of New Bedford. Many of these, though not all, were of American parentage. We learn from an old resident here, that at the final assault on Fort Fisher, one of these Hawaiian recruits was the first man inside the works, and that several other Hawaiians were serving in the same regiment.

The American residents in these islands have no need to be ashamed of their record in relation to the great civil war. They proved their faith by their works in too many ways to leave any room for honest doubt or even any decent pretext for misrepresentation. That such an attempt should have been made is of course a matter of regret. It is however only one more illustration of the unfair means which men will resort to, under the stimulus of self interest.

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

I.

"I told Mrs. Gould I would go to Westerville with her to-morrow," said Maria Harding. "You know, Edward, I'm to have a new suit this spring. I'm tired of mosaics. Besides, I've turned, and cut over, and made two into one, until there's nothing left to make over again. Don't you like seal brown shades, Edward?"

Mr. Harding sat leaning back in his arm chair, looking at the flames which flickered from the open fire place. After a silence of some minutes, he suddenly looked up, saying, "Going to Westerville to-morrow, did you say?"

"Yes, nothing to be had in Mr. Mills' little store, you know."

"Let me see! The cars leave West Canton at 9 o'clock. You'll go on the Albany road, of course. Well, you'll have to start by seven, certainly. It's full two miles to the station, I must be at the factory early to-morrow, and can't leave to take you after that."

"Wait at the depot an hour and a half," thought Mrs. Harding, "because somebody prefers to take me there immediately after breakfast." Meekly suppressing the hasty word that trembled on her lip, she replied, "We're going to drive over."

"I shall want both horses at the factory," quietly responded Mr. Harding.

"Mrs. Gould takes her horse."

"Oh!" And Mr. Harding settled back in his arm chair, took up the daily *Republican*, which lay upon his knee, and was soon lost in "Civil Service reform."

Maria turned the eye of the button hole she was working, with as graceful a curve as if a veteran in the art—silent lest she should interrupt her husband's reading, but—thoughtful.

Had she not a comfortable home?

Yes!

Had she not a good husband?

Y—e—s!

Enough to eat?

Oh, Yes!

Enough to wear?

Yes—perhaps so.

What then! Is she depicting to herself the sad fate of Dorothea, forever linked to the decrepit Casanton?

No, no! *Middlemarch*, long since unthought of, lies upon the table, and *Herbert Spencer* by its side.

At length Mr. Harding put down his paper.

"What news?" asked Maria.

"Well, nothing in particular," he replied, stretching himself out in his cushioned chair.

Suddenly he rose, took his hat, and went out into the beautiful refreshing night. In a few moments he was comfortably seated in a neighboring store, where a little of everything was kept for sale, and where the men of the village congregated night after night to talk over everybody's affairs but their own.

Maria's thoughts were no longer silent ones. Why should they be? The house was vacant, excepting Minnie Maltese, who lay curled up before the fire, like pussy willows in spring sunbeams.

"Minnie, I shall not disturb you if I do talk, shall I?"

Minnie answered by lazily drawing out her white paws to their full length, and throwing her head back upon the soft, warm rug.

"Every night," said Maria, "Caudle lectures. Never. He takes his hat and goes where he pleases—harnesses his horse and goes when he pleases. When I go this is the programme:"

Question—"I'd like to go,—Can I have the horse and covered buggy?"

Answer—"Using the horse. Too muddy to take out covered carriage."

Question—"Can I have them to-morrow?"

Answer—"Can take light wagon to-morrow forenoon. I'm going to Lincoln in the afternoon."

Question—"When can I have the horse and covered buggy?"

Answer—"Oh, I don't know. It's a deal of work to wash that covered buggy."

Reflection—"It's a deal of work to wash." Stop! this is wrong. Ungrateful, both to my husband and the good God who has crowned my life with blessings. What matters if every wish is not anticipated, or even granted at the asking. What matters if I don't know where he has gone? I can trust him. Thank God for that. I don't care where. But this cool reticence—this independent silence! 'Ay, there's the rub!' Once, Maria Harding, you too was independent. Come here, Minnie," and Maria smoothed the soft coat of her pet, and laying down the garment upon which she was working, caressingly took up the pretty gray and white kitten, murmuring as she did so, "Foolish child, am I not? 'He is all fault that hath no fault at all.' Edward is good, men don't think, I suppose."

II.

The dining room of the Hardings on the following morning was peculiarly cheerful and attractive. The large bay window, filled with roses and carnations, looked out upon an extensive lawn, where white crocuses bloomed among spears of newly sprouting grass. Early maples were preparing to hang out their tassels, and in their branches the robins made ready their nests. Far in the distance purple hills reposed upon the crimson bed of the east. The sunbeams that lay upon their borders, and thenceforth stretched out over the earth, came dancing through the windows, making rainbows with castor and goblets. Clear amber coffee sent forth its fragrance, and tender loin, rare and hot, smoked upon the table. Maria, in her white apron and pretty breakfast cap, although seemingly a little disturbed, was, as usual, vivacious and apparently happy. Mr. Harding, the embodiment of strength and mental vigor, seated himself before the viands, completing the picture—a fit study for the Salmagundi Club.

After various ineffectual attempts at conversation, Maria somewhat hesitatingly alluded to her contemplated ride with Mrs. Gould,

"We want to start early," she said, "so that I can get home before tea. I'll leave you a nice dinner on the table, and a coal fire in the kitchen, so that you can have hot coffee; and I'll put a piece of steak on the gridiron. You can broil it, can't you?"

"I suppose so," and Mr. Harding drew the white napkin across his lips, while Maria nervously continued, hoping that he would remember that a brown suit was impossible without money.

"I'm sure you'll like this dress I'm going to buy. I shall get a plain straw hat, and silk and feathers to match. You know I can trim it myself. Don't you think I'll do for head workman in Jordan and Marsh's millinery department, Edward?"

Vain words. Mr. Harding swallowed the last drop of coffee in silence. Maria perseveringly changed her tactics, as a doctor his prescriptions, and gave counsel as to the warning of mince pies and doughnuts. But to no purpose. The powders only brought the cool reply:

"Well, well, I can see to those things, It's almost eight o'clock. I must go," and his hand was round the door knob, when Maria gasped, "I have no money, Edward."

"Haven't? How much do you want?"

Had Maria been more of a financier, she would have answered "fifty dollars." But she had never learned the art of blowing her own horn. She hesitated. Mr. Harding was in a hurry. "Eight o'clock," he repeated. "I must be off. Haven't any small bills. There's a five dollar gold piece"—and he was gone.

Maria leaned back in her chair. "No small bills! Does the man think I can buy dress and hat and fixings for five dollars? I need everything. A respectable tramp wouldn't look at my shoes, and my gloves are as worn out as a Pinafore song. It has always been just so—must always ask and never receive a tenth of what I want. Fortunate my bridal trousseau was ample. May have to play the role of the 'Barefoot Boy' yet. Wish I had said fifty dollars when he asked me how much. But I cannot do such things. How little you feel, Maria Harding! About like a crawling serpent, when you would be a soaring eagle. Stolen goods, that simile! I shall never be a Lord Bacon, if it is—can't take bribes. I only want my dues. Haven't spent a cent since last January. Then I had, how much? Ten dollars—delivered to me, a suppliant, in the same reluctant manner. Yet I have done all the work, and some of the time five men have sat down to our dinner table, when Edward was preparing the meadow for cranberries. Bridget's a queen in comparison. She receives her wages weekly—glad to get her at that." A heavy sigh—"and is it always to be thus?" At this hasty look into the future, Maria burst into tears.

But Mrs. Harding was not the woman to sit there and weep. She had accustomed herself to look at all seeming evils without prejudice, and if there was a remedy to find it, but not to vex herself by dwelling upon what was unavoidable. Could anything be done in her present emergency? She was just on the point of a private consultation with *ego*, when she saw Mr. Gould pass the window towards the door.

"Oh! I can't go to Westerville to-day," she exclaimed, "don't feel like it, and it's of no use either."

Mr. Gould had come to ask what time she would like to start.

"Well I'm not at all ready," said Mrs. Harding. "Indeed I'm not feeling well this morning, and was almost wishing we might postpone our little trip until another day."

"Well, my wife had a headache," said Mr. Gould, "hardly felt able to go," and so it was arranged that the ride should be given up, and Maria was again left to her own reflections.

III.

A woman's intuitions are God given, and like all His bequests come when most needed—as unlike the deductions arrived at after long continued research, as is the inspiration of a trustful Christian spirit, unlike modern agnosticism.

To Maria, life was a daily reality, and every event, however trifling, so much towards accomplishing or defeating its purposes. Her love for her husband she had guarded as the chief jewel in her crown of happiness. She well knew that this constant beggary was placing her in a position below him, for gold gives position. A beggar is scorned. To this very thing she ascribed her husband's reticence and abrupt replies, so different from the experience of their early wedded life. But these considerations had far less weight with her than the conviction which was daily acquiring strength, that she could not be long subject to such exhibitions of a parsimonious spirit without its having a very disastrous effect upon her regard for her husband. She had never regarded him as possessing a close and nigardly nature. The build and contour of the man, his disinterested efforts on behalf of the unfortunate, his solicitude for the sick and the sorrowful, the readiness with which he engaged in works of philanthropy, would have repelled such a thought. Had her native discernment failed her in this most important of issues? "If he was less prosperous," she sometimes said, it would seem more reasonable. But Edward's business is good, and his income sufficient to warrant comfort if not luxury. Possibly she also took into account the fact that soon after her marriage, the patrimony from her father's estate had been handed over to Mr. Harding, and invested in a way that had added essentially to his means for carrying on business with success and profit.

Maria was never slow in devising means for the accomplishment of what she had decided upon as right. "This state of things will soon undermine the very foundation of our domestic peace. What shall be done?" she asked.

Suddenly the answer came—not dim and obscure, but clear as an unclouded winter noon, leaving no room for doubt, and Maria was not slow to act.

IV.

"I shall go over immediately after dinner," thought Maria. "It was only yesterday I saw the notice in the *Republican*. I am almost sure I can have the situation. Mrs. Denver, poor woman, will be glad of the chance to come and get the dinners I can try it until the summer vacation, any way.

Ought I to consult Edward? I can't. He takes so little interest in anything I say or do. Besides I may not get the place, after all. Don't know whether Edward would approve of the plan."

All this time Maria was busy cooking, arranging, and dusting, and when Mr. Harding came home at noon the house was in order and dinner on the table.

When quite young, Maria was left motherless. The care of the family had often devolved upon her, whereby she had learned the art of housekeeping, such a bugbear to the uninitiated, and such a discomfort to those dependent upon them for their daily necessities. When but eighteen, her father died also, leaving a few thousand dollars to be divided between Maria and her only brother, already established as a promising young lawyer in New York city.

Immediately on the decease of her father, Maria made arrangements for completing the course of study she had already commenced at college. But she soon found her moderate income demanded some means of self-support, and gladly accepted the offer of the village school in Canton. Mr. Harding was then chairman of the School Board, and thus often thrown into the society of the young teacher, nor was he slow to appreciate the character of one in whom was combined in an unusual degree gentleness, strength, and intellectual acumen. His visits to the schoolroom became more and more frequent. There was a satisfaction in watching the ease and grace with which she moved among her pupils; her tenderness toward them; the smile which played around her lips as she encouraged the faithful student, and the sad look upon her sweet face at any little transgressions on the part of those under her charge.

Soon his visits were delayed until late in the afternoon, and under the pretence of discussing school matters, he often remained long after little feet were treading the wayside turf, and little hands had plucked the daisy and buttercup by the dusty road.

At the close of the village school, Maria was invited to take the place of lady principal in Lewiston Seminary, an old and flourishing institution in the neighborhood of Canton. Here Mr. Harding was a frequent visitor until, at the end of two years, the successful and popular teacher resigned her place in the seminary and became the mistress of "Lake-view," Mr. Harding's ancestral home. Maria had now determined to apply for her old situation in Lewiston Seminary.

Mr. Harding was surprised on his return to dinner, to find his wife at home. But when she told him Mrs. Gould had a bad headache, and they had given up the ride, he made no further comment than to remark that the traveling was bad, and perhaps it was well they didn't go.

Maria was considering whether to return him the five dollars, and had just decided to do nothing of the kind, when a knock at the door was followed by

the presentation of a bill from the tailor, to the amount of thirty dollars. Mr. Harding took out his pocket-book, arranged the greenbacks one after another, when he made the discovery that five dollars more would just meet the payment. True, there were tens and twenties carefully put away into another department of this private bank.

"I'd rather let them be," thought Mr. Harding. "Maria, can you let me have that five dollar gold piece I gave you this morning? Can't make out the money very well without it."

The blush of indignant feeling crimsoned Maria's cheek as she hastily handed him the money, which he took, remarking, "When you go to Westerville you can have it again."

Maria knew it would only come with the asking, and that she determined should never be.

V.

"This is very fortunate," said Dr. Hill, president of the Board of Trustees of Lewiston Seminary. "Miss Grant's Health is not equal to the situation. She is too delicate to teach, and we could think of no one to take her place."

This was said in Dr. Hill's pleasant parlor, whither Mrs. Harding had betaken herself directly after the dinner alluded to in the previous chapter.

"Why we shall be glad enough to have you here again," he continued. "There's not been a fair Latin class since you left. Mr. Spaulding's a good teacher, but rather dull, just as I should be, you know, and by the time his scholars get through the rules and remarks of Andrews and Stodard's grammar, which every one must learn before he translates a word, the boys begin to wish the geese had never cackled, but had left Rome to destruction, and the whole Latin language with it. I don't believe in Prof. Sanvem's method exactly, but somehow you used to have a mingling of the old and new system, which worked admirably."

"You know Latin is my hobby, doctor."

"Yes, and that accounts for your good English. But have you got your divorce yet, Mrs. Harding?" said the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his soft grey eye.

"Have not money enough to pay for it," she answered, with a faint blush at the thought of the possibility of having disclosed her purpose in teaching.

"What salary shall we pay you, Mrs. Harding?"

"Oh! I shall leave that to you, doctor; you know I always did, and as a consequence, always received more than I would have dared to ask."

"Yes, but married ladies sometimes learn to be keen in such matters."

"I believe I'm less so than ever."

"Well, we paid seven hundred last year. If I remember rightly you used to have eight. Hard times took off a hundred, but I think we could raise it again for you."

"Oh! no, doctor—not at present, certainly. Seven hundred will be quite satisfactory."

"I don't believe your husband will agree to that. He drives a good bargain, they say."

"In this I am my own mistress, doctor."

Mrs. Harding soon left, promising to be at the Seminary, ready for work, the next Monday morning.

Maria had always been a favorite at the parsonage, and many inquiries were made as to her return to school.

"I never thought such a life would suit Maria," said the doctor. "She's of too literary a turn for a farmer's wife."

"Yes, but Mr. Harding fully equals his wife in intelligence and culture. She always seemed to enjoy her work, and she certainly has a most delightful home," replied his wife.

"A Norwegian hut would become fairy land under Maria's supervision."

"Does she board at home," inquired Mrs. Hill.

"Of course, Mr. Harding would never consent to any other arrangement. She can come up in the cars every day. It's only ten minutes ride."

"Well, I don't quite understand how it came about."

"'Twill be a fine thing for the school, at any rate."

The same evening, after a long silence, Mr. Harding suddenly looked up from his paper with the inquiry, "Maria, where were you this afternoon? Mr. Harris was over from Ashley, said he called here and found no one at home, and the doors locked."

"I went up to Lewiston," she said, a little flustered.

"Up to Lewiston! I thought you were going to Westerville, ever so fast, *varium et mutabile semper faemina*."

At another time Maria might have paid him in his own coin, for she was familiar with Latin authors, and quick at repartee. But now she was silent. She had been just on the point of telling her husband of her proposed undertaking, and regretted she had not done so before his inquiries had called it forth. It would now have the appearance of secrecy, which she would have avoided above all things. But further information must be given, and at length she ventured to say,

"I was just going to speak with you, Edward, about an engagement I have made this afternoon."

Mr. Harding was absorbed in the "Rive rand Harbor Bill," and made no reply.

"Oh!" thought Maria, "if he would ask me about it, or manifest the slightest interest."

But she had launched her boat—it must not get aground, and she bravely continued, "I am to take my old place in Lewiston Seminary next Monday."

"What's that?"

Maria had at length found the positive pole of the battery, and evidently Mr. Harding was in connection with the negative. She quickly continued:

"I went up to Lewiston this afternoon to see Dr.

Hill, and I've engaged to commence teaching in the seminary on Monday."

Mr. Harding looked thoughtfully upon the floor a moment, and then resumed the paper he had been reading. There was evident displeasure on his face, and Maria knew he had reason for it, in the fact that she had neither consulted him nor told him her plans until they were apparently drawn out by his own inquiry.

But there was no room for apology, nor could any explanation be given, and, in fact, none was asked for.

"I must wait," thought Maria. "Some time it will be all right, I trust."

The *Republican* might as well have been a blank sheet, for although Mr. Harding's eyes were fixed upon it, they were blind as to its pages. He could scarcely believe he had heard aright. He must have misunderstood Maria's meaning. At one time he decided to ask her what she intended by the announcement she had made to him. A more impulsive man would have angrily put the question to her. But Mr. Harding seldom did anything hastily. He thought and considered, then concluded her words were clear and admitted of but one interpretation. He had no conception of her motive in taking such a step. Had she asked his permission to do it, he would have said "No." But she did not ask his permission—did not consult him with regard to it, nor even give him any intimation of her intentions. Had this been her usual *modus operandi*, it might have produced antagonism on his part. But Maria had never brought her will in opposition to his own. She had always consulted him in every household transaction, often in matters so trivial that he had assented without giving the subject a moment's consideration. He knew his wife was equal to whatever she undertook. He had perfect confidence in her good sense.

His nature was not aggressive. Consequently he refrained from meddling with her affairs, nor did he incline to consult her with regard to his own. Sometimes he almost wished to do it. But that was an acknowledgement of Maria's superiority. Although he never weighed their different capacities in the balance, nor ever speculated as to her ability in comparison with his own, his mental calibre was of a character to keep him, as far as the family institution was concerned, decidedly in the ascendancy. Not that he had ever opposed Maria. She had never instigated opposition. She had her own views, and was free to express them. Mr. Harding was a man of too much sense to subjugate Maria's mental processes to his authority. Maria had too much sense to insist offensively upon her own opinions. The utmost harmony existed between them. A quarrel was unknown in the Harding household. Mr. Harding was satisfied, nor was he conscious that, naturally of reflective habits and but little given to trifling, he was becoming reticent and abrupt—acquiring that silent unapproachable demeanor, which so many men assume in their own families, until gradually they come to be avoided rather than caressed—feared rather than loved.

Perhaps Maria would explain if he asked for an explanation. But he was not in the habit of asking such favors. He preferred she should make the explanation without any request from him. He did not institute a reasoning process of this character. Such preferences were part of the man—as natural as thorns on a bramble bush.

He sat for a while with his eyes upon the paper before him, and then did what was once unusual with him, but was now becoming a fixed habit, sought companionship elsewhere, and left Maria to her own reflections.

SARAH M. WYMAN, Boston.

To be continued.

JAPAN, OLD AND NEW.

Through the development of the powers of steam and electricity, Japan and China are becoming our near neighbors. These two countries have, together, a population estimated at over four hundred millions of people, pursuing every branch of agricultural and mechanical industry, with a patience and persistence that extort the admiration of all people of the West who have come in contact with them. Their climate and their soil are as varied as their industries, enabling them to produce everything under the most favorable conditions.

It becomes, then, a matter of interest to all countries bordering upon, or located within the Pacific Ocean, to study and understand the methods by which this mighty mass of humanity has managed to maintain itself in its national and social life.

Moreover, these two countries, for so many ages secluded from the rest of the world, are at the present day entering into the fellowship of nations.

Japan, of which I purpose speaking more particularly, has done this in good earnest and good faith. A people always quick to apprehend, and ready to accept ways and methods better than their own, they have freely and voluntarily sought assistance from the learned men of the West with the faith and confidence of children, whom in many respects they closely resemble. In the selection of instructors in the various departments of government, Japan has necessarily adopted an eclectic system. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutch and Germans are found; and, as a matter of course, international jealousy predominates more or less; not socially, be-

cause there is the utmost good feeling among most foreign employes, but it is rather national, the desire of every one being that his own country should have a predominating influence in Japanese affairs.

As may be seen from looking on a map, Japan is composed of an almost innumerable number of islands, computed at more than 3,800, lying like a crescent around the eastern coast of Asia, in the North Pacific Ocean, and extending between the thirtieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude. Lying thus in a long and narrow strip from north to south, she has every variety of climate and productions. The area of the Empire, according to the estimate of the Interior Department, is 150,000 square miles—a little less, perhaps, than the State of California, but considerably larger than the "United Kingdom." The main island, the one on which Tokio and Kioto are situated, is not called by the natives Nippon, as put down in our geographies, but *Honshieu*, or *Hondo*; Hon being a Chinese root meaning chief or principal, and *shieu*, a province. The Japanese call their country Nippon or Nihon. The Chinese Nitsupon, or Zipangu, meaning the country of the rising sun, is the word whence comes our name Japan.

A range of mountains runs north and south almost the entire length of the country, dividing the land into a kind of eastern and western slope, and causing the short and swift rivers to run in a general eastern or western direction. The mountains culminate in the grand peak called Fugiyama, or peerless mountain, about the middle of Honshieu, and gradually decline north and south, until, at the southern end of Kinshieu and the northern extremity of Yesso, they become bold promontories. Jetting out from the range of mountains are innumerable spurs running parallel and forming green and smiling valleys, bathed in sunshine and moisture the year round. Japan is a very mountainous country, not bleak and bare like the Rockies, but covered with vegetation of a tropical, semi-tropical and temperate kind, from the tops of the mountains to the water's edge.

The soil is of a recent volcanic formation, and is black and rich, of great depth, and capable of producing all the cereals in the greatest abundance. The entire surface of the country is covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation the whole year. Gigantic cryptomerias and pines line the roads in all directions. Bamboos, tall and graceful, of fifty different varieties, camellia trees forty or fifty feet high, in full blossom, beautiful species of palms fringing and festooning the roadsides and gently sloping hills, make Japan linger in the memory of her dusky children wherever they go. It is no wonder that the people of Europe and America are to-day beautifying their homes with the art creations of Japan, because they are recent and direct from nature.

The cosmogony of the Japanese is a peculiar one, and for the better understanding of their ancient

or Sinto religion, I shall give a brief summary of it, as taken from the Kogiki, the oldest written book in the Japanese language, and which may be regarded as their Bible.

"In the beginning," says the Kogiki, "all was chaos." The lighter or sublimated matter ascended and formed the heavens, the grosser or heavier descended and formed all terrestrial things. Out of this earthly matter, or rather from a scum or mold which formed on it, there sprang, by some process of evolution, a Kami or god. Differing from the modern school of Darwin and Haeckel, in assigning to the first animated existences an exceedingly low origin and life, the Kogiki brings in a higher than man—a spirit or Kami, as they call it. After this, two other Kami were formed, by what process we are not told. As yet, these three Kami were devoid of sex. The first manifestations of sex, or of the male and the female principle, then appeared, and bear the names of Izinagi and Izinami. Izinami then dipped his spear into the troubled waters, and from the point thereof fell crystal drops, which formed Japan; hence the name Kami no Kuni, or "land of the gods," as the natives frequently call their country.

In the fifth generation from this pair of spirits, during which time many heroes, half gods and half men, appeared, reminding one of ancient Grecian mythology, there was born the first real man, the Emperor Jimmutenno. This took place, if we may believe the Kogiki, 660 years B.C. The present Emperor of Japan is a lineal descendant of Jimmutenno, of a dynasty reigning in an unbroken line for 2540 years, and the 122nd of his race. The Japanese feel justly proud of this, believing that their present dynasty has ruled longer than any other known in history.

The line of Emperors, descending as they have in an unbroken succession from Jimmutenno, and he from the gods, readily explains the fact that the Japanese have always regarded their Emperors as divine. "Tenshi," meaning son of heaven, is the appellation by which his countrymen designate him. Emperors celebrated for wisdom, beneficent reigns, or for war, have divine honors paid them after death. They have monuments placed over them, with inscriptions telling of their virtues, the posthumous titles under which they are to be worshipped, and little shrines attached, in which the devoted may offer their prayers.

Regarding these accounts of the Kogiki as we may, whether as the imaginary glimmering of the annalist, or the crude traditions of an originally unlettered people, they still possess an interest, as exhibiting the ideas of a people, in every respect different from ourselves, regarding the origin of the world.

The first Emperor had his court at Hieuga, a town still in existence, in the central portion of the island of Kinshiu. He and his successors, for many generations, were harassed by the aborigines of the

country; for it must be remembered that the present Japanese people are not the aboriginal race of Japan, but the uncivilized *Ainos*, who are now found in Yesso, and, to some extent, mixed with the Japanese in the extreme portion of Honshieu. In process of time the Ainos were driven further and further to the north by the more valiant and warlike Japanese, until the present Japanese race were in possession of all the central and southern part of Japan.

In these early times, and for many centuries following, the Emperors were the actual as well as the nominal rulers of their country. They led their armies in the field, superintended civil affairs, and were men of vigor and ability. But in the course of centuries of petty warfare with the distant northern provinces, they necessarily had to dispatch lieutenants to subdue the refractory Aino chiefs; honors and lands were given freely to the victorious Generals; they, in turn, became semi-independent upon their allotted lands, the Mikado's power gradually weakened, he removed his court to Kioto, and there, surrounded by favorites and flatterers, was an effete figure-head, while feudal chiefs ruled the provinces at their will.

In the frequent and bloody wars arising out of this state of affairs, a great captain arose, Yoritomo by name, who subdued the feudal lords, or *Daimiyo*, gave tranquility to the country, and for this service the Mikado conferred upon him the title of Sei-tai-shogun, which, rendered into English, means barbarian-expelling-general. This took place in 1192 A. D. Yoritomo took up his head-quarters at Kamakura, at present a small village some twelve miles from Yokohama, established a kind of military court, and finally became the real ruler of Japan, although the Mikado was recognized as the fountain head of authority and honor.

This is a brief outline of the dual system of government, which lasted until the year 1868, a space of nearly 700 years, and which bothers our little school children when they see in their geographies, in which they have all confidence, that in Japan there are two emperors, one spiritual, the other political or temporal. The fact is that there never were two emperors, so recognized by the Japanese historians or people. The Shogun, or Tycoon, as usually written in foreign books, never was anything else than an usurping general, and was so recognized by the Emperor and people. The word shogun means simply general, nothing more nor less. Yoritomo, by his skill as a general and consummate statescraft, managed, however, to get the real power of the country, both civil and military, into his hands. While the Emperor was recognized as the fountain of power, he was content to remain at Kioto in magnificent indolence, while his dominions were ruled by this usurping general until any attempt at recovering his lost power was useless.

Yoritomo made the office of Shogun hereditary in his family. His successors, in the course of four

centuries after his death, removed the capital from Kamakura to Yeddo, and there remained the real rulers of Japan until the revolution of 1868. In this year a war occurred in Japan; the Shogun was dethroned, the Emperor resumed his power, for seven centuries taken from him; feudalism was abolished, and the country, heart and soul, entered the great highway of modern and progressive nations. It was a strange and singular fact that when Commodore Perry made the treaty of 1854, the Shogun of Japan, and not the Emperor, was named in the treaty as the high contracting party. All the subsequent treaties made with European nations had in them the same mistake, and it was not found out until ten years afterward. This revolution marks a new era in Japanese history. It has been within this brief period of time that Japan has, with one bound, leaped from the condition of the fifteenth to the nineteenth century.

In the old feudal times in Japan, the government and social condition of the people present a spectacle unique and isolated, the like of which is not, perhaps, to be found anywhere else in history. As was before intimated, there were 268 Daimiyo, or barons. These feudal lords were divided into three classes, in accordance with the extent of their lands and the amount of their revenues. At their head stood the Shogun. For the purposes of war and of administration, the people were divided into classes, according to occupation. In the first class stood the Emperor and his children; in the second, all the relatives of the Emperor, however far removed; then the Daimiyo, next their retainers, farmers, artisans, and merchants in the order named, and finally the veritable pariahs, the hated *Yeta*, those who killed animals and worked leather in any form. There is a quarter still shown in the great city of Tokio which was once inhabited by these outcasts of society, too unclean to come into contact with prouder clay. But since the change in the laws abolishing class distinctions, this hated class have been the workers in leather, and are becoming well to do, and, according to our notions at least, respectable.

The life, thought and occupations in old Japan were what might be expected from the distinct divisions into classes which the government and immemorial usage had sanctioned. The Daimiyo farmed his lands to the peasants, and charged the rent at his caprice, taking from two-fifths to one-half of the farmer's hard earned productions as his revenue. He had to divide this to support, usually in idleness, that large class of his retainers, the Samourai, literally soldiers and gentlemen, who held all the offices, and who were the only class called to the field in time of war. This class only were permitted to wear the two swords, marks of a scholar and gentleman.

According to both law and custom, a Samourai could, if he chose, for a real or fancied insult, cut the head off a farmer, a merchant, or any of the lower classes, and could not be called to accountability for his misdeeds. All required of him was

that he report the fact to the proper authority; but if the same man killed another of his own class, not in self-defence, the consequence was far different. He was ordered by his prince to commit suicide, by the unique and well-known method, called in Japanese *hara-kiri*, belly cutting. Did he shrink from this? No. It was a disgrace, and no Samourai of the old school could live in dishonor. It was also a privilege belonging to his rank. To die by his own hand at the nod of his prince was not given to the plebian and the craven, but to the proud and haughty two-sworded man.

"The girded sword is the soul of the Samourai," is a proverb showing in what estimation that keen and deadly weapon was held. It was a great disgrace to be found under any circumstances or at any time without the sword. Little boys, at six, began to wear them. They, however, had that anxious care and tender solicitude, which is so noble a characteristic of every Japanese mother for her children, that the little fellows should take care and not draw their swords and hack one another's noses. If a boy drew his sword from the scabbard, a wooden one was given him, and he was confined to the house for a given time. It will thus be seen that self-restraint and gentleness began at an early age.

Fencing, games on horseback and athletic sports of all kinds were the pastimes of this class. The Confucian philosophy and morals, books of ceremony and etiquette, their chief study. It is this class of men that are to-day the advanced thinkers and rulers of Japan. The students that are found in their own and in foreign universities, and that leave marks behind them for their studiousness and good manners the world over. Their ancient privileges, and indeed the rights of all the privileged classes, were swept into oblivion in 1868; and, at the present time, all stand in the eyes of the law equal. The schools and the highest offices in the government are open to all. Nay, the government even encourages, by special gifts and rewards, the poor child who is striving for an education.

The ancient religion of the country was Sintoism. It is not a religion in the proper sense, but an ancestral worship. As will be remembered, the Kogiki brings the first Emperor direct from the gods. Emperors are worshipped after death as deities in the Japanese Pantheon. In like manner, in a kind of descending scale, great generals, philosophers and literary men come in for their share. As a matter of course, relations, especially parents, have posthumous honors paid them. Early lessons of obedience to parents, because disobedience might disturb their sleep after death, are taught to children. This may, in some measure, account for their filial obedience.

Great simplicity, both in the architectural style of their temples and worship, marks the Sinto faith. It has none of that magnificent ritual, dazzling display around its altars and general religious pomp, which caused St. Francis Xavier to exclaim that the

Buddhists had stolen the livery of heaven in which to worship the devil.

The Buddhist religion was introduced into Japan in the second century of our era, and rapidly supplanted Sintoism, especially in the lower classes. Since the revolution of 1868, however, Buddhism has been discouraged by the government. Many of its temples have been stripped of their fine flummery, and changed to those of the simple and chaste Sinto styles. The belief in either of these religions is rapidly losing its hold on the Japanese people, if it ever had any, especially in the upper classes. My own experience of ten years with the Japanese, leads me almost to the conclusion that the Samourai, the scholars and thinking men, believe in no religion. They are certainly not a religious people. Of old, the philosophy and morals of Confucius and other Chinese sages served them as rules of conduct, and at present the more recent and rational doctrines of Spencer, Huxley and Darwin find welcome and eager acceptance.

Many of the able men of the country regret this condition of belief, or rather of non-belief. They think, and with reason, that this want of a fixed religious faith makes them fickle, changeable—wanting a high and fixed ideal, without which no people ever accomplished anything great. However, this scepticism has its bright side. There is no prejudice connected with it. The Japanese are a singularly tolerant people. They like the best—are willing to change their ways and systems if they can get better ones.

Now what results, what manner of people should we expect to find from such doctrine, such belief. As to the kind we do find, I do not ask you to accept my single testimony, but to examine the books, pamphlets and magazine articles which have been poured forth on Japan within the last ten years, and I think there will be found very little disagreement.

The first and most prominent trait of the Japanese is obedience. Obedience to parents, to elders, to masters, to the government. Children seem to obey their parents as a matter of course, but not because of fear, but out of love, out of filial respect. They are, likewise, obedient and polite to their teachers: not obsequious, but they have a kind of self-respectful obedience—it is their duty, and, therefore, it is easy to be as they are.

This tractableness, obedience, gentleness and politeness seem to pervade their whole society. A Japanese household would have filled Plato's heart with delight. It is a miniature of his ideal republic in government. The husband and father's authority is never disputed. The husband and father ruling by gentleness and kindness rather than by harshness and brutality. The servants, who perhaps have been in the family half a lifetime, or perhaps whose ancestors were servants in the same family for generations, are polite to all, and never go beyond the bounds of obedience and duty. Each and

every one is contented and happy in his own sphere, and seems to have no restless desire to get out of it. This contentment and happy appearance of the Japanese is noticed by all travelers who have visited Japan. The master or mistress of the household acknowledges by a polite "thank you" and a bow any courtesy extended by the servant, who in return bows a little lower. All the members of the household seem to have entire confidence in one another.

It may, and doubtless will be asked, what are the influences internal and external that produce this state of society—a question more easily asked than answered. Is it race, food, climate, or teaching? Perhaps each has its influence, and all combined and fused make up the character of this interesting and unique people. It would be hazarding too much, perhaps, for me to give a dogmatic opinion; but I believe that the inculcation of obedience to parents for centuries is at the bottom of it; coupled with mild food, and therefore a gentler and less energetic disposition. Give a boy beef, mutton and pork three times a day, with other highly seasoned food; his father busy all day, and his mother ditto, with little or no time for familiar talk and moral instruction for their son, and what is the result: the chances are more than even that such a boy will turn out a hoodlum.

Japanese mothers are models of patience and good humor. With their children they are more as playmates and companions than ours are. The little children are dressed in loose and easy clothes. The houses have no furniture in them—no marble-top tables, no bric-a-brac of any kind—nothing to be knocked over and broken. The result is that Japanese children, dear little fat and chubby fellows, can run and romp over the soft matted floors, and not be continually reprimanded by nervous and feeble mothers for breaking things and soiling furniture.

It is my opinion that the Japanese have a more rational way of training children than we. They are not so prone to giving impossible commands. They know that children cannot be still at all times, and therefore no harsh veto is put upon their little amusements. They thus early in life gain the affections of their children. When the Japanese boy grows up to be a young man, no stern parent bids him go and "shift for himself;" but assists and advises him to get settled in life. In return for this, the son never deserts his parents in their old age. This system of assistance and dependence may have its evils. I am inclined to believe it does have some. Young men in Japan, even after receiving their education at the Tokio University, hang around their paternal roofs and wait to be put into some position. They have not the push and enterprize characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon.

The marked difference between the Japanese civilization and ours, is the extreme simplicity of the former. In their houses, furniture, dress, food and amusements they are simply Spartan. The houses

of the ordinary working people of Japan cost from \$25 to \$100 each; the entire furniture of each house perhaps from \$10 to \$20 more. These houses have a frame work of wood, covered with thatch in the country and tiles in the city. They are not weather-boarded as with us, but have doors of a wooden frame-work, made like our window-sash, covered with a tough transparent paper. These doors are three by six feet, and slide in grooves at the top and bottom. When entering or going out of a Japanese house you can step in or out anywhere, because all the sides are doors. There is a rough board floor put down, which is covered with soft mats, three by six feet, well fitted together—this constitutes a Japanese house. The rooms are usually twelve feet square.

A house consisting of two or three such rooms is occupied by a carpenter or workman who has a wife and perhaps two, three or four children. His daily wages are from 20 to 40 cents. The immediate inquiry is, does he support his family on this small pittance? He does; and there is no appearance of squalor or suffering. Everything inside the house is neat and clean. The mats are soft and white, and any man or woman among ourselves might enter the house, lie down and sleep on the floor, and not see or smell anything but what is sweet and clean. I can say this of the lowest classes in Japan. Can we say the same of the same classes with us?

In their amusements the same simplicity prevails. On holidays, both national and religious, of which there are many, the entire population seem to turn out and enjoy themselves. In the many beautiful parks in Tokio, there are at all seasons some special attractions. In February the plum blossoms, a little latter the cherry trees are in full bloom, and then throughout the year there is some place noted for its beauty. All the Japanese, men, women and children, dressed in their robes of many colors, go to these places and make a day of it. They lounge around and under the beautiful trees, enjoy looking at the flowers, drink their tiny cups of tea, and return home at night, not with aching heads, but refreshed, and lighter in pocket only a few cents, than when they left home in the morning.

The Japanese are remarkable for their love of natural scenery. In their private gardens, along the public thoroughfares and around their temples, they plant plum and cherry trees, not for the fruit, but for the blossoms. Poets and painters vie with one another in their tribute to the beauty of the cherry blossom. "The cherry flower is snow, rather than snow is snow," is a well known verse by one of their greatest poets.

It is an unusual thing to find a man in Japan, be he prince or peasant, who is uninformed as to the history of his country. Its statesmen, historians, poets and warriors are well known to the lowest classes. They obtain this knowledge, not from books, because they cannot read Chinese, but from the theatre and the story-teller. The theatre is as great a resort in

Japan, especially for the middle and lower classes, as the plum and cherry gardens are. The language is rich in dramatic literature. Tragedy, comedy and historical plays are constantly found on the stages. Going to the theatre in Japan is an all-day affair. The entire family, father, mother and children go at eight in the morning and return at dark, the theatre here being open during the day instead of the evening. For those who are unable to pay theatrical prices, there are cheaper places in the evening, where story-tellers well posted in the history of the country hold forth. These places are usually filled with coolies, *bettoes*, or grooms, and others too busy to spend a day at the theatre.

Western civilization has, as yet, not made sufficient inroads to change the simple character and amusements of the Japanese; nor is it desirable that

it should. If they can retain their own manners and customs, and get our science, I predict for Japan a bright future. It is little more than ten years since she began her new career. During this brief space of time, railroads have been built, light houses erected all round her extensive coast, a modern army and navy organized, and schools established throughout the empire, where the children of all classes can get the rudiments of education free.

In summing up the character of the Japanese, I think I nothing extenuate, nor put down aught in malice, when I say that they are an honest, fun-loving, cheerful people, not idle, nor yet very industrious, never thinking of the morrow, but taking this life easy, and having no fear of that which is to come.

M. M. SCOTT.

TO THE BLACK EYES OF MISS ———.

How oft, when night's gray shadows falling far,
Fold within fold, enwrapped the glowing day,
I've watched, amused with fancy's various plays,
The chastened glories of the Evening Star.
Or when, before the steadfast splendors of the summer moon,
The scattered host of planets paled and fled,
Enthroned beneath the holy light she shed,
I've found the swift-winged hours speed all too soon;
But now, nor stars, nor moon, nor sparkling fall
Of sunlit waters, nor the gleam that lies
In the o'er-darkened pool, then sudden flies,
Can bid such rapt devotion ever rise;
For, wiser grown, I gaze within thy eyes,
And find, in them, the bright epitome of all.

C. H. B. S.

THALIA'S TRAMP.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

When Thalia came out of the store and took her seat in the phaeton, she did not notice that Andy, the horse, was impatient, and so she was rather surprised when he started down the street at a gait unusually brisk and stylish.

Agreeably surprised she was, for the horse was usually slow of pace and *very* thick skinned. Around Rowley's corner, past Underwood's fruit store and Little's bakery, across the bridge, past Tuck's grocery, past the Court House went Andy, faster than Thalia had ever known him to go before.

Perhaps all might have gone well but for an accident. Opposite Taylor's hay barn Andy shied sharply and Thalia's eye-glasses fell off into the road. Unfortunately Thalia was so short-sighted that without her glasses she could scarcely see beyond Andy's ears.

Of course, she pulled hard at the reins and tried, ineffectually, to bring him to a stand-still; but in

her effort to stop him, Thalia pulled him quite off the turnpike and in another moment he had run with some violence into the fence.

"Whoa!" said a voice, and Thalia knew that some one whom she could not see, had Andy by the bit. Some one, who ever he was, busied himself about the harness for a while—a while that seemed "quite a while" to Thalia. Then the voice said—as if to itself—"No wonder he wanted to run away."

"Why?" said Thalia, with unnecessary and unconscious sharpness.

"There was a piece of thistle twisted around his breast strap and it hurt him. When horses are frightened or hurt they want to run away."

"Oh!" said Thalia.

There was an awkward pause and then the voice said: "Shall I lead your horse into the road?"

Thalia reflected: "Here I am at this man's mercy. It is getting dark—I can see that if I can't see any-

thing else—and if I undertake to drive home alone I'll surely upset. It will be just as bad if I try to drive back to San Cívilo."

Thalia disliked men—or thought she did, which was quite as bad—and had not a bit of faith in their honesty. Of course she made exceptions, but her reasons for so doing were purely feminine—"intuitive," she called them. For example, she liked one because of his nice face, and another because of his deferential manner. Just then, however, the opposing sex was under a special ban. One of her friends had gotten into a disgraceful scrape; and she had sworn a mighty oath never to take on another masculine friendship. Here was no need of course of taking on a friendship. Here was merely a question of being helped, or of being left alone. Yet she still hesitated. Something about the man's voice inspired confidence. But confidence in this case comprehended obligation; and Thalia hated obligation. Yet how avoid it, she could not see, and the turnpike was very narrow at many points, with the ditches contra-correspondingly deep. What *should* she do? What she did say at last was more feminine than relevant.

"But I've lost my glasses."

"Do you mean that you have dropped them somewhere along the road, and do you know about the spot? Was it near where you turned around?" said the voice.

"It was directly opposite the centre of the big barn," said Thalia.

"Perhaps I can find them," said the voice, and its owner led Andy into the middle of the road, and then on for a distance that seemed at least a quarter of a mile to Thalia, though it was really not one-third so far. At last he stopped the horse and went ahead a little, looking for the glasses—as Thalia rightly conjectured.

In about a minute she heard the voice say, "Ah!" and then its owner came to the side of the phaeton, saying ruefully as he held up a bit of broken tortoise shell, "Your wheel has ground the glasses into powder."

He stood so close beside her that Thalia could see his face quite distinctly although dusk was deepening rapidly. What she saw first was a dusty mustache, and behind it a set of white teeth.

"He can't be a truly tramp with teeth like that," she thought.

Then she looked again, and saw that he had large gray eyes, a regular nose, and a face not very recently shaven.

It was the whiteness of his teeth that decided Thalia—she acknowledged as much afterwards—and she said abruptly, yet in charmingly deprecatory tones: "I think I must ask you to drive me home if you could spare so much time."

"I could spare a month," said the voice, and whether there was more of grimness than of gallantry in his voice, Thalia could not quite determine. She made room for him beside her, and before he

took the reins he arranged the purple-lined sealskin robe over his dusty trowsers as if he had been used to that sort of thing all his life.

"You will pardon my driving without gloves, I trust," he said.

In spite of her dignity and the full realization of the situation, Thalia could not help laughing. Indeed she never could help seeing the lucidousness of anything in life—except her own occasional conduct; but then one's own conduct is the last thing which suggests humor to any one. Few women and fewer men know how to laugh. But Thalia was always musical, and her laugh had all the delicious, tunable ripple of the half-notes in a perfect chime. One not too partial friend had compared her laughter to the middle notes of a meadow lark's trill—and that friend was a student of comparisons.

"I beg your pardon," she said, after the laugh had died away, "but isn't it very droll?"

"Very," he replied simply, and Thalia thought she detected a suppressed satirical inflection in word and tone.

The silence which followed lasted for at least half a mile; and half a mile with Andy, minus thistles in his breast strap, meant a long time though a short distance. But Thalia, at least, kept up a vigorous thinking. It was the lady who spoke first, and her conversational sally was an impertinence to the conventional weather of the vicinage. If she sought information as to her companion's belongings, the sally was successful, for he said: "This is my first experience of the climate. I am a Californian of less than six weeks' standing."

"Were you going to San Cívilo when—when you came to my rescue?"

"Oh, no. I was merely going somewhere."

The quiet bitterness, that yet somehow was not quite bitterness, jarred upon Thalia. Suffering of any kind—in other people—was disagreeable to her. She rather enjoyed braving it in her own behalf, but she disliked to see any person or thing unhappy. Here then was a nice chain of circumstances, being driven home by an utter stranger who had a quarrel with the world. Being one of the world, she was compelled to believe the recalcitrant in the wrong; yet obliged by the irony of fate to be exceedingly grateful to him at the same time.

Plainly this man was a tramp of the educated variety—a sort of cultured toad in the moral garden—for whom there was no possible excuse. Thalia's theory of the fitness of things was a variable formula, subject to the mutations of social happenings and the barometric capriciousness of her moods. But a sin against that exact condition of life in which the perfect fitness of things existed, was, during one of Thalia's ten thousand delightful but contradictory moods, the blackest sin on that mood's calendar. Of course Thalia would have felt altogether ill at ease if obliged to accept the escort of a *bona fide* tramp. Yet, although she might have been more than a little afraid of him, she would have had a certain

amount of respect for him, as part of the eternal fitness of things, permitting him to be a tramp, while she drove a phaeton and had a seal skin lap robe. But a tramp who was also a gentleman—what a wretched clashing of terms, what a sorry contradiction of possibilities! To be obliged to ride home with the real tramp would have been a humiliation. To be driven home by the man at her side did not seem at all a humiliation. Yet at a judicious distance the real tramp made a picturesque bit in the landscape foreground, while the gentleman tramp, with his moral environments, seemed grotesque indeed.

"Merely going somewhere." Thalia thought over this sentence so long, that when she next spoke it was to direct him to turn into a lane to the left, which she knew by the flickering lights around Van Court station.

"You have been very good, sir," she said, after they had crossed the railroad track and Andy had let out a link in his homeward joy, without the stimulus of the whip.

"It has been good to be of service," he replied simply.

"Yes, it has been good for me," said Thalia, "and now I wish to know your name that I may present you to my parents for their thanks."

"It is quite unnecessary," said her companion, "I can leave you at the door when your servant takes the horse."

"I trust you will do nothing of the kind, sir. One is not laid under obligations every day."

"There is no obligation. It is I who has been favored. I am nearer San Francisco than I was. I—

But my mother will never forgive me if I so fail in hospitality as to imply ingratitude."

"But your mother need never know."

"My broken glasses will tell her I could not come home alone, and besides I have been used to telling the truth."

She spoke earnestly, turning her flushed face full to his. "The yellow half moon large and low" was flooding the little Diablo valley with ghostly light. On the far hills the crouching oaks were the contorted semblance of strange, gigantic, nameless animals. The face beside him was as plainly visible in the colorless moonlight, as though it were lit by an electric candle.

For a moment he looked at her rather mournfully, she thought, and then he said, abruptly: "How do you know that I am a proper person to be presented to your parents?"

The question was a poser. How, indeed, did she know?

About his past or his present she knew nothing—less than nothing, for the never dying voice of society babble had sung to her neither his praise nor his blame and she had not even that flimsy peg on which to hang an opinion.

Thalia at twenty-six, was at heart as virginal and

unsullied by coquetry as are most girls of fifteen. But to the bravery of a society woman she added a hatred of convention that almost equalled Aspasia's. And, so far, none of her experiences had been sufficiently unfortunate to make her distrust her own reading of faces and voices and words.

She paused scarcely a moment before she answered him and then she said: "You have saved me from a great deal of embarrassing inconvenience. I think I know a gentleman when I meet one. I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not remain with us to-night."

"Should you like to entertain a man who has just been dismissed as a dangerous character from the San Cívilo jail?"

Andy had turned of his own accord—almost without the notice of either—into a narrow lane. They crossed a little bridge, passed through a narrow gate, around a crescent drive and then the wheels, crunching the uncrushed macadam, recalled Thalia to a sense of her surroundings. A white pile glistened in the moonlight just before them. It was the lady's home.

Thalia laid one gloved hand on the reins. It touched his bare fingers for an instant. He checked Andy to a standstill at the entrance steps.

"I will tie him to the post," she said, "I will send Shoon for him. You have been very kind"—

The man had sprung over the wheel and was standing on the lowest step of the entrance porch. In one hand he held the reins, the other he extended to Thalia. She touched it lightly and sprang out. The man twisted the reins around the whip and tied Andy to a post. Then he turned towards Thalia, who was standing quite motionless beside the phaeton, and, raising his hat, said quietly: "Good night."

"Good night," she answered, almost tenderly.

* * * * *

Four months later Thalia was in San Francisco spending a fortnight with her friend Nora Lawrence. It was a first night at the Bush Street Theatre. It was also the parade night of the Sand Lot reformers, in the interests of the State ticket which had so nearly won at a former election.

When the Lawrence carriage reached the junction of Kearny and Bush, a crowd blocked both streets so that it seemed impossible safely to force a passage. On the south side of the street, near Kearny, a seller of some patent infiction had raised his little stand and was expounding the virtues of his nuisance to an admiring constituency. Thalia looked from the carriage window, and—in a vague, careless way—noticed the street vendor and admired the supple vigor of his lungs. Had she listened attentively she would have detected a flavor of something "out of the common" in his voice; would have seen that the man, despite his disguise of employment and environments, was a gentleman.

But she did not notice. She was bored by the delay and eager for the overture. Miss Lawrence

and her friend were unattended; a cousin of the former lady was to meet them at the theatre entrance. It was both provoking and embarrassing thus to be detained.

Thalia looked impatiently at her watch. It lacked less than five minutes of eight.

"We shall miss the overture, she said."

"Miss Lawrence smiled. Just then the plaza fire-bell began to strike. They counted the strokes.

"One, three, seven—nowhere near us."

The engine and hose cart had left the engine house just above where their carriage stood, with the coachman, like a statue, on the box. The Bush Street engine had gone up the street, and had turned into Dupont, thus, in a measure, avoiding the crowd that surged along Kearny like the folds of a gliding python.

An engine which approached, driven along Kearney, from one of the north end houses, was less fortunate, and at Bush the driver found it impossible to proceed without great danger to those in the street. Instead of endeavoring to afford him any assistance and facilitate the passage of the engine, the crowd left nothing undone to prevent its passage, apparently resenting its mere presence. Some of them went so far even as to take the horses by the bits and force the animals upon their haunches. Things were becoming serious, when a number of policemen arrived. At the sight of the policemen's clubs, the mob—for the crowd around the engine had become loud and even threatening—fell back and forced the procession to momentarily halt. A narrow lane, one-third the width of Bush street, was formed across Kearney.

Miss Lawrence's coachman, thinking he saw his chance, touched his horses and endeavoured to cross the street. At the corner a policeman warned him back. He stopped a moment too late; for the heavy engine jerked forward by the impatient and frightened horses, reached the corner at the same moment. The heavy wheel of the engine locked with the frail wheel of the carriage. Miss Lawrence's horses reared and swerved to the right, against the sidewalk. The next instant the carriage upset with a crash.

A hundred persons were around the wreck in an instant. Out of the hundred one man only seemed to understand the situation and its demands. The crowd, even the policemen, recognized in his movements the action of the "efficient man," and submitted to his will. He opened the door, and reaching over, as into a pit, literally dragged from the depths the unconscious form of Miss Lawrence. One of the inside handles had cut a gash in her forehead, and blood was trickling down her face. Thalia was unhurt, and not in the least unconscious. But the indispensable glasses had been wrenched from their frail silken fastenings, and she was helpless. She heard the voices, and in a confused way rose to her feet. The action brought her face to face with the man who had just lifted out her friend.

For an instant she wanted to be a man, or a boy, that she might say: "By George!" or whistle. The street merchant was the same man who had driven her home after the accident on the San Civilo road four months before.

In the meantime Miss Lawrence had been carried into a little fruit store.

"Where is Nora—my friend?" said Thalia, as her rescuing knight of the second opportunity, assisted her to alight.

"This way," he said. "I'll leave you there and go back. Perhaps I may find your glasses."

Miss Lawrence had regained consciousness, and the wound in her forehead had been covered with court plaster by the sympathizing and deft fingered wife of the fruit seller.

By this time the carriage had been righted, but the near fore wheel was smashed and the pole was splintered. He could not drive the carriage home, the coachman said. He would wait for Miss Lawrence's orders. That lady resolved to go home by the street car. She had requested her cousin not to wait after eight, as they were not sure about going, and might allow their seats to go by default. Evidently the gentleman was now inside enjoying or disenjoying the play.

As they stood irresolute, some one touched Thalia's arm. It was her tramp. He held in his hand the missing glasses. She thanked him in a low tone, bowed, and with her friend passed down the street, from which the crowd had disappeared.

The street merchant stood motionless, gazing after her.

* * * * *

The *Starlight* was on her homeward way from one of the club houses at Saucelito. Joe Yarmouth's muscular and practiced arm lay along the tiller, and his fine eyes lighted in a way pleasant to see, as the beautiful little yacht courtesied to the bounding swell and dipped her bowsprit at every graceful plunge. It was an afternoon in early April, and the yacht was running free before a strong norther. On board were four persons—two ladies, an old gentleman, and "Skipper Yarmouth." The old gentleman was in the cabin, trying to read; one lady sat beside the helmsman, the other was perched on the cabin deck, with her feet on the starboard railing, gazing out to sea.

A heavily laden lumber schooner was beating in from the heads, and had reached a position nearly due west from Alcatraz when the yacht neared her. On her deck a tall young man was leaning against the mainmast. The lady sitting on the deck of the schooner's cabin was Thalia Yorke; the man leaning against the schooner's mast was he of the two adventures already chronicled.

Yarmouth's helmsmanship was seldom at fault; but, on approaching the schooner, he miscalculated his distance, and, instead of luffing, passing under the schooner's stern and sailing by, while she was still on the larboard tack, he tried to run across the

schooner's bows. In so doing he put the helm so hard a port that the boom came round to starboard with the force and viciousness of a steel spring. All three were so intently watching the schooner that the danger to Thalia was not noted till it came. As the boom swung round it struck her just below the shoulders and swept her into the water as if she had been a bit of down.

The lumber schooner was nearly upon them. A shout, a curse, a swift plunge from the tall man on the schooner's deck, and then Yarmouth lifted Thalia's limp form from the strong arms of her rescuer.

Yarmouth laid her gently on the cabin cushions and returned instantly on deck. The gentleman who was at the helm went down to the cabin. The other lady was already there. Then he looked around him; as he did so, a cry of horror escaped him. An answering cry came from the deck of the

schooner, now almost an eighth of a mile distant. The rescuing swimmer had not availed himself of the rope thrown him from the yacht, but had turned to swim back to the schooner. He had nearly reached her, when suddenly, without apparent reason, he was seen to throw one hand high above his head and sink out of sight like a stone.

* * * * *

Six months later Joe Yarmouth and Thalia Yorke stood by a drawing-room window that overlooked the north-harbor. The gentleman was flushed and eager, the lady pale and quiet. What she said in answer to a declaration of love and an offer of marriage was this: "It is a cruel truth to tell you, but the one over-shadowing reason why I can never marry you is because your foolish bravado—following my unpardonable carelessness—resulted in the death of the only man I ever loved."

RALPH SIDNEY SMITH.

FOLDED EYES.

Folded Eyes,
And proud Ambition's withering toll declines,
And quiet lies;
While all around the crimson hills,
A glory that vain passion stills,
The earth enshrines.

Folded Eyes,
And weary hands seek not their wont to do,
When duties rise;
Nor ask one burden's tired release,
For voiceless lips are breathing, "Peace
Be unto you."

Folded Eyes,
And far away the golden mists appear
From Paradise;
And tender eyes of rarest blue,
Are watching, waiting, looking through,
As we draw near. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died, at Poland Springs, Maine, August 20, 1883, MAY CROLY ROPER, wife of Lieut. J. M. Roper, U. S. Navy.

To those who were so fortunate as to know Mrs. Roper during her brief visit to Honolulu last winter, the news of her death brought that shock and that sense of personal bereavement which comes only from the loss of near and dear friend. Rarely are we permitted to meet one in whom is united in such an uncommon degree, strength of character and mental gifts of a high order, with warmth of heart, sweetness of disposition, and noble aspirations of every kind.

In a letter dated Nov. 5, 1883, her mother—Mrs. J. M. Croly—writes as follows:

"Your letter touched me most deeply. It does seem to me very remarkable that my darling, my passion-flower, should have found such friends, such

appreciation, in a place so distant—during so brief a stay—and when death had already laid its hand upon her. My dearest, my most precious child, the first thought of my heart for twenty-three years, you can understand how sweet to me is the knowledge that others recognized her and loved her. * * * I have had it in my mind to write a monograph of a young life that was so lovely in itself, and that had such strongly pathetic elements in it, but I can hardly do it yet. * * * She was almost supernaturally sweet and lovely at the last, but I cannot yet think that I shall not see her until I go to her. With what a dreadful silence death surrounds us."

Accompanying the above letter was a sketch of Mrs. Roper, from which we make the following extracts:

"A life of twenty-three years must necessarily be

one more of promise than of performance; yet I cannot resist your desire to know something more of the brave and sweet young spirit that went out from among us just as it had reached the edge of a womanhood, from which those who had watched its spring-time, had reason to hope so much.

"She was always small, but very sweet and dainty in her ways, and extraordinarily sensitive to pleasure and pain. She could not bear the sight of suffering. The first time she was in the street after dark she burst into a passion of sobs and tears at the sight of a poor beggar woman and child—"Oh, mamma," she said, "I did not know there were such miserable people; can't we take them home? I can't live if people are so miserable."

"I could fill a volume with her queer, quaint ways and sayings; with little stories showing her steadfast loyalty and lovingness; her candor, her attachment to friends, her quick insight, her discriminating sense of whatever was truest and finest, and her unceasing industry.

"She always read and spoke with remarkable correctness, and her memory was so good that when between two and three years old she would sit and repeat her own story books, that had been read to her, so that visitors supposed that she could read at that age; and if such books were read aloud to her carelessly, she would correct the omission or mispronunciation of a word. She recited with exquisite and instinctive method and feeling before she was seven years old, and thereafter, and won the gold prize for elocution at the Normal College when she was seventeen, though she never had a teacher.

"She graduated with honor—and full of ambitious projects. In the autumn my illness obliged me to employ her part of the time as an amanuensis, and her readiness, her memory, her rapid and admirable penmanship, and literary faculty, made her a most valuable assistant.

"She had a passion, however, for the stage, and particularly for an actress of genius and strongly magnetic personality, whom we numbered among our friends. This dramatic *penchant* was a source of great regret to myself, and I only permitted its indulgence because I believed a little insight would create a feeling of repulsion—not against the profession, but against its inevitable concomitants, and this indeed proved to be the case. The publicity, the shams, the surface glitter, the humiliating conditions, were revealed to her, and though the exceptional character of her few engagements prevented her from realizing all that was involved, in her own person, she revolted from the inevitable associations; although not before her nervous system had been put under a strain from which it never recovered.

"Her marriage at twenty seemed to solve all her doubts, fears, desires, and perplexities. Her literary tastes had begun to develop themselves, and this presented no bar to their cultivation; and she loved her husband so entirely that all ambitions were lost

in him. * He, on his part, often said that he found in her earnestness, her aspirations, her truth, and spirit of devotion, something that inspired him with new hopes, that gave him a fresh hold upon the facts and motives of existence. This influence which she prized so highly and felt so strongly, became at once her duty and the chief incentive to its performance. No man ever had a wife in whom angelic and womanly traits were more evenly blended."

"This sense of duty, this desire to be near to him, prompted her to that long, terrible and fatal journey from which she returned home to die. To my last appeal she said, 'Mama, if I knew that I was going to my death, I must still go.' And what could be said or done? She went alone, in a frightful storm, and traveled eighteen thousand miles, subject to all the chances and changes, in countries where she did not understand the language, torn by anxieties and fears, distant from postal or telegraphic communication, yet brave, bright, sweet and thoughtful as ever. On the steamer, or elsewhere, she wrote every day, under all circumstances, sending letters from forty to seventy pages in length, that were the one blessed comfort to her home friends. All her trials were suppressed and the bright spots made the most of. The friends whom she made everywhere were lovingly and thankfully recorded, and never ceasing sources of pleasure found in the variety and beauty of tropical scenery and circumstance."

"The brightest spot in the sad time that succeeded were the few weeks spent in Honolulu. Under date of Feb. 28th, she writes: 'I am so glad I came here; life is an idyl in this lovely summer-land—the perfection of the tropics.' Later: 'Mama, what marvelous color! how I wish you could see this land of sunshine and flowers; or, that I could write you a long, long letter about the beauty I see and the pleasant people I meet; but I am living only in the present, the future is all obscured by my darkening sight.' Her letters now had become very short and were mostly dictated. 'How I wish' she writes in another place, 'I could send you a full description of this pretty cottage city, with its exquisite climate and its people (at least those I have seen) so charming and hospitable. Life here dreams itself away among the roses, and tall lillies and stately palms."

"Her summer trip to Poland Springs, Maine, after her return home was the last desperate resource to restore her sight and health. Her summer was as pleasant as it was possible to be under the circumstances. All her own immediate family were with her, excepting myself, and I was with her two weeks, and also at the last, which was after all very unexpected, and occurred when we were hoping she would rally and be brought home. She received devoted attention from friends who became interested in her."

"The last journey she made was to Portland, two weeks before she died, and then she ascended the

observatory and made the attendant point her almost sightless eyes in the direction where the Minnesota, then her husband's ship lay, when it was in that harbor. From the observatory she walked through the thoroughfares which he would have been most likely to have traversed and went home, worn out but satisfied; it had then been over four months since she had heard from him."

"The last book that was read to her was Mrs. Oliphant's 'Little Pilgrim'; the last written words she heard were letters from her husband, the first installment of over fifty that arrived after she was dead; and the last words she herself uttered were broken words and lines from George Elliot's 'Choir Invisible,' beginning—

'Oh! may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In homes made better by their presence.'

* * * * *

"The last thing she wrote that was published was an indignant letter of protest against Secretary Chandler's order prohibiting the wives of naval officers to follow their husbands; it was published in the N. Y. *Herald* and signed 'An Officer's wife.' She had only but began to anticipate accomplishing something as a writer and her work had been limited to short poems and stories published in the *Wide-Awake*, *Godey's Magazine*, the *New York Graphic*, *Puck*, Etc., and preparation for other and more important work, which remains in embryo."

"She was buried at Poland Springs in a quiet graveyard and the young girls stopping at the hotel gathered golden-rod and ferns, the purple aster and the white flowers of the wild carrot and made of

them wreaths and anchors for her grave, and these same flowers, sent by a loving young friend from the country, had made a golden glory at her wedding three years before."

"She grew wonderfully lovely, with a sweetness that was angelic before her death, and her bravery was heroic. On Saturday evening a friend brought her a picture, and in the absence of all but her young sister, she had the light raised very high, and groped her way to it, in order to see the likeness. She looked long, but could not, she had become quite blind; and she felt her way back without uttering a word, buried her face in the pillow, but gave no sign or sound."

"Oh! my darling, what a loyal, faithful heart yours was—how near to heaven. 'I have lived too much, mamma, I have tried to put too much into my twenty-three years,' were among the last words she said to me. But if we had thought we might have known that she was ripe for another stage in existence, that she had concentrated into her short life more than comes into the three score years and ten of many women. She had hopes and she fulfilled them. She had read the best authors, she had seen and heard much that was fine in the world of art. She had been reader, actress, and writer—more than all, she had loved, and been a happy wife. Then, though she paid a fearful price, as a friend wrote, 'she had seen the tropics,' and she leaves a memory forever lovely, forever young. Truly may it be said of her :

"When she had passed, it seemed
Like the ceasing of exquisite music.

J. C. C. (JENNIE JUNE).

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The gift of \$5,000 from Hon. C. R. Bishop to the building fund of Oahu College, and the conditional pledge of \$15,000 more, is an incident, the importance of which is not to be measured merely by the amount of money involved, large as that is. We prefer to regard it as marking a new departure in the line of gifts from our men of wealth, to objects of public utility, and it is significant as being the largest contribution which has ever been made here at one time by one man.

It may be said that Mr. Bishop is rich—the richest man perhaps on the islands, and that five or even twenty-five thousand dollars from him is no more proportionately than the fifty or one hundred given by some other men. This may all be true, and if true, so much the better. The poor man and the man of moderate means *cannot*, be their will ever so good, give largely or accomplish great things through their benefactions. When therefore we find the man of large means disposed to give somewhat in proportion as he has been prospered, it should be a source of sincere rejoicing and his liberality should have prompt and cheerful recogni-

tion. Besides; the example of the rich man is contagious. He has it in his power to set the fashion among men of his own class, while at the same time his example is encouraging and stimulating to those of lesser means, who will feel less disposed to hold back, when they see their wealthier neighbors ready to bear their proper share of the burden.

In reflecting upon the career of the late Henry L. Sheldon, as a journalist and writer, we have been impressed with nothing so much as the remarkable union of intelligence, with good feeling and good taste, which his writings almost without exception displayed. To have written so much and so well on such a variety of topics, is of itself no small honor. But to have left so little to which any reasonable person could take exception, and so little which the author himself, if now alive, need wish to recall, is still more remarkable.

During the many years that he was connected with the newspaper press of this country, he had occasion to discuss many subjects of an exciting nature, and about which public feeling ran high.

But though often expressing and defending positive views, he seemed to always keep in mind what could be fairly said on the other side, and to avoid making any assertions or taking any positions which he could not, if necessary, stand by and defend. His example in this regard is worthy of careful study and imitation by those who fill the positions of public journalists here and elsewhere. It should be said also that his writings were invariably on the side of temperance, of religion, and of morality.

The same mental traits which he exhibited as a writer were equally evident to those who knew him personally. With an excellent natural understanding and an uncommon fund of information on a variety of subjects, he united the power of looking at all public questions in a calm and dispassionate way. In his views of all such matters, he was eminently fair-minded and reasonable. These characteristics indeed of fair-mindedness and reasonableness were the most prominent traits in his mental make-up. Considering his natural endowments, his extensive information, his literary qualifications, and the general tone and temper of his mind, we doubt if the editorial chair has ever been filled in these Islands with any one better fitted for the position of a useful and successful journalist.

The case of the recalcitrant German laborers from Kauai suggests several subjects for reflection. Among other things, it shows the unsatisfactory character of our contract labor system, and the serious troubles which are liable to arise under it. There is no certainty that what has happened on Kauai may not happen anywhere else, at any time, and on a larger scale—on such a scale in fact as to be unmanageable.

Thinking on these matters, we are led to ask: is our present system—"shipped" men with heavy advances on the part of the planter, really essential to the successful prosecution of our planting enterprises. We presume that if this question were propounded to the planters, at least a great majority of those gentlemen would reply in the affirmative—and surely, it will be said, they should know their own business better than any one else can know it for them. We admit the force of the argument, and while we have no positive opinion to express and no desire to dogmatize about other people's affairs, we confess that we are not entirely convinced. Although men should be the best judges of what is necessary for the success of their own business, experience has shown that such is not always the case.

Before the war of the rebellion, the southern planter had come to regard it as a self evident truth, that the free negro would not work, and that the perpetuation of slavery was essential to the success of the planting industry. Without negro slavery, he maintained, the great crops of sugar and cotton could not be raised. In the course of time slavery disappeared—burned up in the fires of civil war, and when things had settled down again on a peace

basis, it was found that the South raised larger crops of her great staples, much larger in fact than ever before, and stranger still, this result was accomplished by the labor of free negroes. And yet it had been confidentially asserted by those who were supposed to know him best, that the negro could not be made to work, except in a condition of slavery. Of course we are quite well aware that the cases of the southern planter in the United States and the planter in these Islands are by no means identical. We fully recognize the difference. At the same time the above illustration from the history of our own times, seems to us to contain "food for thought."

We have heard a number of complaints of the expense to which parents having children attending some of the Government schools in Honolulu are put in the matter of providing school books. One gentleman told us that he had three tea-chests at home filled with the books which his children had used while attending those schools, and that he did not believe they had been through half of them. We find on inquiry that the Board of Education undertakes to furnish school books at cost. Their method of doing this is to sell the books at the published price list, the cost of freight, insurance, &c., being considered as a fair offset against the discount which the publishers allow the Board on their purchases. The price of some of these books seems large for the size of the books and the probable cost of their production, but this appears to be a matter for which the Board is not responsible. A more valid ground of complaint is the frequent changes that are made and the large number of different books which the children are required to purchase, in proportion to the amount of instruction they receive. This arises from the very large discretion which the teachers have been allowed in the selection of books. The ladies and gentlemen employed in our schools are from various places, and are of course accustomed to different systems of teaching and different text books. Changes in teachers have also been frequent. Whenever teachers wish to introduce new branches, or change the text books for the studies already being pursued, they are, as a rule, allowed to do so, the Board of Education ordering the books they indicate, and the scholars being obliged to purchase them. In many instances these changes are no doubt improvements, but perhaps not always. In either case the burden becomes a serious one to persons whose means are small, and who happen to have large families to educate. It seems to us that the Board ought—after due consultation with the teachers—to agree upon some definite course of study and some uniform line of text books for the two highest grade Government schools in Honolulu, and that this programme when once agreed upon ought not to be departed from except for grave reasons. It is understood that there will be a meeting of the Teachers' Association in January; and we commend this subject to their attention as being well worthy of their serious consideration. Any representations on this point, coming from the associated teachers would probably receive attention at the hands of the Board.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

We announced in our prospectus that it was our intention to furnish in each number a summary of foreign and domestic news. It seems to us, however, on further reflection, that in view of the promptness and fulness with which matters of general news are published in our daily and weekly papers, it will be more acceptable to our subscribers if the space intended for that purpose is devoted to selected matters of special interest, such as will be found in this department.

THE PEABODY HOMES.

Most, if not all, of our readers have heard of the Peabody Homes in London, but we fancy that the magnitude of the enterprise and the completeness of its success are not generally understood. These homes are not a charity in the ordinary acceptation of the word, for they are more than self-supporting. They are not intended for paupers or idlers, but for "the worthy poor, of good moral character." For such persons it is almost an impossibility to find, in large cities, apartments at rents which they can afford, in clean and respectable localities.

To supply this want in the city of London, Mr. Peabody gave the magnificent sum of \$3,500,000. The trustees of the fund seem to have entered into the spirit of the donor, and to have carried out his intentions with a fidelity and success only too rare in the execution of trusts of this kind.

As the result of their labors, immense blocks of brick and stone, five or six stories high, have been built in thirteen of the worst portions of London, thereby doing away with numbers of tumble-down buildings and saloons. These blocks are built on four sides of an open court, which forms a play-ground for the children, who otherwise must live upon the street. Thus far the trustees have provided 6,160 apartments exclusive of laundries and bath-houses. The inmates are cabmen, watchmen, needle-women, char-women; laborers of every kind. The average weekly earnings of the father of each family is \$5.75. The rent of each room is about fifty cents. This includes the free use of water, laundries, bath-rooms and sculleries. The rules for the buildings are simple. Children must be vaccinated, rent paid weekly in advance, halls and steps washed every Saturday, and swept every morning before ten o'clock, dogs not allowed, neither intemperate tenants, and gas turned off at eleven. *The death rate in these buildings is nearly four per cent. below the average for all London.*

But the peculiar feature of the Peabody enterprise, the one which takes it entirely out of the ordinary range of benevolent undertakings, is its financial success. When Mr. Peabody gave his three millions and a half, he said, "If judiciously managed for 200 years, its accumulations will amount to a sum sufficient to buy the city of London." His wisdom and sound business judgment are proved by the fact that during the year 1881, the net gain from rents and interest was no less than \$198,755, in addition to

which the trustees erected new buildings containing 432 apartments.

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS.

The prominent position occupied by Mr. Beecher, and the great influence which his eloquence and magnetic qualities enable him to exercise, render his attitude towards controverted topics a matter of importance. He has lately written a letter to Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, in which he undertakes to define his position somewhat. We cannot give his letter in full, but the following are its most essential portions:

"Allow me to say of my own position, that I know that I am orthodox and Evangelical as to the facts and substance of the Christian religion; but equally well I know that I am not orthodox as to the philosophy which has hitherto been applied to those facts. I am a cordial Christian evolutionist."

"I do not agree, by any means, with all of Spencer, his agnosticism, nor all of Huxley, Tyndall and their school. They are agnostic—I am not, emphatically, but I am an evolutionist. Evolution strikes at the root of all mediæval and orthodox modern theology; the fall of man in Adam, and the inheritance by his posterity of his guilt, and, by consequence, any such view of atonement as has been constructed to meet the fabulous disaster. Men have not fallen as a race—men have come up. No great disaster met the race at the start; the creation decree of God was fulfilled. Any theory of atonement must be one that will meet the fact that man was created at the lowest point, and, as I believe, is, as to his physical being, evolved from the animal race below him; but, as to his moral and spiritual nature, is a son of God, a new element having come up in the great movement of evolution at the point of man's appearance.

Man is universally sinful, not by nature, but by voluntary violation of known laws. In other words, the animal passions of man have proved to be too strong for his moral and spiritual nature. Paul's double man—the old man and the new man—is a grand exposition of the doctrine of sin.

* * * * *

I've gone my length. I should wish to live in the affection and confidence of my brethren in the Christian ministry, but I cannot, for the sake of earning it, yield one jot or tittle of loyalty to that kingdom of love which is coming, and of which I am as but one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

I am affectionately yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PROGRESS IN THE PACIFIC.

The little island of Atafu in the South Pacific is said to be the only purely Christian country in the world. Every adult on the island is a member of the church on confession of faith.

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

The fashions of the season are endless in their varieties.

Large, natural looking *flower designs* on satins and Indian cloth have met with general approbation during the past season. They are making their appearance now in handsome, delicately colored silk materials intended for the drawing room; they are not unfrequently raised and look so natural that you might think Flora herself had strewn them there. Materials interwoven with flowers are very expensive, which prevents many people from purchasing them. In order to produce the same effect at less expense, recourse has been had to application embroidery. Single flowers and gay colored sprays are now to be had, machine made, only waiting to be artistically fastened on silk or fine woollen materials, in charming contrasts by skillful fingers.

Metal is again becoming very fashionable for modern toilets. Besides gold for hats, collars, fichus in the shape of gauze materials, lace, tulle, braid, etc.; steel is especially prominent in the shape of braid and buttons for trimming autumn paletots and jackets. It is used for trimming ball dresses as well as every day in-door dresses. In brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms, the most handsome brocades are to be seen interwoven with metal threads of different shades and sizes, which quite put everything else into the shade. Morning dresses made of beautiful Turkish materials looking as if they had been dipped in gold, meet with general approbation. However, all this splendor seems only to be the forerunner of a new epoch; the bringing up again of the old Cyprian gold threads; the reappearance of this lovely, soft falling material, bids fair to open promising roads both for weaving and embroidery made by hand.

Shot silk and satin enjoy great favor for linings, the latter may be plain, checked or striped. Shot velvets have also appeared.

Perhaps through the influence of the sombre looking costumes worn by the Sisters of Mercy in the monasteries, the English *fashion for widows* to wear narrow, white stripes of French cambric, in deep mourning, round the neck and waist of their dresses, is becoming more and more the fashion amongst us. They consist of a plain cuff put on the outside of the sleeve and collar, made of strips of fine batiste with a wide hem-stitched border. It does not take off the solemn, serious look of the mourning, for the contrast between the rough crape and the fine white stripe is brought out rather strongly.

Small bonnets are more worn than ever, and high crowned hats with stiff flat or turned up brims, richly trimmed with feathers, tips and aigrettes, have come up lately.

Princess William of Prussia appeared at the christening of her youngest son, which took place at the Royal Palace at Potsdam, in a pale blue satin robe and white overskirt, with a head-dress of white lace

in the shape of a cap, which it is the custom for Royal mothers to wear at christenings. The little prince reposed on a white lace cushion, enveloped in the handsome robe of *drap d'argent*, which the Crown Prince was the first to wear at his christening, and which since then has always been worn at all the christenings in the family of the Crown Prince. The train of this robe, in which the names of all the children christened in it are embroidered in gold, was held by two of the ladies of the court, in court trains.

Never did the International Fisheries Exhibition in London present a more magnificent spectacle than on the day that the President of the Committee, Sir William Siemens, received the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, as well as a large number of distinguished guests, at a lecture. Upon this occasion the Princess wore a damask robe of pale *viell or*, draped with tulle of the same color, and over it, as a protection against the draft in the long corridors and passages, a grey dove-colored velvet mantle. Many other ladies wore charming costumes and hats. Among the latter there was one especially worthy of notice for novelty and originality. It consisted entirely of a glistening silver straw, the sole trimming being a swallow at the side, and black silver strings with silver stripes. The head-dresses of the ladies showed an attempt at originality. One young lady, who must have possessed a vast profusion of hair, had several plaits wound round the back of her head, and a long one round her throat, like a necklace, which was fastened in front with a white satin bow. One toilet worthy of notice consisted of white antique satin, upon which blue sword lilies were embroidered, not only the blossoms, but the entire plant, commencing with the roots, so that one might have studied the plant just as well as in a book on botany. Each piece of the bodice and each breadth of the skirt had specimens. The front of the skirt and bodice were richly trimmed with handsome lace, and the wearer adorned with diamonds. There was one lady, who so far profited by science, as to wear an electric lighted flower in a bow in her neck.

One of Mrs. Langtry's pretty walking gowns is of dark blue broadcloth, with skirt bordered by several tiny plaitings of red and yellow satin, a short distance above which is a band of chamolais skin some three inches in width. The tight-fitting waist is similarly trimmed, and the little turban worn with it is of dark blue.

Loose covers for throwing over large, grand pianos, about 79 inches wide and from 106½-108½ inches long, are much prettier than the tight fitting ones. Exceedingly pretty is a silk plush cover, lined and ornamented in one corner. The cover is finished round the edge with silk fringe; it is gracefully drawn together on the curved side of the piano with a huge silk pompon.

WHIMSICALITIES.

"Your daughter? It is impossible. Why, you look more like twin sisters." "No; I assure you she is my only daughter," replied the pleased mother. And the polite old gentleman spoiled it all by remarking. "Well, she certainly looks old enough to be your sister."

The above reminds us of the gentleman from the "rural districts," who took his little boys to see the Siamese twins, with the injunction to admire the goodness and wisdom of Divine Providence in thus linking together two brothers instead of two strangers.

"Aw, can you sell me, aw, a blue necktie to match my eyes, you know?" inquired an Austin dude in a gentleman's furnishing store. "Don't know as I can, exactly," replied the salesman, "but I can fit you with a soft hat to match that head." Then the dude withdrew from the store, a crushed strawberry hue suffusing his features.

Why are some children like new flannel? Because they shrink from washing.

Customer: "How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Twenty-five cents," replied the German grocer. "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you buy ov Jones, den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I'll sell dem for dwenty cents, too, ven I don't got any."

He was an eligible young man, who had been waltzing with the host's ugly daughter, and was in a corner repairing damages. Here he was espied by the would-be papa-in-law. "She is the flower of the family, sir," said the father. "So it seems," answered the young man, glancing dubiously at his coat. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he proceeded to vigorously rub the white places on his sleeve.

A splendid gilt dining room and very little on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dine one day, and the host asked him if he did not think the room elegant. "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste." And pray, what change would you make," asked the host. "Well," he answered, "if this was my house, I would have"—looking at the ceiling—"less gilding and"—here he glanced furtively at the dining table—"more carving."

Longfellow says: "In the world a man must be either anvil or hammer." He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows.

Printers make funny mistakes sometimes, as, for instance, in the following wedding invitation, recently got up in New York: Mr. and Mrs.—— request your presents at the marriage of their daughter, &c.

Why wouldn't Phe-be a good name for a lawyer's wife.

The potato with all its eyes is the most susceptible of vegetables. It is so easily mashed.

A pupil who had been impressed with the force and value of double letters, such as "double o" in "fool," "double e" in "heel," etc., was called upon to read that touching poem, beginning:

Up, up, Lucy! The sun is in the sky!
Surprise, which soon gave way to hilarity, was occasioned when the pupil read the line:

"Double up, Lucy! The sun is in the sky!"

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

In the following stanzas, each line is to be completed by the addition of one word, which must be so chosen that leaving off the first letter of the first word will give the second word, and leaving off the first letter of the second word will give the third. As for example: Start—tart—art.

AUNT FLORA.

Aunt Flora was a precious ——
Her sympathies were ever ——
Her cranberry tarts were always ——
I'll ne'er forget Aunt Flora.

Her homespun dress was neat and ——
Her favorite occupation ——
Kept her employed like Solomon's ——
I'll ne'er forget Aunt Flora.

I do not think she had a ——
But everything she did was ——
How much I felt her blessed ——
I'll ne'er forget Aunt Flora.

She was a *ne plus* in her ——
In sooth I think that such a ——
Must have been sought by every ——
I'll ne'er forget Aunt Flora.

Her heart was sweet and warm as ——
You would have known by every ——
Among the wise she was not ——
I'll ne'er forget Aunt Flora.

FIFTEEN YOUNG LADIES go to walk seven days in procession. They walk each time in five rows or ranks of three each. The problem to be solved is, how these groups of three can be so arranged that each young lady shall have different companions each day.

The letters in each of the following phrases can be so arranged as to form one word.

No more stars.
Sisters enough.

The editor desires to apologize for several typographical errors which appear in the present number. Owing to an unfortunate oversight, a portion of the matter went to press without the proof sheets having received a final revision. Care will be taken that similar mistakes do not occur in future.

Several articles in the present number having occupied more space than was estimated, we have been compelled to omit a portion of the matter which had been prepared, and to make the contents somewhat less varied than was intended.

POPULATION OF JAPAN.

The following item from a recent American paper will be of interest to our readers, in connection with Prof. Scott's article on Japan in our present number. "The general census of Japan, taken on the first day of the present year, gives the total population of the country at 36,700,110, made up of 18,598,998 males and 18,101,112 females. The population of the larger towns is given as follows: Osaka, 1,772,333; Hiogo, 1,418,521; Nagasaki, 1,204,629; Tokio, 987,887; Kioto, 835,215. The figures here given are not the population of the towns and cities mentioned, but of the administrative districts, locally known as *fu* or *ken*, bearing these names. In some instances, *e. g.*, Hiogo and Nagasaki, these districts are as large as a medium-sized English county, and in all cases they include the towns and villages for several (from ten to thirty) miles around. Thus these figures can by no means be accepted as data for the representative sizes of the towns named."

A LARGE DIAMOND.

The largest diamond ever brought to the United States is now, or was lately, in the possession of a New York importer. It is an African stone, and weighs in the rough one hundred and twenty-five karats. It will be cut in Boston, and it is estimated will lose about one-third of its weight in the process. A karat is four grains; consequently the weight of this stone uncut is five hundred grains, or more than one ounce. Fourteen such stones would weigh seven thousand grains, or one pound avardupois. The rank of this stone in the hierarchy of gems will be seen by comparing it with the Kohinoor, the largest jewel in the British crown. This famous jewel, as shown at the great exhibition in 1851, weighed 186 karats.

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL CULTURE.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

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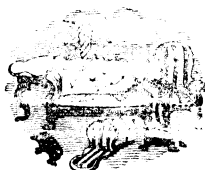
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THE HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

VOLUME I.]

[NUMBER 2.

HONOLULU, FEBRUARY, 1884.

THOUGHTS ON STATE EDUCATION.

Things have changed mightily since the time when Sir William Berkeley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia, eased his mind in this fashion :

“ I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope that we shall not have them these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government, God keep us from both.”

The Governor certainly speaks his mind with commendable frankness, but a little instruction in English composition, such as can now be had in some of these same odious free schools, would doubtless have improved his literary style.

However well such ideas may have passed muster

“ In the good old colony days
When we lived under the King,”

They have long since been consigned to the limbo of exploded absurdities. The idea that it is the duty and the interest of governments to provide some kind of educational facilities for their people has not only permeated the public mind in the United States, but is rapidly coming to be accepted in Europe, in at least one country of which, a system of state education of great thoroughness has been in operation for a number of years.

We purpose offering in the present paper a few suggestions as to what we consider the true object and scope of state education. We do this with the more confidence, as we believe that notwithstanding all that has been written, it is still a subject on which there exists much vagueness in the public mind. We believe also that a clear understanding of the principles on which such education is based, and of the object it should have in view, must precede any intelligent discussion of means and methods.

Now at the foundation of any system of state education, however simple or elaborate, lie these two ideas: First, that the welfare of society and the state requires that the people comprising that state shall be possessed of a certain degree of education; and, Second, that the people themselves cannot be

depended upon, at least at present, to provide that education for themselves. These two ideas are fundamental, and it is only by accepting them that any system of state education can be justified at all. An important, but still a secondary consideration, is found in the fact that whatever is done on a large scale and under a uniform system, can generally be done better, and at the same time more economically, than if done piecemeal.

The growth of popular education is the natural corollary of liberal and democratic ideas. It was the appreciation of this necessary connection, which, when the British Parliament a few years ago passed an act largely extending the elective franchise, led a prominent British statesman to exclaim, “ Now we must proceed to educate our masters.” The most indurated conservative can hardly fail to perceive that *if* the people are to be admitted to any share in the management of public affairs, they *must* be educated sufficiently to exercise their civil and political rights intelligently. Of course we do not claim that the training received in schools is all they require ; but this at least is indispensable. Neither is it true that fitness to exercise civil and political functions is the only object to be aimed at in a system of state education. Such a system should include provision for both sexes, and should recognize the fact that human beings have domestic and social as well as political relations. But whatever variations may exist in matters of detail, whether the state undertakes through her schools to teach much or little, the principle is the same ; the public welfare is the underlying and controlling consideration; the safety of the people the supreme law.

Let it be distinctly understood then, that state education is not in any sense whatever a charity. In our opinion, the providing of reasonable and proper educational facilities is one of the regular functions of government, and rests on the same foundation of necessity and public policy as the building of roads and bridges, or the maintenance of a police force. The same arguments which are conclusive as regards

the latter, are equally applicable to the former. Means of instruction, public highways, the protection of life and property, the preservation of public order and the administration of justice between man and man, all stand on the same foundation. They are all alike necessary to the welfare of society and the safety of the state, and are all, therefore, matters which every civilized government, in proportion to its means, is bound to provide for. A public school is no more a government charity than is a court of justice.

Assuming the foregoing propositions to be correct, we are brought next to consider the practical question of what kind of education, and how much of it, a government ought to provide. It is easier in many cases to lay down sound general principles than it is to furnish exact rules for their application—easier to define correctly the object to be aimed at, than it is to tell exactly how that object is to be accomplished. The same difficulty exists with reference to all questions in the domain of political and social science, education included.

In trying, however, to determine the quantity and quality of instruction which a government should furnish through its schools, we need not go much astray if we keep in mind the reasons for, and the objects of, state education as already defined. Remembering that such education is not a matter of charity, but of necessity and policy, and that the primary object is the public welfare rather than the benefit of the individual, we shall have a key which will enable us to solve with reasonable certainty all questions of detail which may present themselves. The failure of public officials having charge of school matters to settle these preliminary questions in their own minds, or to arrive at any definite conclusions concerning them, has led to almost endless confusion. A lack of agreement as to why public schools exist, and what they are for, has rendered impossible any settlement of the question of what they should be.

Leaving out of consideration for the present all questions as to the higher education and the relations of the state thereto, and confining our attention to the question of what instruction should be furnished in the common schools, we conclude that if our ideas are sound, if the theories we have laid down and endeavored to defend are correct, such education should be of a plain and practical character. It should consist mostly of those things which every man and woman in a civilized community ought to know. It should concentrate its strength on those branches which are expedient and practically useful for all persons, regardless of wealth or social position. It should not waste time or energy on studies in which it can only give a smattering at best, and of which the principal use is to tickle the vanity of ambitious parents, and enable the teacher to make a display at a public exhibition. Especially and emphatically, the common schools

*supported by the state should *not* undertake to teach the dead languages. They are the people's schools,

supported by the people's money, and should devote themselves, in the main at least, to teaching those things which all the people need to know. Moreover, a few subjects, taught thoroughly, are not only a better preparation for active life, but are immeasurably superior as a means of mental discipline to a superficial skimming of the higher branches, including a smattering of Latin and Greek.

Coming down now to details, we would say that the foundation—the very back bone, so to speak—of a common school education, should be a careful and thorough training in the use of the English language. (We write of course for people to whom the English is vernacular.) Whoever has learned to speak and write the English language correctly and accurately, and express himself clearly, has made a long step towards securing a good education. Such a person can hardly appear illiterate or stupid. The power of clear and accurate expression is moreover of the greatest assistance in acquiring the habit of clear and accurate thinking. The two are intimately connected, and the power of clear, accurate and logical thinking is rather exceptional.

Next in importance to a training in English, we would place a course in arithmetic, insisting on thoroughness, and paying special attention to the practical application of the rules taught. On these two points, language and arithmetic, "hang all the law and the prophets," so far as common school education is concerned. Penmanship may be regarded as part of the study of English.

In addition to the above, the pupils might be taught geography, which should always include map drawing, modern history, particularly of their own country, human physiology and such outline of physical science as might be found expedient. Much beyond this we would not go, though we should like if we could, to introduce music and some kind of gymnastic or calisthenic exercises as part of the regular routine of the school. Metaphysics, mental and moral philosophy, systems of logic, foreign languages, particularly dead ones, and the higher mathematics are all out of place in such a scheme of education as we are now considering.

If it be objected that this programme is narrow and inadequate, we reply, *first*—that we are speaking now simply of common schools and of the instruction which the Government should provide free of charge for all; and, *second*—that such a course of study as we propose is by no means so contemptible as some may imagine. The man or woman who can use his or her native tongue in speaking and writing, with readiness and precision, who is a good arithmetician, and who is well grounded in the other studies we have indicated, is by no means badly off. Could we go through the entire community and question the whole adult population, male and female, over thirty years of age, we might be surprised to find how small a proportion even among what are considered intelligent people, could pass a good examination in *all* the

branches we have named. It should be remembered also that the value of a system of education as already intimated, depends not altogether upon the number of different subjects studied, but also upon the manner in which they are studied and the thoroughness with which they are mastered.

In attempting to define the work which Government common schools ought to undertake, we are well aware that no fixed, invariable programme can be laid down which will be equally applicable to all places at all times. The principles on which state education should proceed are fixed, its methods may vary somewhat. The theory of public schools is one thing, the standard for such schools is another, and the latter, in subordination always to the requirements of the former, may be subject to certain perturbations. But these perturbations will not be

great, and so long as the principles we have laid down are accepted and faithfully adhered to, the common school curriculum is not likely to vary much, in substance at least, from what we have sketched out.

We have purposely refrained from saying anything about methods of teaching. Such questions, though of the utmost importance, do not come within the scope of this paper, and can be more profitably discussed by practical educators. It was our intention, however, to consider the question of the duty of the state to the cause of higher education, but we find it impossible to do so without extending the present article considerably beyond the limits originally assigned it. We therefore defer our remarks on that point to some future occasion.

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

(Continued.)

VI.

There was the usual gathering at the store when Lemuel Jones entered, presented the back side of his tan-colored overalls to the rusty stove, and with the air of a highly commissioned ambassador, immediately commenced to dislodge his mighty secret.

"They say that Ed. Hardin's wife's going up to Lewiston, keeping school."

"Who says that, Lem?" asked one of the listeners.

"Why, you see Maggy Murphy, she was over from the boardin' house to see my Susan. They worked together up there, ye know. And she said the scholars was all talking about it. My woman told her she didn't b'lieve a word on't. But she said she know'd 'twas true, for she went over to ask Dr. Hill's Hannah 'bout it, and she said 'twas true, for Mis' Hardin' was up there the day before, and after she'd gone she heard the doctor tell his wife 'bout it."

Lemuel's bit of news had so taken his audience by surprise that for a few moments no one ventured a reply.

At length a member of the fraternity, whose face was a strong argument in favor of the Darwinian theory of evolution, ventured to remark, "I told my wife Hardin' had oughter have a different kind of a woman. I knowed she'd get sick of so much work."

"Going into the Academy, is she?" said a young aspirant to a seat on the school board.

"Yes," said Lemuel, "and they're proper pleased about it."

"Wonder Hardin' didn't give her this school, if she wanted to teach," said James Watrous, whose daughter Emily had made regular March attacks upon Mr. Harding for the past three years.

"Oh, he hired Delia Holt, March meeting night," said number three of the school board.

"Well," said Mr. Watrous, "I hope she'll farn the little ones mor'n she did last winter. Why, she put my 'Cretia to readin' afore she could say her letters, and the child read a number o' little stories, and still she couldn't tell *b* from *d* to save her life."

"That is the most approved method of teaching children to read," said young aspirant.

"It is, eh! Well, I don't b'lieve in't. Why, it's just like trying to make beans run up a pole before they're sprouted."

"Mr. Hardin' thinks well of Delia's teaching, and he's a pretty good judge," said the father of little golden hair, who had made rapid progress under Miss Holt.

"What's Ed. going to do?" inquired a rich farmer.

"Don't know," said Lemuel, "can't tell you anything 'bout that."

Just then Mr. Gould entered, and being informed of the transactions between Mrs. Harding and Dr. Hill, replied, "Well, I thought there was something not quite right there at Harding's, for the other day she was going to Westerville with my wife, and I went over about nine o'clock to see when she'd like to start, and there she set—hadn't touched her dishes—and they had breakfast early that morning, too, for I saw Harding go by toward the factory an hour earlier than usual. But she seemed tired, and her eyes looked as if she'd been crying. Something ain't right there."

"That makes me think of what my wife said last night." 'Twas John Scott who spoke. His voice was a full octave above an ordinary whistle. "She said Mr. Hardin' walked straight home last Sunday after meetin', and never waited for his wife; and my woman thought she looked dreadful flustered when she found out he'd gone. She stood where she could look right into Miss Hardin's face, she said."

"Miss Harding 'll take care of herself," coolly re-

marked uncle Nathan, with whom she had boarded during her term of school in Canton.

"Keen, is she?" questioned school board number three.

"She knows what she is about as well as any other woman."

"I shouldn't s'pose Hardin' 'd want his wife."

Just at that moment the door, slightly ajar, was pushed open, and Mr. Harding entered. Every one knew that he must have heard the last remark, and every one was silent. The silence was becoming embarrassing, when the last speaker, somewhat in a tone of apology—so at least Mr. Harding thought—remarked, "I hear your wife is going back to the Academy."

"Yes," he replied, with seeming indifference. "She commences on Monday."

A slanderous report in which there is no grain of truth, a man may fling off as he would an unfitting garment. A more serious thing to encounter is a perversion of the truth, circulated in such a way as to affect one's reputation, and which can neither be accepted nor denied without explanation. Neither of these fitted Mr. Harding's case. It was a matter between himself and his wife, about which he should be better posted than any one else. But for the first time in his life he found he could get that information from others about his domestic affairs, which had not been accorded him in his own house. This was a most humiliating aspect of affairs, and Mr. Harding instinctively replied to the remark made to him, in a way to hide his own discomfiture, and lead his listeners to suppose it was a plan entered into conjointly by his wife and himself, and thus was altogether beyond comment or reproach. His reply had the desired effect.

There was a dead silence in the store. No one felt at liberty to remark further on the subject. No one ventured on any other until a new comer, interested in finance and the national debt, proposed a theme which soon called forth discussion in which at another time Mr. Harding would have taken an active part. But now he remained silent for a few moments, then arose, made some small purchases at the counter with an air that said, "this is what I came for," and hastily left the store.

VII.

It was one of those delicious April evenings—bridal of earth and the silvery clad night—that Mr. Harding walked slowly home from the store. Spring was everywhere. It breathed in the balmy air, danced in shadows along the highways, laughed in the tripping brook, and sung in the distant stream. But Mr. Harding knew it not. For him, outward beauty had lost its charm. He was absorbed in himself—ill at ease, troubled, dissatisfied, uncertain. He instigated no inquiry as to his approval of Maria's engagement at the seminary, but her method of procedure was an offense to man's position and dignity. She should have asked his consent before engaging in such an undertaking. Moreover, he

was uncertain as to what would follow. He had given but little thought to the domestic concerns of his household. There was never any grumbling. Dinner was as prompt as an engine's whistle. His fireside was always cheerful—everything done for his comfort. He had silently enjoyed it all. But now it suddenly occurred to him that on the Monday in question he had engaged four men from Westerville, to make repairs on the factory, and they must have dinner at his house. Who would get it?

But above all other considerations was the fact which had first disclosed itself to him, that "Mr. Harding and his wife" was the theme of gossiping idlers. Mr. Harding was a proud man. He had a reputation above reproach—was esteemed by the citizens of the town and honored with positions of trust, more than any other man in Canton. For the first time, as far as his personal knowledge enabled him to guess, his name, coupled with that of his wife, was handed around the circle in that comfortable place for scandal, a country store. He was vexed with himself that he went there that night, and there was a conviction in his heart that he had done a most foolish thing in frequenting the store as he had been in the habit of doing for the last six months.

But why had Maria taken this step so unlike other women? He could see no possible way in which he was connected with it. He wished she would explain her position. Such explanation would lead the way to the episode at the store, which after all was his most vulnerable point, just at present. He felt very much like talking over the whole thing, and getting a little home sympathy from Maria. But he could not so far lower a man's dignity as to introduce a subject which his wife had considered and acted upon without in any way consulting him. Her unwarrantable course had brought about his discomfort, and she alone was responsible for it. Nevertheless the fact that the outside world was on the offensive, and was already shaping its weapons, led him to seek defensive aid. Where could it be found so effectually as at his own fireside, that center of peace and content. He began to feel a peculiar tenderness towards Maria, notwithstanding the course she had taken. He knew she had his welfare close at heart, and would deal as heavy a blow to ward off a thrust aimed at her husband as at herself.

But it was necessary he should know something of her intentions. "When a man's housekeeper is about to quit," he said, "the man naturally looks out for another." Mr. Harding felt self-reproved for applying the epithet, "a man's housekeeper," to Maria, and fell to enumerating the many virtues of his wife. Still the pressure of circumstances was upon him, and when he reached his own door, he had planned, rejected, reconsidered and decided until he thought he had hit upon a course by which he might learn something of Maria's intentions without compromising his own dignity. He also enter-

tained the hope that it would drift into a channel which would lead to the conversation at the store, and that he and Maria would be a unit in this matter, as they had always been in everything else.

Mr. Harding went into the house, and seating himself in the arm-chair standing ready for him, commenced his plan of investigation by remarking :

"We haven't many hyacinths this spring, Maria. You should go in and see Mrs. Holt's. They are in full bloom."

"Oh! but ours are nearly out," replied his wife, placing the emerald jars crowned with fast opening flowers before him on the table. "The heliotropes are full of blossoms, and they are so sweet. Their delicate perfume is like the soul of the poet; that of hyacinths is conspicuous and gross. Heliotrope is the pearl—hyacinths the iron suggestive of the pierced Laconian youth. This wins the heart," she added, and before there was time for reply, she was fastening the delicate fragrance to the crimson lining of her husband's dressing gown, and with one arm about his neck, she bent down and kissed his lips again and again, murmuring, "My dear, dear husband."

At another time Mr. Harding's reflections might have been of such a character as to have let Maria's caresses pass unnoticed. Weightier matters, in his estimation, often absorbed his thoughts, and however warm and devoted the heart might have been, the man was frequently undemonstrative and silent, when Maria most longed for his tender words and responsive smile.

But somehow to-night the twining of her arms about his neck, her sweet, warm breath upon his cheek, and the pressure of her lips to his, were unmistakably welcome. He would not have acknowledged it—perhaps he did not know that they were as truly a panacea to the strong man as a mother's kiss to a tired and disappointed child. The love in his heart was suddenly ignited. Taking Maria in his arms, he kissed her brow and cheek and lips, and pressing her to his heart, whispered, "My own darling wife."

This was not from any feeling of previous neglect on his part. He was not conscious of neglect. It was simply the impulse of the moment. The impulse, however, would have remained dormant but for the humiliating episode of the early part of the evening.

Mr. Harding had been thrown off his guard. Such a demonstration was the last thing he would have made, had he considered and acted accordingly. It was the last thing Maria could have expected. Her caresses had been altogether involuntary. That they should be met thus at such a juncture, was inexplicable. Her apparent secrecy was uppermost in her mind. The fact that her motives must be a secret still, and the decision she had made, without one word to him of her intention, filled her heart with an indescribable disquietude. For the time,

self-control was gone. She threw her arms about her husband's neck, and sobbed aloud.

Mr. Harding was greatly moved. What had come across his wife! She never resorted to a woman's defense. He had seldom seen her in tears. He raised her head, kissed the brown eyes he had often looked into with love and admiration, then lifting her in his arms, laid her upon the lounge, and tenderly wrapping the afghan about her, knelt at her side, and putting back the damp hair, whispered :

"Now Maria, tell me all, wont you? Have I done anything to cause these tears?"

This was not the plan Mr. Harding had framed to bring his wife to confession. Indeed, it was the very opposite of his plan. But the strongest men are often weak in little things, and demonstrative when greatly moved, and thus they sometimes thwart their own purposes.

Maria had no secrets, and longed for perfect confidence between herself and her husband. But here was something she could not tell him. She almost doubted if her course had been right. Ought she not candidly have made known to him her necessities and asked for the means to supply them? But it was too late to do it now. In fact, she was far from certain that she could have done it at any time, or under any circumstances. She was unnerved, unprepared for this act in the drama, and silently clung to the man she loved, with all a woman's unrestrained devotion. Mr. Harding knew her face was but the reflection of her soul, and that with her, there could be nothing really wrong. Forgetting for the time, his own perplexity, he soothed her tenderly and fondly returned her caress. And thus the evening passed away.

VIII.

Mr. Harding awoke the next morning, with a vague sense of unrest, which finally settled into the conviction, that after all, there was something wrong in the household. He had learned nothing from Maria, the previous night. To-day was Saturday. Who was to officiate as housekeeper while his wife was at the seminary? Who would get the dinner for the workmen on Monday? Maria had taken one step more decided than he would have considered her capable of doing. What would be the next one?

He had always calculated upon everything in her department of the family arrangement, as being appropriately and satisfactorily accomplished. But a sudden convulsion had uprooted the germs of his expectations, and made a chasm in the recent past. Should he accordingly expect the future would disclose other chasms, perhaps even more dangerous than the first? He blamed himself for his demonstration of feeling, the previous night, and Maria, that she did not convert their little parlor into a confessional, and confer on him the honor of priesthood. At breakfast, he was grave and silent. Maria saw the change, but determined not to notice it. Perhaps his business was troubling him.

At length, Mr. Harding remarked with apparent carelessness—and this was the *modus operandi* he had planned for the previous night—"I saw Miss Holt last evening, and she is to commence school a week from Monday."

"She is a fine teacher," said Maria. "How the children love her! Has her sister Julia got home yet?"

Just the thing he wanted her to say.

"No! I was hoping she had, for I was going to ask her to come over and do the work for awhile."

"What work?" And Maria looked up in unfeigned surprise. It had never occurred to her that Mr. Harding might naturally wonder how the daily routine of his establishment was to be maintained, if she was to be constantly away. She had provided for everything as she had always been in the habit of doing. Naturally enough, he might wonder how the lathe is to be run in the absence of the turner. She felt reproved that she had not explained this matter to him the preceding evening, and hastened to make what explanation she could, at so late a date.

"Mrs. Denver is coming to get the dinners. She said she would step in every night, and I could then tell her what to do the next day. There's only one session at the seminary, you know, and I shall be at home on the three o'clock train."

Maria said this in a conciliatory way. But the seed was scattered too late. The earth was already cold and frosty.

"Just as you like!" There was a gratifying sense of relief, yet Mr. Harding was more than ever certain that he should have been consulted before any such arrangements had been made.

Maria knew this and felt it most keenly too, and had not her husband's manner been extremely distant and unapproachable, she would even then have consulted him in reference to the family arrangements, and have been guided by his wishes—just as many seem to follow the leadings of Providence, by going ahead and showing the way.

Mr. Harding left the house with unaccustomed austerity. Such morose taciturnity he had never before exhibited. Maria felt his displeasure was just and that she must abide the consequences. The

day, to her, was a long and dreary one. Immediately after tea, Mr. Harding again went out, nor did he return until late in the evening. He avoided the store, however, and much of the time, was promenading upon his own premises, quivering with an emotion utterly undefinable to him.

Maria took the cars Monday morning, with a depression of spirits, which heretofore, she had seldom experienced. Had there been one continuous winter, she might have become chilled and morose, so far as such manifestations were possible with her. But the little episode, Friday evening, like a June day in March, gave hope of returning Spring. And yet, more. In it was the sunshine of her husband's face, and the glory and depth of manhood—a shrine to her more holy than aught else, save the heavenly worship, to which her soul had long been consecrated.

But Maria had little chance for contemplation, for when she entered the seminary, the bevy of young girls that rushed forward to welcome her, with the ardor of youthful lovers, most effectually dispelled all thoughts of herself, nor did the day again permit opportunity for reflection.

If one wants to forget herself entirely, shutting out alike grief, care and perplexity, the neglect and apathy of friends, frowning acquaintances and the threats of enemies, neuralgic twinges and dyspeptic blues, let her go to the schoolroom where fifty young faces, fresh as the first bloom of spring, are looking into her own, with confiding trust. Oh, the beauty of those sparkling eyes, with silken lashes turned up like a daisy's fringe—the graceful curve as the head bends forward, and the lips softly part, as if to catch the first breath of inspiration from the teacher's lips.

Maria understood her work and realized its responsibilities. The "Quincy system" was in its infancy, but years before she had fallen into many of its methods as intuitively as a bee into clover. There was no dullness, no insubordination, no hatred of study in her classes. There was tact—there was conscientious work. There was personal magnetism—an influence that reached every heart, and as is often the case, was greater than the teacher herself.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

(To be continued.)

DREAMS.

I have been dreaming of the happy past—

Of many a smile that I no more shall see;
Of scenes and hopes too bright, too blest to last,
That nevermore shall shed their light on me!

I have been dreaming of my childhood's hours,
Of the calm valley and the peaceful shade,
Where my young hand first plucked the violet flowers,
Where my young footsteps first 'mid roses strayed.

I have been dreaming of those cloudless years

When care or blight my spirit never knew;
Ere Life's bright flow'rets were bedewed with tears,
And winged with joy, Time's silken pinions flew.

And from such dreams with morn's pale glance I woke,
To find Life's barque still tossed on sorrow's stream;
To feel, alas! all happiness is broke,
That joy and hope for me are now a dream. F. W.

PRISONS AND PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE HONOLULU SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

In treating of the subject of prisons I shall quote largely from the work of Dr. E. C. Wines, entitled "The State of Prisons and of Child-saving Institutions in the Civilized World," and from the report of the "Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Conference of Charities and Correction, held at Cleveland, Ohio, June and July, 1880," as also from the Annual Reports of the Massachusetts State Prison.

Report p. 36, paper by Mr. Lord. "The treatment of criminals on the present scale of management is a comparatively new science. Until recently the world, for the most part, had but two or three prompt and summary processes or methods of dealing with prisoners, they being held as such only while their final disposition awaited the determination of the law. Slavery or transportation when such resources were available, otherwise death, settled all questions of escape or expense of confinement, maintenance and discipline. Offences of almost any degree of turpitude could in many of the most enlightened countries, be expiated by fines—that being in some ways desirable for the government—and for some minor faults, and noticeably for differences of opinion in regard to established forms for the time being, lashings, mutilation, and the stocks were more or less in use; while for heresy, that pertaining more nearly to divine authority, torture by fire was regarded as appropriate and in keeping with the ultimate condition of wicked men, according to the teachings of those times.

"Not the slightest idea of organized reformatory measures as connected with prisoners ever entered the hearts of men until almost within the memory of persons now living. It was the policy of our English ancestors to punish almost every criminal offence with death, from shop-lifting to the amount of five shillings to offences of the greatest magnitude, as rape, murder and high treason. Thus 80,000 suffered in one reign, and about 20,000 in the next."

Dr. Wines says: "The 'dark ages' of prison life were very dark. They were also long and dreary, extending from the origin of civil societies to the beginning of the eighteenth century of the Christian era.

"The terrific personification of punishment in the Hindu code was a living reality in them all. 'Punishment is the inspirer of *Terror*; with a black aspect and a red eye it terrifies the guilty.' The inscription upon the entrance of Dante's 'Inferno'—'Let all who enter here leave hope behind'—stood, through centuries and cycles, over all the prison gates of the world, crushing every aspiration and paralyzing all effort, except the effort to escape from the hated hell.

"The prison existed in China more than two thousand years before the Christian era. In a Chi-

nese work entitled 'Shu-King,' bearing date about 2,600 years before Christ, mention is made of the punishment of the prison."

Tortures of a horrible severity were practiced upon prisoners by the ancient Persians, Egyptians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians.

Torture was not only freely employed, but was even studied as a science, so that the greatest possible amount of pain might be inflicted without destroying life, and in such manner that the wretched object might soonest be ready to undergo it again. It was made, in fact, the principal part of prison treatment for long centuries; and when, in Italy, Beccaria first raised his voice against it, and showed its folly as well as its wickedness, men were amazed at his daring to meddle with a practice so time-honored, of such easy application, and withal, as was thought, so useful in its effects.

It is only within about one hundred years that the idea of organized reformatory measures as connected with prisoners, received public attention. It might indeed be said that no great and permanent reforms began until after 1773, when John Howard began his labors in England as a prison-reformer. Howard continued his labors until 1791, when he died. He ransacked Europe for information relating to her prisons and jails, and it is said that with his measuring tape, weighing scales and note-book, he repeatedly visited every jail in England, and once at least all the principal prisons in every continental State.

Dr. Wines says of him that "he never took a statement on hearsay, but cross-questioned keepers, turnkeys and prisoners. He explored every dungeon and cell himself, closely scrutinizing each with his own eyes. Finally, having satisfied his exacting conscience by repeated revision and verification, he brought out his book on the 'State of Prisons,' with its twenty-five quarto pages of 'proposed improvements.'" It was his intense truthfulness, his imperious conscience and indomitable will that made him what he eventually became—a European *censor morum*.

The names of many others who have been prominent as prison reformers might be mentioned, and the narrative of the abuses and iniquities which they exposed, the opposition and discouragement they encountered, and the many difficult questions involved, which they had to solve, would be instructive, but the limits of this paper forbid.

One of the first propositions we meet in approaching the subject is, "What are the true objects for which prisons and prison discipline should be maintained." In making answer I quote from a paper by Henry W. Lord, of Michigan, presented to the Conference of Charities at Cleveland, in 1880. He

said that the first is the public safety. "That is the most important thing in all communities, and the dangers that threaten it are the greatest of all dangers. Next, the reform and restoration of the criminal. Seclusion from the public ways should be the first step in all cases wherein a man becomes dangerous to the public weal within the limit of what are now called prison offences, and he should not be restored to society until in the best judgment that can be brought to bear, he shall have been adjudged fitted to reenter upon his social duties—in the same way that we send an insane person for his insane acts to a hospital, until in the best judgment that can be brought to bear, he is adjudged cured and fitted to reenter upon his social duties."

Dr. Despine, an eminent French physician and philosopher in social science, says: "The fact attested by all medical men who have made treatment of the insane a specialty, that insanity is much more frequent with criminals than with other men, is further proof that crime and madness and suicide have organic ties that bind them very close together." He describes criminals as "physical anomalies with intellectual faculties, incapable of serving as a counterpoise to depravity, complete or partial absence of moral faculties, moral idiots." Such persons should be removed from society for the twofold object of protecting society and of healing them.

At the International Prison Congress held at London in 1872, the American delegation submitted a series of propositions on the subject of prison reform, the first of which was: "The treatment of criminals by society is for the protection of society. But, since such treatment is directed rather to the criminal than the crime, its object should be his moral regeneration; hence it should be made a primary aim of prison discipline to reform the criminal and not simply to inflict upon him a certain amount of vindictive suffering. The best guarantee of the public security against a repetition of his crime is the reestablishment of moral harmony in the soul of the criminal himself—his new birth to a respect for the laws." It is this idea of reclaiming the criminal that is at the foundation of the modern system of prison reform.

Without attempting to name those who have been prominent advocates of prison reform, or to give any detailed account of the progress made in the various countries of Europe, in England and the United States, it will suffice for the present to state that the spirit of the measures advocated, gradually made such impression that communities and states began to make organized effort to effect reforms, and from this the next step was the establishment of International Prison Congresses.

The first International Congress was held at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in 1845, and was due to the initiative of two eminent men—Messrs. Dupetiaux and Russell; the former being Inspector General of prisons of Belgium, and the latter holding a similar

position in England. A second Congress; composed of over two hundred members was held the next year (1846) at Brussels. The third convened in Brussels in 1856; the fourth was the Congress of London, which met in 1872. The last one was held in Stockholm in 1878. Of this Congress Dr. E. C. Wines was the Honorary President. He was the author of the valuable work above quoted.

In entering upon the discussion of the topic of this paper, the subject presents such a number of heads that hardly more than an outline can be given of many of them. Among the more important subdivisions of the subject involved are—

1. *The Prevention of Crime.* This includes: How to secure a suitable education to all the children of the State: How to save homeless, destitute, neglected and vicious children.

2. Criminal prosecutions and the conduct of trials—jury trials.

3. Sentences—Including the matter of the inequality of sentences, conditional liberation, indefinite sentences, pardons and capital punishment.

4. Prisons—Structure of buildings, ventilation and drainage, size and form of cells.

5. Jailors and prison officers—Peculiar qualifications required; professional training; their power; their influence; need of supervision.

6. Prison inspection—Records and statistics.

7. Prison discipline—And this presents an almost endless variety of phases, such as classification of prisoners, punishments and rewards, commutation of sentences, labor—whether on public works, work shops, contract work, solitary or cellular system. Prisoners sharing in proceeds of their labor or learning trades, education and religious instruction, medical treatment, recreation, prison clothing, food, correspondence, visits, care of discharged prisoners, etc., etc.

8. The grave responsibility of the State in regard to its prisoners. More especial attention will be called to the points which seem to be of practical bearing to us in our relations to the subject.

As to the matter of sentences. The inequality of sentences is very difficult to deal with. The experience of the warden of the Massachusetts State prison will illustrate it. In his report of 1864 he says: "One of the most perplexing matters we have to deal with is the inequality of sentences; each of our judges appears to have a standard of his own by which he is guided and a great diversity of opinion seems to exist among them upon this subject. I know it is impossible so to regulate sentences that equal and exact justice will be administered in each individual case, as crimes of the same class vary so much in the aggravation attending them. I do not wish to be understood as favoring either of the extremes, but simply to point out the fact and the influence it has upon the discipline of the prison;" and after giving a number of illustrations, he adds: "No logic can convince a man that justice requires him to serve fifteen years here for passing fifteen

dollars in bad money, when his neighbor serves but four for passing eighty, everything else being equal." And in his report of 1865, he urges: "I fear that our judges do not always realize the great responsibility resting upon them when passing sentence upon criminals. Ten years is as easily said or written as two; and yet what a difference. The one but an episode; the other, in many cases, comprises the most desirable and important period in the lifetime of a man. It is not the severity but the *certainty* of the sentence that prevents crime."

Mr. Lord, in his report to the Conference before referred to, in treating of the inequality of sentences says; "One of the ablest and oldest judges in Michigan, one who is a writer of standard authority and of thirty years experience on the bench in the trial of criminals said to us recently, 'I have long since ceased to form for myself any conception or idea whatever of the moral status of any prisoner whom I may have before me.' This was significant language and is widely suggestive from one who has from early manhood to advanced age, occupied a judgment seat. The wide range of discretion given to judges in the imposition of sentences is based entirely upon an expectation that they *can* form an idea of the moral status of a prisoner in the light of all the evidence that is brought to bear on his case in the courts; yet the frank avowal of the venerable magistrate referred to, of his inability to meet that expectation, raises with us the presumption that the same disability rests upon all the criminal courts." And Mr. Lord adds: "Courts cannot search the conscience, and virtue and vice are rendered vague sometimes by circumstances; the intention that qualifies the crime cannot always be clearly made out."

All punishment to accomplish desirable and lasting results must be *just*. It is the sense of the *justice* of the punishment that carries conviction alike to the child and the adult. It must not only be merited, but the administration must be in a spirit and manner, and under such consistent regulation, that the offender feels that no injustice has been done him. Considerations of this nature have led some to the advocating of *indefinite sentences* and *conditional liberations*.

Dr. Wines in treating of such sentences, says: "Indefinite sentences—that is, sentences not to run for a fixed time, but till reformation—would in my judgment, prove an effectual agency in the reform of prisoners. This proposition may have a rather startling sound to some minds; but reflection, I think, will modify any unfavorable first impressions. The principle here stated was first announced by Mr. Frederick Hill in one of his reports as government inspector of prisons for Scotland. Machonochies idea was substantially the same, but formulated in a different manner. He did not propose the imposition of a sentence indefinite in form, but only in operation and effect. His sentence took the form of marks—so many hundred or so many

thousand good marks—to be earned by industry, study and general good conduct, as the sole condition of release." * * * * * "In like manner Archbishop Whately recommended that, instead of a certain period of time, the convict should be sentenced to a certain amount of work."

Mr. Lord in treating of the same subject and discussing the objections and difficulties, asks: "How shall it be ascertained with certainty when they are so far reformed as to make their enlargement safe to society?" And he replies: "The answer is, that we cannot know with certainty, but it can be known equally well in this case as in the case of insanity. Some insane patients are discharged apparently cured; three, five or ten times, but are found still dangerous to society and have to be returned to the hospitals, and ultimately die without recovery. There will be mistakes incident to imperfect human nature. Criminals sentenced for limited terms are discharged and re-committed over and over again, with this difference, against the good sense of the proceeding, that, there is in the majority of cases no appearance of reformation, but, on the contrary, perfect knowledge on the part of the authorities that they are turned out more and more dangerous to society at each successive time."

The subject of *conditional liberations* has in some respects been tried with much success in Ireland, under what is known as the Irish, or Crofton system. Dr. Wines' conclusions on the subject of conditional liberation are, that it "Is beyond all doubt a good instrument; but equally beyond all doubt it is an instrument exceedingly difficult to handle, and which a bad handling may make dangerous."

Capital punishment we cannot venture to discuss at this time, though it is one of the live and important questions of the day, relating to the enforcement of law and protection of society.

Then, as to the structure of prisons; their size; the size and arrangement of the cells with reference to ventilation and light, and other details. I would only mention that it seems to be the opinion of those who have made a study of the subject, that the cells should be constructed with a view to receiving but one occupant each; confining more than one prisoner in a cell is deemed most objectionable.

The matter of the choice of jailors and prison officers is one of the first importance. Few perhaps realize what a power and influence a jailor has. He may make a prison a place of wretchedness, a hell, or he may permit it to become a demoralized and dangerous institution, or he may by his training and wisdom, make it a most valuable agent for the good of society. Every writer on the subject dwells on the importance of securing wise and trained men to govern prisons and have the charge of prisoners.

And following this branch of the subject comes the matter of prison inspectors. Dr. Wines says: "It is essentially necessary that the interiors of prisons be subjected to a perpetual and vigilant

observation. Official visitation and report are not enough. The former is apt to be too perfunctory; the latter, too one-sided. 'The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty,' says the prophet, and a prison is a very dark place in the sense of being shielded from the public view. The vast majority of good men and women know nothing of their inner life; the nature of such institutions repels them. There is need that sharp, clear, practiced eyes be directed to the sad interiors and that report to the government be regularly made of what is seen therein." The advantages of such inspection, if the inspectors are persons of worth and experience and are permanent in their positions, would be very great.

The records and statistics of prisons demand much thought and attention. These should be very complete and accurate and often examined, scrutinized and reported upon.

The matter of *prison discipline* opens up a broad subject. The growing conviction on this matter is that "greater use should be made of moral forces and less of those which are merely physical." Dr. Wines says: "By physical forces is to be understood whatever is intended to coerce; by moral forces, whatever offers a choice, and thus strengthens the will while guiding it. The essential distinction is that between force and persuasion—between fettering the body and gaining the soul. There needs to be introduced into prison discipline a higher aim—a treatment which seeks to gain the will and not merely to coerce the body. What is wanted is that prisoners be trained to become honest and industrious freemen and not merely that they be reduced for a time to the condition of well-ordered and obedient bondsmen."

But without dwelling on these general principles I would remark that one of the first considerations as to the disposition of prisoners after their commitment to prison is their classification. On this point Dr. Wines says: "Much has been said and written on the classification of prisoners, but there appears to be no little confusion of thought on this subject; and few comparatively, seem to have grasped any really practical principle of convict classification. Arbitrary classification by age, crime, similarity of temperament and the like is impracticable and would be useless if it were practicable. There is no rule by which to regulate it. If by offense, that is the mere accident of conviction, for it often happens that an old and hardened criminal is convicted of some mere misdemeanor. If by age, the youngest criminals, born and cradled in sin and steeped in it from their birth, are often the most corrupt and corrupting. If by supposed similarity of temper and antecedent character, no one can pronounce on this with certainty, for men are as often improved by associating with their opposites as with those who resemble them. The only rational classification of prisoners other than that which is effected by graded prisons—the only useful classification—is one based on charac-

ter, conduct and merit, as shown in the daily routine of prison life, and is moral rather than physical. And here I would call attention to the evil and wrong of compelling persons committed for and awaiting trial to associate indiscriminately with convicts."

Next as to the kinds of labor best suited to attain the true object of imprisonment and most for the benefit of society. And I would assert without hesitation that the sending of prisoners to work on the roads and other public works in gangs without discrimination, is wrong and outrageous. Maintaining what may be called a "chain gang" to work before the public on the roughest work may be wise. Being assigned to such work may be one of the severest punishments. But without consideration of the nature of the offense committed, or the age or character of the individuals, to expose them all alike to the gaze of the public without classification—in the same garb, under the same overseer, at the same kind of work—the young and old—the one in for his first misdemeanor and the old hardened felon—is degrading, brutalizing and wrong.

Then as to rewards and punishments. The whole system should be such that by good conduct and earnest endeavor, the prisoner can better his condition and shorten his term of sentence. As far as practicable make his condition while in jail depend upon himself, with the power of shortening his term by marks of credit. And in this connection I would add that the plan of allowing prisoners to share in the proceeds of their earnings is one which should receive careful attention.

General education and religious instruction are also found to be most important factors in attaining the best discipline; they certainly are considerations which the state cannot omit to heed. The state not only has a duty and responsibility to its prisoners while in jail, but grave responsibilities respecting them on their discharge.

And among the many details of prison discipline are the matters of correspondence, reading material and visits of friends. None of these are of trifling import.

Food and clothing also require careful consideration. It is a great question whether the adoption of a distinctive prison garb is at all wise.

But many of these points can only be alluded to at this time, and there are many others which demand careful, intelligent thought.

In conclusion, the following practical suggestions relating to the Hawaiian prisons, especially the Oahu prison, which is our State prison, are the result of observation and thought and some personal experience in the management of prisoners.

Perhaps first in importance is the need of securing a trained prison officer to have the charge of the Oahu jail. Such a man can be obtained from abroad for compensation consistently within the means available for prison purposes; and he should have graded officers under him who could look forward to promotion. All should be well paid. A well

arranged prison system at Honolulu would produce its results on the other three main prisons of the islands; at Hilo, Wailuku and Nawiliwili.

Next, there should beyond question be established a board of prison inspectors; perhaps three inspectors, two of whom to be independent citizens, all serving without pay would be well. This board should make frequent visits and render stated reports. Some of their reports at regular periods to be published.

And a thorough and intelligent attempt should be made to provide work for the prisoners within the prison walls. The established answer to this proposition is that "it is no use to try it." "It wont pay and cannot be done." I can safely say that the experiment has not been tried for very many years and it is doubtful if it ever was thoroughly tried. The entire system of sending out individual prisoners to work for private parties as house or yard servants is wholly unsound and is subversive of discipline. Without regard to the evils of this plan on general principles, in actual fact prisoners are selected for these individual services according to their aptitude and handiness at such work, with little or no reference to their classification.

The law relating to commutation of sentences, which was passed in 1874, should be observed in the spirit intended. And not as now used for the benefit of all, or nearly all, without discrimination. As now executed it loses nearly all of its force and value. The law reads: "The Marshal shall require

the keeper of every jail to keep a record of the conduct of each convict whose term of imprisonment is not less than three months, and for every month that a convict appears by such record to have faithfully observed all the rules of the prison and to have conducted himself in all respects properly, there shall be deducted from the whole term of his sentence as follows: Two working days for every thirty days. Said records shall be shown in Privy Council when considering petitions for Royal clemency."

The prison records should contain more than at present, and should be closely scrutinized.

The pardoning power should not be exercised as freely as at present. And it should largely, if not altogether, be guided by the record of the prisoner, and reports of the jailor and inspectors.

Hawaiians are not fitted to be jailors, except only in subordinate positions—their whole training, home life and associations is not calculated to make them discreet disciplinarians. Many have been tried as turnkeys and overseers, and with very few exceptions they are found to be either too lax or too severe in their government, and not suitable to be entrusted with the care of prisoners except under the immediate supervision of superior officers. This experience has been especially marked in cases where the prisoners were of different races. The government which might be deemed by some to answer the purpose where all the prisoners are native Hawaiians, would not be safe in case of foreigners of various nationalities.

WILLIAM O. SMITH.

UNFORTUNATE FRANKNESS; OR, THE TROUBLES OF A TRUTH TELLER.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

It has come to be an accepted saying in many quarters that the age for marvels has departed. No person is now supposed to believe anything which is not clearly demonstrated to his senses and his understanding—nobody is to accept anything which he does not fully understand. As a general rule it is the fashion to scoff at all and everything outside of the common routine of life as if it were impossible. And yet strange things are happening-around us constantly.

Mr. Richard Digby was a gentleman of mature years and eminent respectability. He was moreover a member of Parliament and a typical embodiment of the ideas we have referred to. On all matters of an unusual or marvelous nature he was the most skeptical of skeptics; the most unaccountable coincidence was with him nothing more than chance; a little strange perhaps, but that was all; and as among his other virtues Mr. Digby numbered a strong attachment to truth, it is to be presumed that such was his actual opinion.

But there are spots even on the sun, and like many other good people, Mr. Richard Digby was not

content with felicitating himself on being so much better than his neighbors, but was addicted to censuring somewhat harshly in them, the errors and weaknesses to which he considered himself superior. It so happened that returning from his club one evening in company with a friend, they conversed on a slight dereliction from truth, or rather a suppression of its full extent, of which a young acquaintance had been guilty in order to spare another's feelings, and which had proved its own punishment in drawing down upon himself and the other as well, more than the evils he sought to shun. But while his companion commiserated, Mr. Digby merely condemned. "I have no pity for him," he said; "no inducement should be able to tempt any man to falsehood, or even to disguise the truth. Truth is the first, the most pre-eminent of the virtues."

"Except charity," interrupted his companion, "that suits all seasons, while truth does not."

"It should then," replied Digby. "So deeply impressed am I with its value, that I most heartily wish that every human being were compelled by an irresistible power, not merely to utter no single

word of falsehood, but likewise never to leave the truth unsaid."

Mr. Digby's friend made no comment, perhaps his thoughts were not always such as he would like to have made public. A little while after this they separated and the lover of truth found himself joined by a queer little man, wrapped in a cloak, and with his hat pressed down over his eyes.

"Mr. Digby," said the stranger, "were you quite sincere in what you wished just now?"

"Of course I was," said Richard, walking on more rapidly; "I always speak the truth."

"But don't you think it might prove a dangerous wish if granted?" asked the little man keeping close beside him.

"Not to an honest man," answered Digby shortly, highly indignant at this intrusion.

"Well! what do you say to trying the plan in your own person for a week? or we will say for one day—one little day; you will find enough in it, I fancy?"

"A month, a year, my whole lifetime would not be too long," said Richard angrily.

"No, one day be it until you wish again. I'll not take any unfair advantage of you," proceeded his irritating and pertinacious companion. "So you accept my offer?"

"Of course I do, or would rather, if you had any right to make one," said Richard, waxing more wrathful every moment. "But be done with this nonsense, sir; I am tired of your impertinence."

"Well, well, since you have accepted my offer, you may deride my power if you will—deny it if you can to-morrow; that's all," and with a sharp laugh which sounded like the rattling of a pair of castinets, the stranger left him. Digby felt for his purse, doubting if the little man were anything better than a pickpocket; but all was safe, and he returned home, scarce bestowing another thought upon the unknown intruder.

Digby awoke next morning with a shadowy impression of something like the foregoing conversation having passed in a dream, but he never heeded dreams—they were ridiculous. His servant entered.

"Oh, you are awake, sir, I was just coming to call you."

"I shall not get up yet. You may leave me now, and I will sleep an hour longer."

"But, sir, you desired to be called exactly at eight—you forget you have important public business."

"Not a particle; there was not a grain of truth in what I told you last night; I often say that to make myself appear a person of consequence."

Watson vanished *instantly*, without venturing a reply, but as soon as the door was shut Digby heard something like a suppressed laugh. He started up immediately; surely he must have been talking in his sleep. He thought it was full time to summon his waking senses.

He had scarcely finished his breakfast, when with the demure look which he had preserved during the performance of his duties, Watson announced the arrival of the tailor to procure an interview. "He says, sir, you desired him to call to-day."

"Yes, confound the fellow, I told him to come at twelve, and I expected to be far enough from home by that time; but I cannot avoid him—show him up."

Like many other gentlemen, Mr. Digby was considerably indebted to his tailor, and was not pleased to see either his bill nor himself.

"Very sorry indeed to trouble you, but business must be attended to. I have a large payment to make at the end of the week, and should be much obliged if you would favor me by settling my little account."

"Little account, Mr. Harrison! I am sure it is enormous—totally disproportionate to my income. I can't pay it unless I retrench, and that I am not disposed to do; it makes a gentleman look so foolish."

"But, sir, you promised to settle this account six months ago."

"I know I did, and many others also; but I never expected to do so when I promised—I knew I could not."

"But allow me to say, Mr. Digby, that as a gentleman"—

"I don't know what a gentleman should do," said Mr. Digby, "but as long as the world considers me such, I don't care what I am. I cannot pay your bill without great inconvenience, and so long as I am in Parliament I do not mean to trouble myself about it."

"That's quite enough," said the tailor in great indignation. "I know how to look upon you, sir, and I am very sorry our establishment ever had the misfortune of counting you among its customers. Good morning, sir; when you are out of Parliament I shall take good care to call upon you."

The tailor disappeared. Digby struck himself violently on the forehead. He wondered if he were mad. He knew he had given utterance to his real sentiments, though even to his own mind they had never before been presented in such guise. Feverish with mortification, the fresh air might do him good, so he turned to receive his coat from Watson, whom he but now remembered he had not dismissed during the preceding dialogue.

"I hope, sir, you will not be angry," said Watson after a little hesitation, "but you will be good enough to look for another servant; I shall leave at the end of the present quarter."

"And no loss to you," replied Digby. "You can easily get a place with double the wages I give you. Sir Somers Leslie would have taken you a year ago if I had recommended you; but I knew I could not get another as good."

"You have often said, sir," observed the servant reproachfully, "that you took so great an interest in

my fortunes that you would part with me at any time if you could provide me with a better situation."

"And the greater fool you to believe me, or to suppose that I should inconvenience myself to serve you, without some very good reason for so doing."

Watson stared with eyes as large as doubloons with astonishment, and Digby rushed out of the room and out of the house without another syllable. He was more than half certain now that he *was* going mad. He had scarcely gone more than a few yards when he met an old school-fellow.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Digby! was coming to give you an early call, as I leave town this evening to sail for India. I have just parted from Bradford; he tells me you have promised to secure him an appointment, and I am very glad to hear it."

"I did promise to exert my influence," said Digby, "but I knew it would be of no use, and never intended trying."

His friend bit his lips. After a minute he spoke again.

"'Tis a sad business to talk of, but you know that poor Stanley Hume died yesterday."

"So I heard. I had entertained some thoughts of calling during the day, but that news put an end to them."

"I wish it had been in your power to have gone earlier," replied his friend, "he was so anxious to see you, as indeed I explained in my note the day before—for you and I were the only persons he really knew in this vast city, and old recollections made him desire to have us near him. However, all things must bend to necessity, though he often echoed your regret that business should prevent your obeying the summons to his death bed."

"It was not business," volunteered Digby, "I went to dine with some half-a-dozen pleasant fellows at Sir Somers Leslie's, and then to the opera, where I expected to meet Miss Barbara Brown."

His friend bit his lips again.

"Well—I have to congratulate you, I believe—you are going to be married to Miss Brown, I understand."

"Yes, I am accepted there; though but for her fortune I should never have thought of her—it is quite an affair of interest."

His companion was astounded by all that he heard, and cared not to remain in his company much longer.

"Having a hundred things to see to, I must now take my leave," he said. "So wish me a pleasant journey and then good bye."

"To tell you the truth, Chapman," was the unlooked for response, "I care very little about your journey. We have seen so little of each other of late years, that all the liking I ever had for you has departed."

"And I can tell you, Mr. Digby, that I should degrade myself by having such a heartless being for a friend one minute after I found him out," retorted Chapman, who, having an ebony walking-

stick in his hand, followed up his words appropriately by knocking Mr. Digby down. He then very coolly walked away.

When Digby arose, no one was in sight, for which he felt very thankful; but completely bewildered and mortified he was glad to take refuge in the first coffee house he reached, where he remained for a long time, speaking only when called upon and then in such a manner that no one cared to trouble him. At length he recollected that he had an appointment with Miss Barbara Brown, and though he would have gladly dispensed with its fulfillment that day, it could not be neglected, since her fortune was of the utmost importance. But in paying the waiter for the little he had taken, his unlucky frankness was again manifested.

"You may keep the change"—it was no ungenerous recompense for the waiter's services—"I give it to you, though in my opinion it is a regular system of robbery—the extortion practiced by you and your fraternity."

"Sir!" said the waiter in a rage; "I never asked you for anything. No one ever used such language in this house until this moment; but then sir, none but gentlemen ever came here before."

Digby left the house as quickly as possible, wondering what on earth made him tell such ill-timed truths. He was aroused from his reverie by a familiar greeting.

"And whither do you bend your steps?" asked his new companion.

"I am going to call upon the Browns', or rather Miss Brown."

"You are? Ah, well I suppose you have heard of my misfortune in that quarter?"

"Yes, her father refused you; I knew all about it, and was in fact myself the cause."

"You were! how so?"

"Why I told her father you were the most dissipated fellow about town, and that if he had any regard for his daughter's happiness or fortune, he would not commit either to your keeping. You know, Thornton, it was not very far from the truth."

"Not very," dryly remarked the rejected. "But may I ask what was the motive of this interest in her concerns?"

"Why, I wanted to marry her myself, for her fortune is a great object with me. I must wed an heiress; and so it answered my purpose and we shall be married in a month."

"More likely you will be in your grave," was the retort. "I will have satisfaction for this cowardly, this assassin-like conduct, in one I thought my friend."

"I don't like fighting," said Richard, with sincerity.

"But you *shall* fight me or I'll horsewhip you in every society where you dare to show yourself," roared Thornton.

"I had rather be horsewhipped twenty times than

fight once," answered Digby, seeming to utter the words without his own volition; "but as it is the custom of the world, I'll meet you to-morrow."

They separated, and at last Digby found himself in the presence of Miss Brown, and, a wonder for him that day, passing the time without any particular blunders. As ill fortune however would have it, the conversation chanced to turn on a young lady of his acquaintance.

"She is very handsome, is she not?" asked Miss Brown. "What do you think?"

At any other time Mr. Digby would have said he thought very little about it, or have made some similar indifferent remark; but *this* day truth ruled, and he replied—

"I think her infinitely handsomer than yourself."

The fair Barbara was struck dumb for a moment; so was he. The next inquiry however touched the magic cord he must perforce obey.

"In that case then why do you not marry her?"

"I would if I were able; but she has no fortune, and though I am very much attached to her, we cannot marry—we are both too poor."

No sooner was this said than Digby rushed out of the house like a madman, and traversed many a street before he even recollected where he was. He felt like a troubled spirit, condemned to wander without rest, for he was ashamed to return home where he had first betrayed himself, and afraid from experience to venture anywhere else. After some hours of weary and purposeless wandering, he met a friend, also an M. P., and his truthful tongue having admitted that he was tired and had no object, he was persuaded to go to the House which was then sitting. When they entered, a member was on his feet, delivering, certainly not one of the wisest speeches ever heard within those walls. No sooner had he concluded than Digby rose and began.

"Before commenting on the speech of the member who has just sat down, and whom it would be both falsehood and absurdity to call honorable, seeing that——"

Cries of Order! Order! from all parts of the house drowned his voice; but he succeeded in talking them down for a time—*truth would be heard*. "See-

ing that I know him to be in every way undeserving of the epithet, I must remark that I consider him one of the greatest fools in England, and I should wonder that the House had the patience to listen to him, did I not believe that it contains many men who are as great idiots as himself, and some, who if they had their deserts——"

The conclusion of Mr. Digby's sentence was lost in the general clamor; but despite noise and confusion he continued to utter numerous candid but uncivil remarks, militating greatly against the dignity of the House, until he was removed in the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms.

As he was being conducted through the lobby of the House, a voice whispered in his ear—"Do you not think that even better men than Mr. Digby might find a little circumspection prudent in the use of the truth?"

He looked around and saw the queer little man gliding away. In an instant the previous night's conversation flashed on his mind; he became calmer for a short time, but ere morning was in violent delirium. On his recovery the world generally attributed his extraordinary behavior to the approach of illness. But all could not be put to rights, and though he had no duel to fight, he had the mortification of hearing of Thornton's marriage to Miss Barbara Brown before he was able to leave his room; and having advisedly resigned his seat in Parliament, he was sued the very next day by Mr. Harrison, and compelled to pay his bill forthwith at considerable inconvenience.

Thenceforth, however, Mr. Richard Digby was observed to be far more gentle in his comments on the failings of other people, and somewhat less lofty in his estimate of himself and his virtues; and when, now and then, he would feel disposed to pride himself on his mental and moral superiority, there would flit through his mind the humiliating recollection of that day's strange events, and vanity would retreat within itself at the remembrance of how contemptible a part he had been made to play in those very points, wherein he had most particularly prided himself.

TO A FRIEND.

I cannot, cannot read thee,
It puzzles me to know
Of all thy singularities,
And why thou art just so.

I hear thee speak so wild and free
I tremble while I listen;
Again I laugh as heartily
At some bright witticism.

One moment finds thee striving
For brilliant cold effect;
And this thing little prizing,
Commands but scant respect.

Again thy voice quick changing,
Is soft and deep and mild,
My thoughts no longer ranging,
Proclaim thee nature's child.

Perhaps some brilliant star thou art,
Hurled from its throne on high;
I wonder if thou hast a heart?
I listen—make reply.

S.

WANTED—A PARTY.

The evils of party rule as illustrated in the experience of our American neighbors, is a subject we are all familiar with. The ill effects which have resulted from the supremacy of what is significantly known as the "machine" in politics, are so evident and have been pointed out so often, that there is no need to enlarge upon them. But there are two sides to most questions and there is another side to this one, which in the present condition of our public affairs, is perhaps deserving of more consideration than it has thus far received. Hitherto in these islands—for some years past at any rate—there has been very little of what an American would call *politics*. Up to the present time and even now, political parties in the sense which attaches to that term elsewhere, have not existed here. The fact is our people have been rather inclined in times past to glory in this state of things and to congratulate themselves that they were free from the dominion of the caucus and the machine, that the independent voter and the honest office-holder need not stand in fear of the party whip, and that the class of professional politicians was conspicuously absent. The politics of the country, so far as the country had any politics, has seemed to turn upon questions of temporary rather than of permanent interest. The horse tax, the dog tax and other matters of about equal moment occupied a large share of the attention of the native voter. The foreigner, it is true, was wont to concern himself somewhat with questions of wider scope and more general importance, but the great subject after all, which chiefly agitated the mind of the citizen, was, whether A, B and C or X, Y and Z were to hold the portfolios of Foreign Affairs, Finance and the Interior. Meanwhile, although questions of the greatest consequence to the permanent welfare of the country had to be dealt with by successive legislatures, these questions were not always made especially prominent in the preliminary canvass and a majority of the members were very likely to be elected on other and quite subordinate issues.

Under the conditions which formerly existed here, this style of conducting political affairs answered tolerably well in practice. Its defects had not become fully manifest, while in a small, compact community such as ours then was, the prominence of the personal element had certain manifest advantages. But old things are passing away, the population of the islands is not only increasing in numbers, but is changing rapidly in composition and in character, the business interests of the country are largely increased and its public affairs of necessity becoming more complicated, the growing magnitude of the public revenue and public expenditure are at once a temptation and a menace; the professional politician is coming prominently to the front, and the character of our public affairs

is approximating more and more to that which is found in older and larger countries. In view of these facts, it must be evident we think, that the political methods which were in vogue thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago, have become inadequate to present emergencies. While we have been congratulating ourselves that we were free from the objectionable machinery frequently connected with the conduct of parties elsewhere, some of the very worst evils which we had imagined were the results of such machinery, have come in and fastened themselves upon our own body politic with a grip which will require other methods than those to which we are accustomed, to effectually shake off.

The time is not only coming but has already come, when the thinking men in this community are required to look the changed condition of things squarely in the face and consider how it is to be met. The question we now put to men of intelligence, of character and of substance is, whether the adoption of political methods analogous to those in use in Great Britain and the United States, in other words the formation and maintenance of a political party or parties is not after all a necessity to the permanent carrying on of a constitutional government, on any but the most petty scale. How it may be in that happy time of which the scientific prophets tell us, when a perfected humanity shall, by a process of natural selection, have gradually evolved an ideal political state, is more than we can say. But taking things as they are and human nature as we find it, we believe the answer to our question must be in the affirmative. The experience of nearly all countries enjoying any considerable degree of freedom points in the one direction, and although in our own case there are some peculiar difficulties in the way, arising from the exceptional composition of our voting population, we believe that ultimately, and at no very distant date either, this country will cease to be an exception to the general rule.

We hear and read a great deal, it is true, about the "palace party" and the "independent party"—the "administration party" and the "people's party," &c., &c. Such language, however, is vague and liable to mislead. To speak plainly, there are no such parties—certainly none in the sense in which we have spoken of political parties in this article. A mere unorganized aggregation of individuals, however numerous and influential, does not constitute a party. The fact that there are a considerable number of persons in the community who are known to be agreed upon certain leading points of public policy, merely shows that the basis for a party organization and the material of which it may be comprised exist—the party is yet to come. Its existence on a sound and healthy foundation implies many things which are new in the political history of these islands.

It implies organization and a central managing body of some kind—an organization and a management which the rank and file of the party, the men who are expected to cast the votes, will recognize as legitimate, and in the formation and selection of which they can, if so disposed, have a voice. It implies also some publicly recognized machinery for selecting candidates, and some effectual means for taking the sense of the voters as to who those candidates shall be. It necessitates, moreover, some method of putting forward in a way which shall be fairly representative, a declaration of principles and an authoritative statement of the grounds on which the party claims the support of the country. In addition to the above, the maintenance of an efficient party organization involves and implies a number of minor matters, which we cannot stop to enumerate, but which are familiar to those who have taken an active part in politics elsewhere, especially in the United States.

And finally, if any party is to be kept pure; if it is to serve its legitimate purpose, and to avoid the evils which have disfigured similar organizations in other places, the best men who adhere to its banner must take an active, personal share in its management. This will involve the expenditure of some time and labor, and last, but perhaps not least, it will require the expenditure of some money. But this is unavoidable. "Eternal vigilance" is no more the "price of liberty" than it is the price of everything in the range of politics and government which is worth having.

It is pleasant no doubt to get something for

nothing—to feel that the country will go on successfully and the affairs of government be administered honestly and wisely, without our taking any trouble in the matter. But the thing is impossible. It has been thoroughly tried, and the result is failure. How complete has been that failure, let the columns of our daily and weekly newspapers attest. The time has come when it is necessary to turn over a new leaf and start on a new basis. We have endeavored to indicate in a general way what we consider that basis should be.

We are not so foolish as to imagine that mere machinery or organization however perfect, can purify our politics or ensure good government. Sincere patriotism, guided by intelligence, and willing to make some personal sacrifice for the public weal, must be the inspiring and controlling force. Without this, a party organization becomes like a dead body from which the vital principle has fled; not only inert and useless for any good, but tending rapidly and inevitably to corruption and decay, alike disgusting and dangerous. On the other hand, good intentions however sincere and enthusiasm however ardent, unless they have some effectual medium through which to work, are like steam from an open kettle of water. The fire may be hot, the ebullition may be violent and the production of steam abundant, but it all floats off uselessly into circumambient air, producing absolutely no effect whatever except to form clouds of vapor and obstruct the view.

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

On the corner of Hotel and Alakea streets, directly opposite the Young Men's Christian Association, there is now being erected a building which is intended as a permanent home for the Library and Reading Room Association, and within whose walls it is expected there will be gradually accumulated in years to come, such a collection of books as shall be an honor to our island metropolis and a monument to those whose liberality and foresight have planned and builded for the future wants of our community.

A large amount of care and thought have been expended upon the plans for this building and all future wants have been provided for so far as the same could be foreseen. At the same time the study has been to combine the maximum of accommodation and convenience with the minimum of cost that was practicable in a structure of the size and general appearance which this was required to be.

The building committee having been forbidden to incur any debt, the progress made has been of necessity, somewhat slow, the work having been prosecuted irregularly, from time to time, as the condition of the subscription list has seemed to warrant. The following is a full description of the

building, whose completion in the near future is now a matter beyond any reasonable doubt.

The architectural style, while not conforming strictly to any established model, is in its general spirit and design, Grecian, and will present the plain, solid and substantial appearance which is appropriate for a structure designed for the uses which this is.

The approach is by a flight of six steps and a porch with fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. The steps and platform are in concrete, and the columns and roof of the porch are wood, painted and sanded in imitation of stone of the same color as the concrete steps.

From the porch an entrance six feet wide, with handsome folding doors, gives access to a hall ten feet wide and twenty feet long. On the left of this hall is a parlor twenty feet square, fronting in Hotel street and lighted by two windows, each four feet wide by ten feet high. This room is intended for conversation and such harmless social recreation as members may wish to indulge in, without maintaining that strict quietude which is indispensable in a reading room.

From the end of the hall directly opposite the front entrance, a doorway, five feet six inches wide, opens into the reading room, an apartment thirty-two feet wide by thirty-eight feet long, and extending the entire width of the building. This room will be lighted by three large mullioned windows, each seven feet wide and ten feet high, on the Alakea street front, and three smaller windows (each four feet by six) on the opposite side of the room. These latter openings will pierce the outer wall on the Ewa side of the building, and will be placed high up, the bottoms of the windows being seven feet from the floor. This arrangement will facilitate ventilation and afford a good light from above, and at the same time will leave ample space for book cases along the whole length of this side of the room under the windows. These cases will probably be used for the books belonging to the reference department of the library, bound files of newspapers, &c. Additional ventilation is provided for by a series of ventilators, near the floor and just below the ceiling, on both sides of the room.

Directly back of the reading room and communicating with it by large sliding doors, twelve feet wide by thirteen feet high, is the library proper. This room, which will be entirely devoted to the storage of books, also extends the whole width of the building, being thirty feet wide by twenty-two feet deep, and it is estimated will furnish accommodation for twenty thousand volumes. The ceiling of this room, as well as those of the reading room, parlor and hall, will be sixteen feet high in the clear. In order to economize space and provide for placing as large a number of books as possible, the two opposite sides of the room are without windows or openings of any kind. The symmetry of the exterior is preserved by a "blind" or imitation window on the Alakea street front of the building.

At a height of eight feet, or half way between the floor and ceiling, a gallery eight feet wide runs along the two blank sides of the room, and is connected by a narrow gallery four feet wide, along the rear end, opposite the large sliding doors already mentioned. Book cases arranged on the alcove plan will be placed both on the main floor and in the gallery above, thus practically doubling the shelving capacity of the room. Access to the gallery will be had by a narrow flight of steps in one corner. Be-

tween the galleries there will be a clear space of fourteen feet, extending from the floor to the ceiling.

The lighting and ventilation of this room will be provided for—*first*, by the large sliding doors connecting with the reading room; *second*, by a door in the rear of the room directly opposite, and a corresponding window on the end gallery overhead; and, *third*, by a large ventilating skylight, twelve feet square, in the ceiling. It is believed that these will be ample for the purpose intended.

The rear door of the library opens upon a verandah which is reached by steps from Alakea street and which communicates also with a small extension or wing of the main building, twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep. This contains a janitor's room with wash bowl and sink and other conveniences and has no communication with the main building except by the verandah aforesaid. It will be thus seen that all requirements of a public library and reading room have been carefully studied and fully provided for.

The size of the main building is thirty-four feet wide by eighty-four feet deep, which with the rear extension, makes a total depth of ninety-nine feet. The foundations are of a very substantial character and the walls of brick, faced with pressed brick on the three sides which are exposed to view. The roof is of slate and the side walls are carried up above the eaves, forming a parapet or fire wall which has a concrete capping. The front of the building on Hotel street is surmounted by a gable as is also the central section on Alakea street, containing the reading room. This arrangement varies the outline, which would otherwise be rather monotonous in view of the great length of the building, in proportion to its height. As it is, it is believed that the general exterior effect will be very satisfactory.

The pediments, corbels and sills for the various window openings are all composed of concrete blocks, moulded separately, and built into the walls precisely as though they were blocks of stone. The window pediments and corbels are of Grecian design and will add materially to the character of the building. The height from the ground to the top of the coping on the straight part of the walls, is twenty-five feet, and to the peak of the gables, thirty-five feet.

Before the next number of the MONTHLY appears, the general elections will have been held and the members of the legislature chosen for the next two years. We venture to predict that the result of the elections will furnish a striking commentary upon the views expressed elsewhere in this number, and will illustrate once more the folly of putting "new wine into old bottles."

A NEW FEATURE AT YALE.—The post graduate course at Yale this year includes the study of railroads and their growth, shipping and international trade, stocks and the effect of speculation on the money market. Arthur T. Hadley, of the class of '76, and for several years tutor in the classics and in German, has charge of this department.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The churches and religious bodies of Honolulu, in common with similar organizations elsewhere, are continually called upon to consider the great question or group of questions, which have come to be generally formulated in the familiar phrase, "How to reach the masses." That a large proportion, in fact the majority of our foreign population, habitually absent themselves from church services and from public religious observances of all kinds, is an indisputable fact. It is a fact equally indisputable that these non-churchgoers are by no means all persons of evil habits and vicious lives. Their numbers include a very considerable proportion of sober, industrious, well-behaved and generally respectable people. The profligate and corrupt, naturally avoid religious gatherings and especially the faithful preaching of the gospel; but these things are found to be avoided with almost equal pertinacity by many who have no sympathy or fellowship with the class just named. Nor will it do to assume that the more respectable class of absentees from religious observances are, as a rule, kept away by objections to the doctrines or worship of our churches. Among them may be found a few scientific agnostics, now and then an avowed and aggressive infidel, and a somewhat larger number of those who, while accepting the Christian code of morals, either reject or are indifferent to Christian theology.

But these classes together constitute but a small minority of even the orderly and decent people who habitually absent themselves from church services. A very moderate amount of inquiry will satisfy any candid observer that in the great majority of cases, the difficulties are neither doctrinal nor liturgical. These people as a rule are neither infidels nor agnostics. They accept all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; they believe in the inspiration and authority of the Bible, in God the creator and ruler of the universe, in a divine Saviour, in the immortality of the soul, in a future judgment and a state of rewards and punishments after death. Furthermore they desire their children to believe in these things, and in many instances show their appreciation of religious teaching by sending their children to Sunday school, even while themselves persistently ignoring the regular services provided for adults. It is an interesting fact also, that the exceptional preacher who occasionally is able to attract and hold this outside class, is apt to be one who preaches the most "orthodox" of doctrines in the baldest and most uncompromising manner. It is evidently not the prominence of what is called "blue" theology in our average preaching, which keeps people away.

The causes of the state of affairs above alluded to, and the means by which it may be remedied, have occupied the attention of religious people for years. If a satisfactory solution of the problem has not been arrived at, it would hardly seem to be for want of discussion.

The fact is, the question is much more complex, and involves a vastly larger variety of considerations, than at first sight appears. As for ourselves, we have no off-hand solution to offer. We recognize the inherent difficulties of a subject which has taxed much of the best heart and best brain of Christian people, both here and elsewhere.

We venture, however, to call attention to what has struck us as perhaps one weak point in the treatment which this subject has received. We refer to the fact that the discussion and consideration which have been bestowed upon it have been, in a certain sense, of a one-sided kind. The pastors and officers of the churches have viewed the matter from *their* standpoint, and from that standpoint have debated the question of cause and cure. The non-churchgoers, to a certain extent, and in a less public and formal way, have doubtless discussed the matter among themselves. But we fear that the former class have, as a rule, failed to put themselves into such communication with the representatives of the latter, as would enable them to understand and appreciate how the matter looks from *their* side. "Put yourself in his place," is a good rule to follow in such cases, and how can you in imagination even, put yourself in the place of another, unless you take the pains to bring yourself into such personal contact and active sympathy with him, as to ascertain just what his thoughts and feelings are. Preachers and professors may meditate upon the matter patiently and conscientiously, and may give in the fullest and most elaborate manner, their views as to why people stay away from church and how they can be induced to come; but what is also wanted is that the absentees themselves shall be heard from, and be induced to state fully and frankly their side of the question. Unless this is done, unless the representatives of the two classes can be got together and made to express and compare their respective views, and unless they can be made to do this freely, frankly and in good faith, and with mutual confidence in the candor and good faith of each other, the real elements in the problem cannot be rightly understood.

We were led into this train of thought by reading in an American paper an account of a movement which has been recently inaugurated in Cincinnati, and which seemed to us decidedly a move in the right direction. The article in question is in such a compact form as will hardly bear further condensation. We therefore give it entire:

"CINCINNATI WORKINGMEN.—Dr. W. Blackburn and two or three other vigilant pastors in Cincinnati have lately begun an interesting experiment, with a view to reaching the multitude of workingmen who now stand aloof from all church associations. The first thing done was to secure a conference of workingmen. Printed invitations were sent

to some 500, whose names had been furnished by their employers, to meet in one of the churches at an appointed evening (Oct. 23). It was stated that the meeting would be for a free expression of opinion on subjects of a mental, moral and social nature, of interest to every workman, and for promoting mutual acquaintance. About seventy picked men of the ranks were present. There was at first attempted no formal organization. After a few explanatory remarks by the two pastors present, suggestions were called for on the part of the men. As one of them writes me: "For one hour and a half we had some of the best and most spirited addresses I ever heard. Every man of them was on our side. Not a word was uttered reflecting on the churches or Christianity, even by those who had not been churchgoers for years." The need of such a movement for elevating this class of people was strongly urged, and the power of the church to help them was most freely admitted. A special committee of advisers was named, including one or two men who have been foremost in the national organization of workmen. The notion that their first effort must be to provide amusement found little favor. These are the ideas which the men most insisted on: (1) means for promoting self-education among the men; (2) their moral elevation and helps to resist the temptations about them; (3) enlightening the community as to their real condition and just demands; (4) means to prevent their drifting away from the best moral influences, and thus becoming a dangerous class in the Republic; (5) the securing of their proper rights as to wages, improvement of their homes and the wretched tenement houses in which many of them become more and more degraded; (6) showing them that it is their own fault if any of them remain in ignorance, vice and degradation. These and such like topics will be discussed in order. For the present the meetings are to be held in one or other of the churches, and will be enlivened by music and singing. Conversation with these men, says our friend, is a practical school in 'pastoral theology' and church work, and would be particularly profitable to deacons and other officials in our churches. No doubt of that. More as to how this experimental movement comes on, we shall be interested to learn."

Whether something of this kind is not practicable in Honolulu and might not be productive of good results, is a question which we submit to the consideration of our churches.

We are happy to believe that our brief remarks last month, on the subject of school books, has not been without effect. The teacher's convention was held on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 7th and 8th, and a considerable portion of the time was devoted to a consideration of this question. As we entered the hall where the convention was being held, about the first thing which greeted our ears was an allusion from some one who had the floor, to those tea-chests full of superannuated school books,

which we had mentioned in our article. Those same tea-chests of books seemed to have impressed themselves rather strongly upon the minds of the assembled teachers, to judge at least, from the frequency with which they were heard from during the debate. At the close of the first day's discussion, a committee of seven was appointed to consider the subject of a uniform series of text books for our English schools. This committee reported the next morning, their report was agreed to by the convention and the matter now rests with the Board of Education. We are almost cruel enough to wish that an *incubus* in the shape of a tea-chest of school books might disturb the nightly slumbers of the Honorable Board, until they settle this matter in a practical and sensible manner, and with due consideration for the pockets of parents.

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Another subject upon which the members of the convention expressed their views in an unmistakable manner, was the making of all the government schools free. A resolution in favor of such action was introduced on the afternoon of the first day and passed *unanimously*. We trust that the Board of Education will heed this expression of opinion.

The facts of the case are simply these; that the government schools taught in Hawaiian, are and always have been free, while in those which are taught in English there is a charge made for tuition. We are not aware of the motives which actuated the former Board in making this regulation, but the policy seems a most extraordinary one. It would seem as if every possible facility should be afforded the natives for having their children learn the English language, and that if any discrimination were made, it should be in favor of the English schools. Instead of this a policy has been adopted which if not intended, is certainly calculated to have the directly opposite effect. The present arrangement offers a direct pecuniary inducement to every Hawaiian parent, who, through either poverty or parsimony is open to the influence of such considerations, to deprive his children of the advantages of an English education and confine him to the Hawaiian common schools, which are as a rule, inferior to the English schools in the intelligence of the teachers and the quality of the instruction, as well as in the range of the subjects taught.

We learn from the Inspector-General of Schools that the entire income from the fees of these pay schools is but a small portion of the amount expended by the Board of Education. It is surely not worth while for the sake of such a consideration to offer a direct discouragement to the acquiring of the English language, and lay what is a heavy burden upon poor people who desire to procure the best school advantages for their children.

It is true that the school agents in the several districts are authorized to remit the fees for tuition, in the cases of those unable to pay, but this is hardly a satisfactory solution of the matter. People of

right feeling do not like to be put on a pauper basis, nor should they be put in a position where they must either plead poverty, or else pay what they cannot afford.

There is another point which should not be forgotten. Within the last year or so there has been an influx of Portuguese immigrants, including many hundreds of children. These children must be sent to school—our laws require it. Now who is to pay for their tuition? Their parents—contract laborers on plantations—cannot afford to pay for them, and the planter, in many instances at any rate, will not. The Board has solved the difficulty by letting these

Portuguese children attend the English schools without paying. And now the very pertinent question presents itself; are not native Hawaiians—children of the soil—to be treated at least as liberally as these foreigners?

It appears that no legislation on the subject is required. The whole power and discretion in the matter is vested in the Board of Education. We can only hope that they will use their discretion in a broad and liberal spirit, and that the unanimous recommendation of the associated teachers of the Hawaiian Islands will receive the consideration it deserves.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE SHAPIRA FORGERY.—The last year has witnessed one of the most ambitious and elaborate attempts in the way of literary and archeological forgery which has come to light for a long time. We refer to what is known as the "Shapira Manuscript." To manufacture bogus *curios* and pass them off on the ordinary run of travelers who visit the Orient is comparatively a simple process, though this art has been brought to a high degree of perfection. But to attempt to impose on the profoundest scholars in Europe, and specialists in oriental antiquities and literature, in the manner undertaken by this man Shapira, was a conception so far above ordinary schemes of rascality as to amount almost to a stroke of genius. It might well be described as fraud reduced to a fine art. A brief account of the affair will serve to illustrate the remarkable amount of ingenuity and labor, combined with no small degree of learning, which are sometimes invested in enterprises of this kind; as well as the accurate and searching methods of investigation which modern scholarship has brought to bear upon their detection. The facts of the case as condensed from an article in the *Congregationalist*, are as follows:

Some time during last spring, Shapira, who is a dealer in curiosities and antiquities in Jerusalem, and who professes to be a converted Jew, wrote to certain professors in Berlin, claiming to have discovered a *codex* of a portion of Deuteronomy written in archaic characters and apparently of great age. This of course he desired to dispose of. Dr. H. L. Strack, Professor of Theology in the Berlin University, replied, telling him that the document in question was, from his own description, evidently a forgery, and that it would not be worth his while to come to Europe in search of a market. So far from being discouraged at this rebuff, Mr. Shapira soon after made his appearance in Berlin, and presenting his precious roll for examination, desired an offer for the same. It will be understood of course that a document of the kind would, if genuine, be of almost inestimable value. Professor Strack having, after a personal examination, reiterated the conclusion arrived at from the written description, the

enterprising dealer in antiquities took his "treasure" to Halle and Leipsic, where Herr Herman Guthe also decided against it. With a persistence worthy of a better cause, he now returned to Berlin, where a commission consisting of seven of the most eminent oriental scholars in Germany, after an examination of just one hour and a half, came to the unanimous conclusion that the whole thing was neither more nor less than a very clever and unscrupulous forgery, which they would be willing to purchase as an admirable specimen of what can be done in that line. Not caring to trade on those terms, and satisfied that nothing could be done in Germany, Shapira next proceeded to London, and offered his manuscript at an enormous figure to the trustees of the British Museum, who submitted it to Professor C. D. Ginsburg for examination and judgment. As the result of his investigation, Ginsburg made a lengthy report, in which he decided that the *codex* was beyond all question a forgery, and gave in detail the reasons on which his judgment was founded. Of this report, which was published in full in the *London Times*, the following is the substance:

The date claimed for the writing is not far from B. C. 800-900, which would make it, at the least, more than 2,600 years old. This is grounded on two claims; the first is that the characters in which it is written are much the same as those used on what is known as the "Moabite stone," which has about the age of those above stated, being the oldest alphabetical characters yet discovered. The second is, that it gives a form of the Deuteronomic text, which differs from that known to have existed as long ago as B. C. 300, and which, therefore, presumably must be anterior to that date.

The evidence on which Dr. Ginsburg founds his conclusion that the *codex* is a forgery is twofold, being external and internal.

First. The external evidence. This is fourfold.

(1.) It is written on narrow slips of goat-skin leather, such as have long been used for the rolls of the Jewish synagogues. As of old, the Jews in all parts of the world still read their Sabbatical lessons out of the Pentateuch from manuscript rolls. After

long use these often get so defaced as to become illegible, when they are withdrawn. Strictly, these disused rolls should be sacredly retained in a special depository in the synagogue, but practically, especially in the East, the poor Jews mitigate their poverty by selling them; so that not only many public libraries, but many private collectors, possess such obsolete parchments, or skins, ranging in date from the 19th back to the 11th century. Some six years ago the British Museum bought a number of such from this very Shapira, who had brought them from South-western Arabia.

(2.) The columns in these synagogue rolls are bounded on the right and left by vertical lines indented in the leather by a hard point. Such rulings do not stop with the lowest line of the writing, but reach to the very edge of the leather. The Shapira *codex* shows these indented lines, but not as boundaries to its columns, since the writing reaches over them; strongly indicating, of course, that the dry lines antedated the writing.

(3.) The upper and lower margins of the old scrolls are ragged, rough and worn. But the Shapira MSS. is only ragged at the bottom, being mainly straight at the top, proving that this top cutting has been of a date too recent to allow centuries to leave their abrasion upon it.

(4.) Some of the slips sewn together to make the Shapira MSS. bear marks of having been covered by a frame which enclosed the writing and was filled with some chemical agent, designed to "doctor" and "age" the same.

Second. The internal evidence. This is too intricate to be more than hinted, but it is of six sorts.

(1.) The forger took it for granted that because the canonical text confessedly contains two recensions of the Decalogue, there would be no difficulty with a third, and so he made the Ten Commandments the groundwork of his text. What he gives as the seventh commandment he makes up from Lev. xix: 12, while his tenth is simply Lev. xix 17. One of the most convincing proofs of the forgery is found in the fact that an obliterated line on the third column has been deciphered, and proves to be a "commandment," which, on maturer consideration, did not satisfy the fabricator, who canceled it and substituted what is now the sixth of the decalogue.

(2.) Deut. xxvii: 11-14 mentions both blessings and curses upon the twelve tribes, yet gives only the maledictions [vv. 15-26]. This manifestly suggested to the forger to supply the benedictions, which he made to harmonize with his version of the Ten Commandments.

(3.) In like manner he added, omitted and inserted, so as to yield ten maledictions to range round his commandments.

(4.) To give the appearance of antiquity, he not only imitated the archaic characters found on the "Moabite stone," but borrowed expressions from it. In the decalogue, for example, he separates the

words and puts a full stop after every expression, exactly as on that stone. In describing Moabite territory he omits localities found in the canonical text, and inserts only those which are named on that stone.

(5.) That the forger was a Jew from the north of Europe is made probable by certain errors in spelling, which are peculiar to the Hebrews in Poland, Russia and Germany.

(6.) The compiler of the text, who was a tolerable Hebraist, clearly dictated that text to the scribe who wrote it down in these Phœnician characters; while he himself could not have been familiar with those characters, because he did not detect manifest errors in them—especially one instance of two letters transposed, which instead of saying of God that He "was angry," actually declares that He "committed adultery."

Dr. Ginsburg detects two different hand-writings in the MSS. Thence he reasons that with these two and the compiler and the chemist who did the "doctoring" in favor of the look of age, at least four persons were in the conspiracy.

Taking it altogether, Prof. Ginsburg's investigation and report constitute a very neat piece of literary detective work, and one which is likely to have a depressing effect on the manufacture and sale of bogus antiquities. In view of the above exposure, there will be but little temptation for some time to come for any one to "bull" the *codex* market or get up a "corner" in old parchments.

A NEW MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.—The corner stone of a manual training school was laid in Chicago on the 24th of September, with public ceremonies. The foundation of this enterprise is a gift of \$100,000 from the Commercial Club. The principal address of the occasion was by Mr. E. W. Blatchford, who has been actively identified with the originating and organizing of this important movement. Among those who took part in the exercises was Col. F. W. Parker, formerly connected with the public schools in Quincy and Boston, now with the Normal School, Chicago. In the course of his remarks Col. Parker said:

"Three-fourths of the successful men of the country, of whatever calling or profession, had found the best part of their education on a farm or in the workshop; that home life in great cities did not furnish the opportunities for such work; and the patrons of the training school were simply taking the plain facts of history and practically applying them to the benefit of the present and future generations. What had hitherto been left to the accidents of social conditions they, with rare foresight, proposed to adopt, use, guide, and control by systematic instruction."

In this Manual Training School there is to be a three years course, devoted to teaching mathematics, drawing, the high school English branches, carpentry, wood-turning, pattern-making, iron-chip-

ping, forge-work, brazing, soldering, and the use of machine-shop tools generally. And yet it is not strictly a polytechnic school; it is rather a more elementary training than that. A similar school has been in operation for several years in connection with the Washington University, St. Louis, and with most thoroughly approved success.

Another thing worthy of mention about the found-

ing of this Manual Training School is the evidence it presents of the deep, earnest, even studious interest which some capitalists and men of wealth take in efforts to improve, to the utmost, the condition of the industrial classes. It is a pleasure to record an event so highly significant and so encouraging. The influence of it will go far and wide.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

The recent volcanic disturbances in Java and the surrounding regions have been made the subject of an article by Mr. Richard A. Proctor in the *Contemporary Review*. We make a few extracts from this interesting paper, regretting that our space will not enable us to present it more fully. The ideas advanced will probably be new to many of our readers.

"The material life of a planet is beginning to be recognized as being no less real than the life of a plant or of an animal. It is a different kind of life; there is neither consciousness such as we see in one of those forms of life, nor such systematic progress as we recognize in plant-life. But it is life all the same. It has had a beginning, like all things which exist; and, like them all, it must have an end.

The lifetime of a world like our earth may be truly said to be a lifetime of cooling. Beginning in the glowing vaporous condition which we see in the sun and stars, an orb in space passes gradually to the condition of a cool, non-luminous mass, and thence, with progress depending chiefly on its size, it passes steadily onwards towards inertness and death.

* * * Only by the action of her Vulcanian energies can the earth maintain her position as an abode of life.

The upheavals and downsinkings, the rushing of ocean in great waves over islands and seaports, by which tens of thousands of human beings, and still greater numbers of animals, lose their lives, are part of the evidence which the earth gives that within her frame there still remains enough of vitality for the support of life during the hundreds of thousands of years yet to come.

This vitality is not due, as seems commonly imagined, to the earth's internal heat. Rather the earth's internal heat is due to the vitality with which her frame is instinct. By virtue of the force of gravity pervading her whole frame, the crust of the earth is continually undergoing changes, as the loss of heat and consequent contraction, or chemical changes beneath the surface, leave room for the movement inwards of the rock-substances of the crust, with crushing, grinding action, and the generation of intense heat. It is to these energies, and the material which as yet they have on which to work, that the earth's vitality is due. She will not, indeed, retain her vitality as long as she retains her gravitating power. That power must have some-

thing to work on. When the whole frame of the earth has been compressed to a condition of the greatest density which her attractive energies can produce, then terrestrial gravity will have nothing left to work on within the earth, and the earth's globe will be to all intents and purposes dead.

She will have no more life of her own than has the moon which discharges all her planetary functions, yet has a surface arid and airless, dreary, desolate and dead.

But such disturbances as the recent earthquakes, while disastrous in their effects to those living near the shaken regions, assure us that as yet the earth is not near death. She is still full of vitality. Thousands—nay, tens, hundreds of thousands—of years will still pass before even the beginning of the end is seen, in the steady disintegration and removal of the land without renovation or renewal by the action of subterranean forces."

In the domain of inventions, the chief interest continues to be centered in the almost innumerable devices for applying electricity to the carrying on of the world's work. During the last autumn, there was open at Vienna an International Electrical Exhibition, of which we find an admirable account in a letter from Rev. C. A. Stoddard, D.D., to the *New York Observer*. We make the following extracts:

"Aside from telegraphs, telephones, and countless varieties of electrical appliances for generating and applying power, the two striking points of the exhibition are the Siemens electric railway and the numerous practical methods of lighting which are exhibited. The railway seems to be a success, its car runs back and forth constantly, carrying crowds of people to their own satisfaction and that of the on-lookers. It differs from the electric railway which was constructed in the environs of Berlin, in that the electricity is stored for the trip, beneath the car. In the Berlin railway it was communicated by means of a cable on posts along the line. * * * *

"The lighting of the buildings by electricity is on a vast scale. There are English and American and German systems exhibited, and a series of rooms fitted up with extreme elegance illustrate the practical application of the electric current to the purposes of house lighting. No more beautiful and brilliant suites of apartments could be seen, even in the palaces of kings.

"The possibility of turning on and off any number of incandescent lamps in one circuit, without regulating the main current, is shown in a very successful way. Some of the designs shown are most beautiful. Besides ordinary chandeliers and brackets there are bouquets of glass flowers, from which the light proceeds; fountains in the center of the room that seem to be throwing out crystal streams of light; rays of light flowing into a room without any jet or fixture being visible; a beautiful boudoir whose

ceiling is pierced in manifold places in the form of little stars, and behind each opening an incandescent lamp is placed, so that the apartment seems starlit. To recount the wonders which have already flowed from the practical application of electricity, and which are on view at Vienna, would require the knowledge of an electrician, the terminology of a machinist, and several issues of the *New York Observer*."

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

The most notable feature at fashionable evening receptions is the return to high coiffures. The change has been slowly made, but it is accomplished for dress occasions, though the low English knot is still worn in the day time. Very little hair is needed with the new high coils, as nothing must be added to the size of the head. The back hair is rolled upward in a French twist, and at the crown of the head it is looped away to form a small, soft coil on each side of the twist. The front hair is still worn in a "shingled bang" that is slightly curved at the ends in layers all along the top of the head. Any short hairs about the nape of the neck are frizzed slightly or made into very short, fine, fluffy curls.

Grey is a most fashionable color this winter, we see it employed for almost all articles of dress, but especially as trimmings for dresses, bonnets, hats, etc., etc., and in a number of shades varying from light silver and steel-grey down to dark sombre slate-grey. Perhaps our readers may be surprised when we tell them it is most becoming and elegant at the same time, yet we can assure them that the most lovely combinations of grey mingled with blue, plum, Bordeaux, garnet, scarlet, delf, coral-red, Etruscan, havannah, violet, etc., are seen on toilettes for every occasion, especially for visiting and the evening.

The simple and comfortable sailor costumes are useful and becoming for little girls. They are made of dark blue serge. For trimming, narrow ecru braid is chosen. It is sewn in several close rows round the skirt and the "à la laveuse" tucked up tunic. Under the loose blouse, a plain chemisette is worn, the blouse has an oval opening in front, to which a sailor collar cut square behind, is attached. A plain felt hat with broad silk band is the suitable finish to this smart little dress.

Gloves as the finishing touch to a ball dress, have already attained the length of 31 inches, and must now cover the whole arm up to the shoulder. The Mousquetaire, made of Danish leather, have three or four buttons at the wrist. Jersey gloves, on the contrary, have a broad openwork trimming above the elbows and elastic fastenings. It is always good taste for gloves to match the dress either in exact or complimentary color, but to those who like the extraordinary, a novel scale of new colors is offered, which under the name of London, sang de boeuf, toucan, ibis and canary, embrace every possible shade from dark red to the brightest yellow, and afford an infinite variety of remarkable styles. Gloves are not worn so loosely wrinkled on the arms as they have been.

The riding dress of the aristocratic Parisian ladies has undergone an entire change in imitation of the

Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who does not like dark or plain materials. Olive and red-brown riding habits are therefore the fashion, the waist made like a postillion's jacket edged with silk cord, the color of the habit, intermixed with gold or silver threads. To this belongs a lighter colored waistcoat, white, sulphur colored, or chamois, with a double row of gold or silver buttons. The by no means too long skirt is looped up with two oxidised or gilt clasps. The Tyrolese felt hat is adorned with an eagle or heron's feather often ten inches long. The knob of the riding whip constitutes a flacon with a gold or precious stone stopper, on which the owner's arms are engraved.

Worth has been making a pretty dinner gown for the Princess of Wales. The skirt is cream satin, trimmed with narrow flounces of Brussels lace; the paniers are ornamented with plush appliques, while the bodice and train are of pale claret velvet, the latter turned back with revers to match the paniers.

One of Mme. Gerster's most effective walking gowns is of pigeon-grey cloth, with a long, loosely flowing mantle of gray cloth, fringed in large horse-shoes of a darker shade. The hat worn with this has a high, square crown, and is of velvet, trimmed with long plumes.

The latest novelty for 5 o'clock tea it is said is a bibbed apron in the style of the Swiss peasants, made of black or red surah, and trimmed with insertions and broad lace. These are worn with short costumes, and have superseded the long-trained tea-gowns so popular last year.

The newest silk umbrellas have little leather purses attached to the handle. It is already difficult enough to keep a silk umbrella without this device.

Heavy hoops of gold and silver are to be worn once more for ear-rings. This time they are single and plain, fitting the ear so as to leave no wire visible. The correct style is from three-quarters to an inch in diameter.

Some of the latest "Regret" cards have a couple of bars and words of the song, "The heart bowed down."

Among the most charming luncheon parties given in New York, says the Bazaar, are those of a lady who cooks her simple but elegant meal on a tiny stove that stands on a dinner plate in a hall room, has no servant to wait, and washes the dishes herself when the guests are gone. But the table is exquisitely spread, and the talk is of books, pictures, morals, manners, literary history, music, the drama, men and women of genius, the world's work and hope.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

CHARADE.

My first is a circle that aids in great work ;
My second is a fact we oftentimes shirk ;
While my whole is useful to a hospital clerk.

CRYPTOGRAM.

Xhjc wseje xrhddi tse France jhie,
Gjfvrev nc tse Xhvec-tee,
Mhjts tse ncmfet jnkej mrhwi,
Refancy hc nc gsnrvnis yree
Ghdncy th f jnaej fye,
Se gjhwei sni jhgbl gua wnts wnce,
Fev dfbei f yfrrfet anryjndfye
Th efel f juncev thwej fev isjnec.

C.

QUESTIONS.

—What is the meaning of "O," "S" and "CC" seen on the back of some United States coins?

—When and by whom were the Scriptures first called "The Bible?"

—What French author, born late in the seventeenth century, is known in history by a pseudonym consisting of an anagram on his real name?

CONUNDRUMS.

—With whom do the mermaids dance?

—Why was Martin Luther like a dyspeptic robin?

—When is money wet?

The words in the following sentence can be so arranged as to form one word :

Red nuts and gin.

Answers are requested to the above, and also to the puzzles, etc., in the January number.

WHIMSICALITIES.

ONE WAY OF RAISING MEETING HOUSES.

The following from the records of a New England parish shows how they raised meeting houses in the olden times:

April 6, 1784. The inhabitants of this parish met, pursuant to adjournment, and passed the following vote: *Voted*, To purchase two barrels of rum, one barrel of pork, four bushels of beans, ten gallons of molasses, ten pounds of coffee, and twenty-eight pounds of sugar, to raise the meeting house.

Voted, That Nathaniel Conant was desired to procure said articles.

B. P. S.

OLD WASHING RHYMES.

They that wash on *Monday*—have all the week to dry;
And they that wash on *Tuesday*—are not so much awry;
And they that wash on *Wednesday*—are not perhaps to blame;
But they that wash on *Thursday*—wash with a sense of shame;
And they that wash on *Friday*—must surely wash in need;
While they that wash on *Saturday*—ah, they are sluts indeed!

—Here is a curious instance of mispunctuation: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing."

—Dr. Valentine Mott once gave the following advice to a class of medical graduates: "Young

gentlemen, have two pockets made; a large one to hold the insults, and a small one to hold the fees."

—Women are right to crave beauty at any price, since beauty is the only merit that men do not contest with them.—*A Dupuy*.

—If we had no defects, we should not take so much pleasure in discovering the defects of others. *La Rochefoucauld*.

—A coquette is more occupied with the homage we refuse her, than with that we bestow upon her.

—A young lady is not like a tree. You can not estimate her age by counting her rings.

—An Illinois man, after marrying his third wife, was dunned for his second wife's first husband's tombstone, and paid the bill.

—When Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.

—Although the tax on matches has been removed, young men who marry must pay the parson all the same.

—Darwin says that the monkey can blush. He certainly ought to when he sees the way his descendants are cutting up.

—"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy-looking party as he entered a restaurant. "Have you got an eagle on silver," asked the proprietor.

—A paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." We fear thousands of brothers are in the same predicament.

—Better a feed of poi and raw fish with a receipted bill in your pocket, than turkey and champagne and a note to pay next week.

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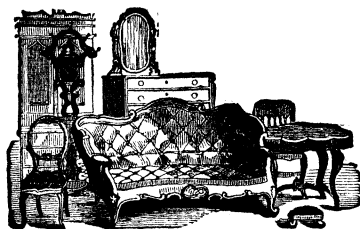
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THE HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

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THOUGHTS ON STATE EDUCATION

No. II.

In our former article under the above title, we considered the general question of the object and scope of State education, and endeavored to define the kind and amount of instruction which should be provided in the government common schools. We propose now to offer a few thoughts concerning the duty of the State towards the "higher education," using that term, however, in a somewhat broader sense than usual, and making it to include everything above the range of such a common school course as was outlined in our last. Our views of what such a course should be, were expressed in the following words: "It should consist mostly of those things which every man and woman in a civilized community ought to know. It should concentrate its strength on those branches which are expedient and practically useful for all persons, regardless of wealth or social position." Such a course of study is not only expedient and useful for all, but a fair degree of proficiency in the branches named, is practicable for all children and young persons of average intelligence and memory. Government schools intended for the use of all, cannot limit their standard to the requirements of the exceptionally stupid, any more than they can raise that standard to the level of the exceptionally brilliant.

Now, above and beyond the line which we have marked out as suitable for the common schools, there extends a vast field, embracing the entire range of human knowledge and including many subjects, proficiency in which is only possible to those who are peculiarly gifted by nature, or whose tastes and worldly conditions enable them to cultivate specialties. It is as essential to the highest development of society and the best interests of the State that there should be proficiency and thoroughness in these higher branches, on the part of the few, as that there should be familiarity with the more elementary studies on the part of many. A nation, all of whose people are possessed of a good common school education may be prosperous and happy, provided,

that its people in addition to a fair amount of intelligence, are possessed of virtue, industry and thrift. But, unless the higher education receives due recognition and encouragement, unless, in addition to a fair general average of intelligence and information, there are scholars and thinkers—men of highly trained intellect, specialists and those who can take rank as authorities in their several departments; such a nation can take no leading place in the affairs of the world; her literature, her science, her philosophy must be borrowed, and she can never rise above a position of intellectual, provincialism and dependence.

Such being the case, the practical question is: has the State in its organic capacity—the government, in other words—any duty in the premises? To answer this question in a satisfactory manner, we need only have recourse to the proposition laid down in our former article, that State education "is not a matter of charity, but of necessity and policy," and that its object is not the benefit of the individual, but "the welfare of society and the safety of the State." This principle furnishes the key which will enable us to solve the present problem as readily as it enabled us to solve the general questions concerning education in the common schools. If the best interests of society require that there be not only a general training in those things which are generally useful, but that there be a certain proportion of highly cultivated intellects and competent specialists in various lines of scholarship, science and the arts, it seems as clearly the duty of society in its organic capacity to provide facilities for meeting the latter want as for the former. How this want is to be supplied, how much aid the State ought properly to give to the cause of higher education and how that aid may be best applied, are questions which we will presently consider.

The first thing to be noticed is, that as we ascend in the educational scale, as we rise from the simpler to the more complex and difficult studies, there

must be a constant process, if not of "natural," at least of intelligent "selection." It is desirable that every one should understand the simple rules of arithmetic and something of their practical application. A smaller number have need to pursue the study of mathematics into such regions as, say, algebra and plane geometry, while comparatively a very small number indeed, have any need to follow the science into its highest branches. In the same way, every one should know how to use their native language correctly and readily, in both speaking and writing. A large class, though not all, have use for French, German and other foreign languages. A much smaller number can profitably give the time needed for acquiring Greek and Latin, while here and there only can be found one for whom it is worth while to make a specialty of the more difficult and recondite tongues. The same rule applies to every line of study. And as we find in ascending from the lower to the higher branches that there is need and demand for a constantly decreasing number of persons to pursue these more and more advanced studies, so also we find a constantly diminishing number of minds which are capable of acquiring or grasping them.

These facts then indicate the line on which the State should proceed in providing for or assisting the cause of higher education. The extent of the facilities furnished and the numbers for whom they should be made available must depend upon, *first*, the size of the field, and *second*, the number of those who are capable of occupying it. In other words, upon the need and demand for persons highly educated and trained in the various departments of the world's work, and upon the number of those who have the intellect, the ambition and the patience to pursue the required course of study to good advantage.

And here comes in the principle of selection, of which we spoke just now. The free pupils in the higher grades should be those, and those only, who by diligence and capacity, exhibited in the lower grades, have shown that they are worth educating to a higher point. People who have means, and who choose to waste them in that way, may if they please, spend their money in having their children taught things they are incapable of learning, or which, if they did learn, would be of no use to themselves or any one else. If ambitious parents want that their children should learn certain things because some other people's children learn them, or because it is considered "the proper thing," let them do it at their own expense. The State should waste no money on such nonsense. The public funds should not be squandered in vain attempts to make professional men and advanced scholars out of material which nature evidently designed for other and humbler, though perhaps equally useful and honorable purposes. The business of making silk purses out of sow's ears should be left entirely to private enterprise. Almost any teacher of expe-

rience can recall dozens of instances of fathers and mothers insisting on their children being taught subjects for which they were naturally unfitted; such as taking up Latin when they were unable to compose and write two consecutive paragraphs of respectable English, and similar absurdities. The State should provide a good, plain, practical education for all its children, and should not undertake to furnish free instruction in the higher branches, except for those who have shown some aptitude for them.

In illustration and enforcement of the views expressed, I desire to quote from one or two men who are well known as thinkers and writers on such subjects. Prof. Huxley clearly defines the rarity of geniuses when he says, "but a small percentage of the population is born with that most excellent quality, a desire for excellence, or with special aptitudes of some sort or other." Prof. Galton tells us that, "not more than one in four thousand may be expected to attain distinction, and not more than one in a million, that intensity of instinctive aptitude and that burning thirst for excellence which is called genius. Now it should be the aim of all educational schemes, to catch these exceptional people and turn them to account, for the good of society. No man can say where they will crop up; like their opposites, the knaves and fools, they appear sometimes in the palace and sometimes in the hovel; but the great thing to be aimed at, is to keep these glorious sports of nature from being either corrupted by luxury or starved by poverty, and to put them into the position in which they can do the work for which they are specially fitted.

* * * * *

"And finally to the lad of genius, the one in a million, I would make accessible the highest and completest training the country could afford. Whatever that might cost, depend upon it the investment would be a good one. I weigh my words when I say that if the nation could purchase a Watt, or Davy, or Farrady, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds down, he would be dirt cheap at the money. It is a mere every-day and common-place piece of knowledge that what these three men did has produced untold millions of wealth, even in the narrowest economic sense of the word."

These views are eminently sound, and indicate the true basis for dealing with the subject under consideration. In what way the aid of the State can be rendered most economically and efficiently for the purpose intended, is a question the answer to which will vary somewhat with the varying conditions to be found in different places; and will depend upon numbers and density of population, pecuniary ability, comparative age or newness of the community, degree of intelligence and appreciation of culture on the part of the people, etc., etc. Whether the State should establish and maintain on an independent basis, and entirely at its own expense, institutions devoted to the various branches of higher

culture, literary and scientific; whether it should extend aid by subsidy, *per capita* allowance or otherwise, to institutions of learning already in existence, or should encourage students of exceptional talent and industry by giving them scholarships in schools more or less independent of State control, will depend on the conditions above named, and perhaps upon others which need not be enumerated.

The first named course is only practicable in countries comparatively populous and wealthy, and these are precisely the countries most likely to be already supplied with institutions of learning of a high character. In such cases the proper course to pursue will depend mainly upon whether these established schools and colleges are wedded to old ideas and obsolete methods, or whether they are in sympathy with the needs and demands of the present day, and prepared to furnish such a training as accords therewith. In smaller and poorer communities, the government must almost of necessity work through existing institutions, whenever such can be found capable of doing efficiently the work required. In such cases there remain certain matters of detail to be settled, which are important, but concerning which there can be laid down no hard and fast rules, applicable to all places. In case a country is too small or too poor to maintain entirely at the public expense first-class institutions of its own, and the existing schools are not of sufficiently high grade to furnish a literary, scientific or technical training, according to the advanced requirements of the present day, it becomes then a question how State aid can be best applied so as to bring these outside schools up to the required standard, and what kind and degree of control, if any, the State should exact in return for the aid furnished.

The last named case represents very nearly the condition of things existing in these islands at the present time. We have a limited population of 75 or 80,000 people, more than nine-tenths of whom are either Polynesians and Mongolians, or recently arrived Portuguese. This population is scattered on half a dozen islands, with poor roads, with the means of inter-island communication uncomfortable and expensive; and we are two thousand miles from the nearest civilized community. Although the country is at present enjoying a high degree of agricultural and commercial prosperity, that prosperity is of recent date, and is dependent largely upon the legislation of a foreign nation, in the horizon of whose affairs we occupy but a small space. The energies of our foreign population are chiefly absorbed in making the most of the uncertain continuance of the reciprocity sunshine, and any intelligent interest in the matter of higher education is confined to a very small percentage of our people. Outside the range of primary and common schools, there are a few which fill more or less incompletely the field occupied by what are called grammar schools in the United States, and there is one insti-

tution called a college. We have no desire to disparage this latter, or to undervalue in the slightest degree the large amount of good work which has been and is now being done at Punahou. We simply repeat what is generally known when we say that the school in question has never been a college in anything but in name, and that it cannot possibly, under present conditions and with its present resources, meet the requirements of the present day, in any one of many lines of study which might be mentioned.

In making these remarks, it will be understood that we offer no criticism upon the management of Oahu College, and cast no reflections upon anyone whatsoever. The state of things we have described has been the result of existing conditions, and was in the main unavoidable. The country has been too new, too small, and until very recently, too poor to have professional schools, technical schools, or institutions of any kind devoted to the higher branches of learning, either theoretical or practical. How these difficulties may be overcome, and how the exceptionally able and ambitious young people among us can be provided with the education they desire, and which is necessary to enable them to accomplish in the most efficient manner that portion of the world's work for which they may be specially fitted, are questions which need to be considered with thoughtful care, and, in a candid and liberal spirit. The subject is too broad for us to go into at any length at this time. We venture merely to throw out a few suggestions.

1st. In certain lines of scientific and technical instruction, we must be content to be dependent for a while, and perhaps always upon foreign countries. Thorough training in these subjects requires large and expensively equipped institutions, which are only practicable where there are comparatively large populations and accumulated wealth.

2nd. There is no reason why an expenditure easily within our means, guided by a fair degree of practical intelligence, cannot raise our one high school to the point of being a college in fact as well as in name, capable of giving a thoroughly good literary and classical course, supplemented by such scientific instruction as does not necessitate a very expensive outfit of apparatus, etc. An excellent start in the right direction has been made in separating the preparatory school from the more advanced department at Punahou, and in the movement for a scientific department, towards which Hon. C. R. Bishop has pledged the handsome sum of \$15,000.

3rd. Between the free common schools of the character advocated in our last article and the collegiate course at Punahou, there should be one or more high grade schools or academies. These should be government schools, but should not be free, except to those who by aptitude and diligence in the lower grades have fairly earned that privilege. All others should pay a moderate fee for tuition. Nor should promotion from the free common schools to

the freedom of the higher schools be a mere matter of routine, depending upon *ordinary* proficiency and good conduct. It should require *special* merit on the part of the scholar, such merit to be shown by a careful examination at the hands of disinterested examiners unconnected with either school.

4th. By a similar process of careful selection, the best students in the government high schools might be culled out for admission as free students at Oahu College. Government aid having supplemented private liberality in placing this institution on the highest practicable level, both intellectually and financially, the government might fairly require in return the privilege of conferring a reasonable number of free scholarships in the college; said scholarships to be held out as an incentive and a reward to especially meritorious students in the lower schools.

5th. It might be reasonably expected that among our students there would occasionally be found one possessed of "that intensity of instinctive aptitude and that burning thirst for excellence," of which Prof. Galton speaks. Such a one having exhausted the educational resources of this country, and showing both the desire and the capacity for further progress, might well be sent abroad at the public expense.

The last two Legislatures have shown some appreciation of the educational situation, and some desire to meet the same, by making appropriations for the education of Hawaiian youths abroad. But the action of the Legislature is defective in two important particulars, inasmuch as it restricts the

appropriation to *Hawaiians*, and makes no adequate provision for an intelligent or judicious selection of those who are to enjoy the national bounty. There is no reason why one of those "glorious sports of nature," possessed of what Prof. Huxley calls "that most excellent quality, a desire for excellence"—"a potential Watt or Davy or Faraday," perhaps, should be denied the means of perfecting his education, simply because he happens to have a white skin. We presume it is not presumptuous to claim that a white man is as good as a brown one, so long as he behaves himself. The selection of those who are to be sent abroad should devolve upon an independent board of competent examiners, and should not be influenced in any way (as is now the case) by political policy or personal favoritism.

The foregoing thoughts have been put forward not only as expressing the convictions of the writer, arrived at after some study and deliberation, but in the hope that others also may be induced to express their views, and that by discussion, a healthy interest may be awakened in a subject whose importance to the future of these islands is not likely to be overestimated. We have those among us who appreciate the value of intellectual and scientific pursuits, and who take an interest in all educational questions. By formulating and publicly expressing their views, they will help in the formation of a sound public opinion on such matters, and aid materially in the solution of the various questions connected therewith.

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

(Continued.)

As time passed on, Maria became more and more convinced that her course was justifiable and right. Sustained by this assurance, she pressed forward earnestly, both at home and in school. Thus her moments were fully occupied. There was no time for moping. She was cheerful and happy, leaving the result with God, where she believed she had found the impulse for her work.

The school year closed; vacation came. Friends leaving their city homes, flocked to the country as a refuge from intense heat. The Harding mansion was full of visitors. Maria adorned her house with ferns and climbing clematis; roses and carnations bloomed in antique vases; white petaled lilies dotted with golden pollen drooped over tangled mosses; wild honeysuckles sent out their sweet fragrance to the morning glories twining about the door; alcoves were perfumed with mignonnette and velvet pansies softened in the evening light.

Maria rode and sung; never seemed weary; told stories; quoted Whittier and Tennyson; never neglected a duty or forgot a friend; kept the run of the

newspapers and magazines; amused the little ones with rhymes from *Mother Goose*; read the *Observer* to the aged, and *Wide Awake* to the young.

A year before, this might have been done without Mr. Harding's special notice; but he had never been able to account for Maria's sudden determination, and since then had very closely observed her; nor could he fail to perceive that it was no ordinary woman who was superintending his household and entertaining his guests.

He saw, as never before, that there was a certain reserved force beneath exterior repose, invisible except from its results.

"I have evidently a strong woman to manage"—this word escaped Mr. Harding before he thought, but as he was only talking to himself he did not correct the error—"and I must be careful how I draw up the check rein. She never prates of 'Woman's Rights,' but I reckon she understands her rights and means to have them. I want she should, but I'd like to know just what she's driving at. But it would be worse than a Turkish Khan to find

fault with a woman like Maria. Wish I knew whether she's going back into school."

Probably if it had been left for Mr. Harding to decide whether she should continue her connection with the seminary, he would have said "No!" Still, there were reasons why he did not care—reasons which he never would have confessed, even to himself.

Mr. Harding had relied, for the most part, upon his own resources in procuring an education which fitted him for Harvard, and with no very definite plans for his life work, was expecting to enter college in the Autumn, when his father suddenly died, leaving a handsome estate in the little town of Canton, but so involved that Edward must either give up his studies and set himself about redeeming the property, or pass it over into the hands of the creditors. He was not long in deciding upon the former course, and in the eight years that had intervened, had not only been able to pay up the mortgage on the home estate, which had been in the Harding family since the first settlement of Canton, but also to buy a neighboring water privilege, valuable especially on account of a large wire factory upon it, which brought him a handsome yearly income.

After such an experience, Mr. Harding understood the value of money; nor did he allow it to slip through his fingers in useless expenditures.

As the summer waned and autumn drew near, and the guests, one after another had returned to their various avocations, Mr. Harding's interest seemed to center around his home. Evenings usually found him sauntering about the grounds, beside his wife upon the verandah, or reading to her in their pleasant parlor. The inquiry, "Is she going back to the seminary?" often suggested itself to him, but he forbore to put the question to her. She should tell me without the asking, was generally the closing sentence in the family cogitations.

Finally the question was sufficiently answered; for one night at tea, Mrs. Harding thoughtfully remarked:

"School commences on Wednesday."

Mr. Harding knew the meaning of the remark was, I go back to the seminary. But he made no reply. Mr. Harding seldom talked when he had nothing to say.

X.

Golden clad autumn with its fields of ripened grain, its forests of rubies and garnets, streams bordered with opals and by-ways with amethysts, gradually passed away and the snows of winter melted into another spring.

Mrs. Harding, from week to week, had been to the seminary. Her work was more than ever acceptable to the trustees of the institution, and day by day had she grown in favor with the students and teachers. There was also the oversight of the household at home. Nothing here was unthought of or neglected. No little attention to her husband's

comfort was regarded as of insufficient importance to require her consideration. Toward him, she was ever tender and thoughtful, always remembering the very cool manner in which she had taken the matter of teaching into her own hands, leaving him quite in the dark as to her motives or purpose. She never doubted the expediency of her course nor did she exactly see how she could have met the perplexities which induced it, in any other way than the one she had adopted. At the same time her husband's forbearance had greatly relieved her and she regarded it as the outgrowth of noble manliness and the spirit of self-control.

Mr. Harding passed on, without a glance at either the right or the left. Indeed, he was beginning to regard the fact of Maria's teaching, a matter of course, and was every day giving it less and less attention. He would not have allowed to himself that the money she quarterly received had anything to do with the satisfaction he felt. But Mr. Harding intended to be rich. He did not consider himself a poor man now, nor did he sacrifice every other impulse to this one object. But he foresaw the glory attached to wealth, and there was that within him that turned towards it as naturally as the magnet to the pole.

For a year past a significant change had been silently brought about in the appurtenances of his home, which was in no wise distasteful to Mr. Harding. Little ornaments appeared here and there around the house. In the centre of the mantel-piece over the parlor fire-place, was a handsome marble clock, Maria's gift to her husband on a recent birthday. Underneath, the hickory logs blazed and crackled in the chilly April evenings, and sent out their light and warmth, even as they had done half a century before, in the days of his ancestors. Madras curtains hung from beneath a border of daisies and wild roses, wrought upon olive green lambrequins, in Maria's moments of leisure. The old arm chair occupied a corner in the dining room, and in its place, one softly cushioned stood ready for the occupancy of the head of the household. Choice photographs in velvet cases relieved the nakedness of brackets and shelves. Companion engravings, handsomely framed, adorned the walls. Upon the old fashioned center table, which had been invited to resign the position its name indicated, and retire to a corner of the room, was Bertrand's Maguerite, resting on an easel of carved wood.

Recently Maria had exhibited unusual taste in replenishing her wardrobe, which Mr. Harding was not slow to notice. A somewhat expensive shawl was very becoming to the slender figure of his wife. She wore rich laces. Her gloves, no longer worn out at the finger tips, were fastened with six buttons instead of two. She had even indulged in seal-skin through the winter, necessary, she said, on account of her daily exposure to the cold.

Mr. Harding might have regarded these things as beyond his income, and have demurred if called

upon to purchase them. Still he was a man of too cultivated a taste and had too much pride in his ancestral home, and in everything appertaining to it, not to be gratified, when one after another, they appeared without any calls upon his purse.

If Maria chose to teach and obtain money for such expenditure, why should he oppose her? On the whole, he was proud of a wife who could achieve such results, and who was also beginning to be known everywhere, as a highly gifted woman. Constant reviews of literature and the classics, consequent upon giving instruction therein, had stimulated her somewhat dormant acquisitions, and added interest and zest to conversation by the home fire-side, which Mr. Harding was quick to appreciate and enjoy.

Little parties from the seminary were almost weekly entertained at the old homestead, welcomed with genial hospitality and warmth. There was something about all this, especially acceptable to Mr. Harding. Why should it not be? The entertainment neither interfered with his convenience nor drew upon his purse strings. Did it not flatter his ambition? His house became more and more a resort for the more cultivated portion of the community, and Mr. Harding, the gentlemanly host, more and more into repute in the towns about Canton. He was fast approaching lionism in the social menagerie. Did he pause to consider that in a measure this was brought about by the influence of his wife? At the seminary, in particular, he was very popular. He had already been appointed trustee in place of one of the board who had recently died. Some of the older students had begun to talk of him as member of Congress from the Canton district and had succeeded in enlisting a large number of voters in his favor.

Mr. Harding was not a man who overestimated himself. He was conscious of ability and integrity of purpose, and as every man has a right to do, measured himself by this knowledge of himself. He could not be blind to the reputation he was rapidly acquiring, nor to the honor his fellow citizens had in contemplation for him. But he was not puffed out like a bubble, Gas was not a quality of the man. Calmly, silently, he took in the situation. It added new lustre to his prosperous life. Whatever his thoughts might be, nobody was the wiser. He was always the same—genial, dignified and courteous. Respectful to all, he was himself respected. Nor was his smile alone for the wealthy and influential. He was equally the friend of the poor and humble.

Maria understood and appreciated these traits in her husband. She knew a noble manhood had given the best of itself to her. She banished the past and its perplexities from her thoughts. Happy in her school life, and more than happy at home, she cheerfully did the work daily given her to do, believing that whatever was wrong, would in the providence of God, be finally and effectually made right.

XI.

Late one Saturday afternoon, when Maria had been studying the *International Lesson* papers, in preparation for the Sabbath and had just thrown herself upon the lounge for a few moments of quiet rest, she was suddenly startled by seeing Mr. Gould drive into the yard with Edward—a palor as of death on his face—sitting beside him. Greatly alarmed, she sprang to the door and assisted in lifting her husband from the carriage. In a fainting condition he was carried to his room. Mr. Gould said the horse had taken fright in a sudden turn in the road, the carriage was upset, and Mr. Harding thrown out. He was beginning to talk of some internal injury, when Maria, interrupting him, begged he would go as quickly as possible for Dr. Field. Upon examination, it was found that in addition to severe bruises and sprains, two ribs were broken. There seemed nothing else of a serious character, but the doctor enjoined the most perfect quiet, saying he would call in the morning, when he could better determine the nature of the injury.

The night was one of intense anxiety to Maria. She bathed her husband's bruised flesh and aching head. Concealing from him her well grounded fears, she was calm and cheerful.

There is something fearful in the utter helplessness of a man who but an hour ago seemed a Hercules in strength. The writhings of pain apparently gather force from physical vigor. Personally unacquainted with suffering, his fortitude is often expended in a wrong direction. His own discomforts are cherished—those of everyone else entirely overlooked.

Mr. Harding was not wanting in sympathy. Yet during that long night he thought only of himself. How could he be expected then or afterwards to think of another, when the pain he was undergoing had no parallel in his past life? His sufferings seemed so great that Maria feared there must be something more alarming in his injuries than appeared on the surface. She was consequently greatly relieved when in the morning the doctor assured her that Mr. Harding was more comfortable than he expected to find him—that he was in no real danger—that it would take some three or four months for the fracture to heal, and in the meantime the less he moved about, the quicker and more complete would be his recovery.

The bruises Mr. Harding had received, together with the fractured bones, made it almost impossible for him to rise without help, or even to turn himself in bed. Maria was constantly by his side, both night and day. No experiment was left untried by which she might relieve his distress. She read for his entertainment—prepared little delicacies to tempt the appetite—tastefully arranged everything not only for his comfort, but also to attract the eye, and thus turn his thoughts away from himself to the pleasant little views which his surroundings afforded,

so that the chamber of pain might not be, after all, so very irksome.

Mr. Harding's robust constitution aided in his recovery, and he improved with great rapidity. Messengers from the seminary, with little tokens of remembrance in the shape of flowers or fruit, a book to be read to him, or some little gem of poetry which Dr. Hill had found in some recent newspaper or magazine. When Mrs. Harding could be spared for a short time, they gave her little drives in the open air. These were needed and very acceptable, for her anxiety and constant attendance upon her husband were telling somewhat upon her naturally strong constitution. She was growing thin and pale. A sense of weariness was constantly upon her, to which the amount of rest she was able to take never brought entire relief.

At the expiration of three weeks, Dr. Hill began to speak of Maria's return to school. The year was drawing to a close, and no one could finish or successfully advance her work. Mr. Harding spoke encouragingly of her leaving him, but the first day of her absence had hardly commenced before he began to feel the tediousness of his confinement without the presence and cheerful influence of his wife. He had thought to spend much of his time in reading, and expected in that way to make up what he had lost during his illness. But in the first attempt he was disappointed. To hold the book in position made his arm ache. To bend over the table affected the side where the injuries were yet extremely sensitive, and he put the book aside for Maria to read on her return from the seminary. He called for the gem puzzle, and mastered two combinations. But the third mastered him, and impatiently he tossed it away.

Mrs. Denver was always ready to wait upon him, but like Dido's nurse, she was uncomfortably officious. Her uncalled for attentions annoyed and irritated him. Like a rebellious child, he wanted to be let alone. Moreover, the nourishing delicacies she prepared did not accord with his fastidious appetite.

(To be continued.)

Her steak was not like Maria's. The potatoes were cold; the eggs too hard; the broom too hot. If there was a chill in the air, the faggots were piled up in the open grate. Such were the accounts rendered to Mrs. Harding day after day, on her return from school.

His views of his own helplessness and the discomforts he was experiencing could not fail to amuse his wife. But tenderly sympathetic, she listened to it all, knowing that in a few days he would be out of doors, and relief would come in necessary demands upon his time in his various business avocations.

One evening, after Maria had prepared supper for her husband, and had seated herself at his side to anticipate his wishes and listen to the day's vexations, there was a ring at the door, a rush up the stairs, a hasty knock, and Maria was in the arms of brother Henry.

"This is too bad, Edward," he said, turning to Mr. Harding. "I had a similar experience three years ago, and as soon as I got Maria's letter, determined to come and cheer you up a little, for I knew how 'twould be. This keeping still is like being in the stocks of our grandfather's time. Maria, how pale you look! What's the matter, pray?"

As Henry said this, Mr. Harding started and fixed a keen glance upon the face of his wife.

"You frightened me with your sudden appearance. You should have announced your arrival in an appropriate manner," said Maria. At that moment Mr. Harding entirely forgot himself. Was Maria really ill? She certainly looked so.

That night her rest was undisturbed. Long after she was enjoying unbroken slumber, which her continued exertions and loss of sleep had brought about quickly and surely, Mr. Harding was gazing into her thin face and wondering he had not before noticed how pale she had grown; the hollow in her cheeks and the dark circle beneath the closed eyes, which seemed to enlarge and grow darker and more apparent beneath his steadfast gaze.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

HOME.

Oh! 'tis sweet to retire from the world and its wiles,
And renounce all life's idle inducements to roam;
To fly from its tumults, to court not its smiles,
And centre our joys in the circle at home.

To trust to but those who we know are sincere,
And who in our paths never scattered a thorn,
To live but for those who deserve to be dear;
And laugh this vain world and its vot'ries to scorn.

Not forced to applaud what our hearts disapprove,
Nor venture in whispers alone to condemn;
But to place all our hopes on the few that we love,
And feel we are safe in depending on them.

G. E. H.

FARMS AND FARMING IN THIS KINGDOM.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE HONOLULU SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The words farm and farmer have a place in the English language which may be likened to that of the words home and fireside. If we can conceive of the entire absence of what is called the farming community from the United States, and the vast effects, social, economical, political and moral which would result therefrom, (supposing the subsistence of the nation to be then possible) we shall see the great place which farmers occupy.

We may define the idea carried by the word farm by remarking the differences between farms and plantations. There are rice, sugar, cotton and coffee plantations, all tropical or semi-tropical products. An average plantation is larger than an average farm. The farm produces a variety as compared with the single staple of the plantation. The northern farmer may raise wheat, some to sell, some to consume, hay for his own stock and for market; he cuts wood for himself and sells some; he raises pork, some for the market, but first a home supply; he keeps cows which afford him milk, butter and cheese and a surplus is sold; he sells calves, and one or several beeves to the butcher. His orchards furnish his own supply of fruit and some to sell. Thus the ideal farm, in the first place, contributes most of the necessities of living to the farmer's family, and next a surplus of several products which sold, furnish money for the purchase of manufactured articles, for taxes, schools, books, wages and cash capital, while the plantation grows a single staple and purchases almost everything else.

The plantation is worked by laborers of lower intelligence, in gangs with overseers; the farm by the owner of it, with his sons if he have them of age to help—and the helping age comes early—and by his "hired man" or two. In this view there is no reason why the great wheat farms of Dakota should not be called plantations; vast tracts devoted to a single product, carried on by great capital, employing gangs of men and destitute of the features of farm life.

It is universally recognized that the influence of farming is wholesome to mind and body. It is not flattery in agricultural addresses to claim that the farming element is the grand conservator of the nation. In the Hawaiian Kingdom we have plantations, sugar and rice, and cattle and sheep ranches. But farms! have we got them? Can we have them, and of what sort? What may be the effect upon the life of the nation or people which is forming here, of having or being without a farming community?

We are more than two thousand miles from the the nearest continent and we import from that distance all our bread stuffs, most of our potatoes and onions, all our cheese, some of our butter, all of our

cured pork and some hogs and poultry, and a list of food articles preserved in pickle, in glass and tin, which covers almost everything we buy of our grocers. It would be far easier to mention the few articles of food produced in the country and to say that all the rest are imported, than to enumerate the necessities and luxuries which we import.

The home list is fresh beef, mutton, fish and poultry, all very dear for the quality, milk, some butter, sweet potatoes and taro, with some garden vegetables, in small quantities and not very cheap, scarce eggs, bananas, limes and oranges at higher than New York and London prices, and we import more than nine-tenths of the hay for our horses which are stabled; all our oats, barley, bran and middlings.

May we not say at once that we are without farms, and that we need them to relieve us in part from this dependence on foreign countries for the necessities of life; to give us a greater variety of production, that we may not stake so much on the success of sugar; and, greatly, for the wholesome influence of farm life and labor and frugal gains, as contrasted with the influence of plantation life, worked by gangs of men held to their labor by penal laws, owned by non-resident capitalists, frequently by corporations, and pushed only as a scheme for money making. Of course it is very desirable that the plantations should make money, and every person in the community is benefitted by their prosperity, but we plead for farms besides. Now taking the inclination which a certain proportion of the community always have for farming, we may say that there must be some assignable reasons for the non-existence of farms here.

We must in the first place, to be reasonable, assume that farms in islands in the tropical belt, cannot be just like New England or Western or English or German farms. This is an obvious remark, yet the inability to act on it has been the cause of many of the failures that have been made in farming here.

Some difficulties in the way of farming have been—1. The want of good roads and of other means of getting produce to market. As we live on a group of islands, everything not marketed near home requires to be freighted by vessels at costly rates, with loss of perishable products by delay, and expensive hauling to a landing. These costs have generally absorbed the profits.

2. The want of steady markets:—This results from their being but few centers of population. Honolulu being much the largest, and only within a few years have there been such village centres as are forming at Kohala, Wailuku, Waiohinu, Honokaa, etc. But a greater disturbance results from our practical nearness to a very large producing

country which always has produce seeking a market. It would be useless to raise wheat here, although it can be grown, as some of us have seen, and remember two or three mills for grinding it, when a few shipments of California wheat, or its products, flour, bran, etc., sent down and which must be sold, would destroy the price which the Hawaiian grower must get to live. So, Irish potatoes which can be well grown here, and once were grown for the supply of the whaling fleet and for export in the early years of California, are now more cheaply and regularly imported.

3. A third difficulty has been the great number of caterpillars and some other worms in a country without insectivorous birds. These cut off the tender sprout, or a little later strip the young leaves and destroy that planting. Let this happen several times in succession and the season for planting has passed by; or if by a fortunate chance the crop finally escapes the worms and does not lose the rains, the profit has been absorbed by triple labor and all confidence in the chances for another season is taken away. The importance of this difficulty will be appreciated only by the older residents.

4. I mention as a fourth difficulty the comprehensive and intrinsic one of determining crops or products which can be raised and can be sold at a profit. And here, as I look over the reports of the old Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society, published from 1850 to 1856, and add my own observations of the number of things of which there has been trial and failure and abandonment, I feel that to rehearse them would present an altogether discouraging view. This paper will not present a pessimist view of our farming possibilities, nor on the other hand an optimist view. It is only the new-comer who says: "you have perpetual summer; you have a choice of climates; what prevents your growing everything?" But, in view of the past failures, what reasonable suggestions may be presented of a favorable change?

I mention for your consideration: 1. The enhanced value of land. No good farming is done on very cheap land. Land now which is worth buying, is worth fencing. Being fenced, its cost has been further increased and the owner must use careful and intelligent methods for securing a profitable return. Observe the change within the last five years on this island. The unfenced lands were overstocked, because, running in common, each owner desires to get the most he can for himself.

The grass and natural forage plants being eaten to the dirt, were prevented from seeding, while the bitter and non-forage plants only, could seed and increase. Cattle running in common deteriorate; for who will turn out the best animals to grade up his neighbors' stock.

2. Directly in this connection is the higher price of cattle. When cattle were sold to the butcher within five years at from \$15 to \$20 per head, the owner of two or three hundred unfenced acres, who must have cattle or nothing, got an insignificant

return for his land and what trouble he took. The best steers now sell at \$50 (and good milch cows higher). When they shall sell not by the head, but at the estimated weight of each animal, and at even higher than present rates, there will be inducement for the comparatively small land owner to give the same careful attention to breeding and feeding as is done by English and American farmers.

3. The large importations of late of good foreign cattle, including thoroughbreds of all the leading breeds—Shorthorn, Polled or Angus, Jersey, Holstein and Hereford. Only good stock is worthy of and repays good farming, and good stock is now more easily obtained in this country than ever before.

4. Under the above mentioned conditions of enclosed land and good stock, it will be practicable and will pay to cultivate some forage crops of which not a few can be found by experiment, suitable for different localities.

This labor again, will require another economy in the manufacture of butter and cheese. In an address made by Judge Lee to the Agricultural Society in 1853, he says: "I had the pleasure a few months since of spending two days with Mr. Parker on Hawaii, who has one of the finest herds of cows in the group, and finer looking animals I have rarely seen. But I was surprised at the small amount of milk they gave and the trouble of procuring that little. The cows were first made fast, head and hind legs, then the calf was brought out, and after a great deal of pulling and bunting, the milker managed to get from three to six quarts of milk from each cow. From a herd of 140 cows Mr. Parker obtains only an average of 15 2-7 pounds annually for each cow, while in England and the United States the average product is as high as one hundred pounds."

But the improved cattle now obtainable should give from three to five pounds per week. Pigs and poultry could be combined with the dairy. The manure of the cattle yard and barn would be applied to the corn or the forage crop. From the sale of a few fat cattle, of some butter, perhaps of cheese, a moderate cash income would be afforded, to be greatly assisted in its expenditure by the production of a considerable variety of food articles for home consumption.

But in the scheme above sketched, it need not be that the care of the cattle shall take all of the time of the farmer. There may be other salable articles. For instance, in many places, where the worms have been cleaned off by our friends the mynah birds, it is time to revive attempts to grow oats for grain, and for hay. The worms were formerly their chief enemy, but when a crop escaped that peril, it was found to grow too rank and woody. Probably too thin sowing was one fault, or there was an excess of silica in the soil, which would be remedied by constant cropping; or it may be there would be

better success by feeding off the crop soon after the start and getting a thicker and finer growth. There is heavy protection in the form of freight charges of about \$15 per ton. I venture to say that this crop in some localities, cannot be yet condemned as impracticable.

Corn is raised with fair profit to a small extent. It would contribute something to the income of a farm in any situation, if some were sold, and some fed to poultry and stock, the stalks fed to cattle paying the expense of raising it.

The banana has been thought of as a profitable crop. One mistake has been in expecting too much for it, by the reckoning of \$1 a bunch, a thousand bunches to the acre. The only large market has been in selling them in Honolulu for shipment to the Coast. From one thousand to two thousand bunches may thus be sold per month by growers near Honolulu. This is a limited demand and limited in locality. The trade is made precarious by its being dependent on what steamers may take and how they will treat them, and by the season of other fruits in California. The suggestion I venture to make is that the practicability of a profitable business being done in dried bananas has never been tested. Mr. Morris, of Kalihi, known to most of us as the veteran banana grower, has told me that such bananas as he has dried and packed in small boxes, similar to figs, have been in request here, and have been reported on favorably in San Francisco at paying prices. Dr. Enders, of Maui, who may be thought to be an enthusiast or visionary, (but it is such men who start the new things), has told me that he had learned from inquiries abroad, that there would be a ready sale at good prices for dried bananas. The matter has not yet been tried here in any way to test it. Mr. Morris dried his in the open air in a rainy valley. They should either be carried to the warm sea-side, if not grown there, or probably better, be cured by some of the fruit-drying machines found most successful in California.

And here it may be remarked parenthetically, that we have everything to learn from our nearest neighbor. There is felt the need of multiplying items of farm production—not to depend on wheat as the monopolist crop of the State. It was not once thought to be a farming State, but by trial one item of production has been added to another, till the list is a large one, yet not ended. And one hopeful resource now receiving attention is in desiccating their fruits. Without making a fair and persistent trial, with proper preparation for it, such as enough fruit, good means of drying and packing, and proper business handling afterwards, this cannot be put down as not a resource. There would be the economy of being able to dry the bananas of small bunches, not salable for export, and the greater economy of transport, and most of all the advantage of changing it from a perishable crop which must be sold when ripe or be lost, to one bearing some months storage.

Another suggestion is the culture of silk. Answer—It has been tried here and failed. So it was tried in the United States in the years near 1840. There was a silk worm and multicaulis fever, but the silk business was not established in the country. I well remember this as a boy, my father having as an amateur, some rows of the trees in his garden, and a room for feeding silk worms, and a relative living on a farm, going into it more largely in view of profit. It is considered now that there were causes for its non-success there which may be avoided, and we learn that there is a wide and growing interest felt in it. If there is hope for this in the Northern United States, it certainly need not be pronounced hopeless here where we have an equable climate and green foliage the year round.

But in this, as in all things suggested here, it is necessary to bear in mind that patience, intelligence, economy, industry, and a disposition to look for and accept frugal profits, are necessary.

I think there is every hope that there will be found some textile plant or paper-making material adapted for culture here with reasonable profit, as a part of a farmer's crop. Ramie grows luxuriantly here in the wet districts, and seems to wait only the invention of the machine which shall cheaply extricate the silky inner fibre; and that machine is promised.

There are sections of the country where pineapples grow with little trouble. There has been an incomplete effort made to can them—it cannot be said that it is an impossible or even an unlikely resource. It would not be in California.

Peanuts are a profitable and one of the standard crops in Virginia and States further south. They have been grown here in a quiet way by Chinamen for years, with profit. I observe them growing in this neighborhood on ground leased at \$40 per acre. There should be a profit to merely pay for rent, which would be a good thing for a farmer working on cheaper land of his own.

Irish potatoes can be grown in many places where it has not been supposed they could. Last spring one of my men raised some good specimens on my land, not 25 feet above sea level. Many years ago I tried it and lost everything by the worms. I have alluded already to the fact that we are in a better position in that respect now than we have been since white men first knew this country. On my own place we have planted corn for three years, at several times through the year, I may say in every month of the year, without the loss of an appreciable quantity by worms. You may notice two lots on the makai side of Beretania Street, belonging to Mr. Henry Macfarlane, sown with wheat, probably for fodder, growing finely, all untouched so far, and having passed the point of greatest danger. This could not have been hoped for ten years ago.

Coffee is not yet to be counted out of our resources. It requires no machinery and may be grown on any scale.

Let me in illustration of my thought that circumstances and conditions relative to farming are changing so as to give us a better hope for farms, and of the further thought that there may be success when an attempt is made with adequate means, cite the establishment of the new system of dairy farming near Honolulu—only new here—the home system imported.

The method since milk had been sold in Honolulu, had been the one prevailing in tropical and half civilized regions, partially described in the citation made above, from Judge Lee's address. This required for any considerable supply of milk, one or more outlying "ranches" where cows could be kept to the extent of some hundreds, from which could be drafted in constantly a supply of fresh cows, every cow with a calf, to divide her moderate yield, to be raised with her, and as necessary as the milker to get the milk; enough of them to furnish a band of morning cows for the morning milk and of afternoon cows for the afternoon supply, for such dairies as ran twice a day; the cows getting only such feed as the pastures furnished, and the pasture generally overstocked from the great number which must be kept, or that came in on the unfenced land, and indeed not knowing the taste of bran or middlings, and liable every summer to dry up. In 1879, the writer, fell, without intention, (the very opportunity being thrown open, and there being almost a public call to it, upon the opening of a very dry summer), into starting a dairy, which should differ from those in vogue here in sundry particulars.

1. As far as possible to have only good stock, discarding such as made poor records. While there are not a few cows in the country of what is called native stock, which are fair cows, and by rare chance a first rate one, it seemed best to make the basis of the dairy, imported cows, though there were not a few failures in securing really good animals from abroad.

2. To milk without the calf, saving so much milk and a good deal of attendant trouble. Raising, generally by hand, a select few of the heifer calves. And breeding only from thorough-bred bulls—giving away or destroying the bull calves and the second and third rate heifer calves.

3. Feeding the cows messes of bran, middlings, etc., which would increase the quantity, improve the quality of milk, and keep the cows in gentle habits, milking everything twice a day. Gentle treatment, etc.

It was a part of the system to divide the land into several paddocks, changing the herds every two or three weeks; to cultivate forage plants—a variety

have been tried—for feeding, cut up and mixed with mill stuffs.

By these means 150 acres, aided by the purchase of imported feed, supports a herd yielding nearly half the milk supplied to Honolulu. One result of a supply of milk has been an increased demand for it, families and restaurants taking more than they could have obtained from the old-fashioned milkman. It is true there would not be support for a dozen such dairies near Honolulu. Yet there may be opportunity for one or two milk and butter dairies near each of the rising villages of the islands.

Reverting to some of the difficulties mentioned at the beginning.

Transport.—In the times of the first agricultural society there was no steamer, and for a long time afterwards but one. Now eight, with some prospect of more. We may expect better steam and sailing facilities around Oahu as demand arises for them. A steamer plying around Pearl River would afford access to market for a large area of fertile lands, suitable to grow many matters of demand in Honolulu. A beginning has been made in railroads. Whenever there is more ready access to the high interior lands of Hawaii, there will be an opportunity for farms with crops and fruits of the temperate zone. The money resources of the Kingdom have more than quadrupled, and we must hope the time is near when sufficient amounts shall be intelligently and honestly applied to the making of good wagon roads through all the good land of the Kingdom.

Markets. Honolulu and the growing villages and plantations require ten times the supplies of thirty years ago. For example, Hawaii and Maui, perhaps Kauai, now require all their cattle for home consumption—beef and work cattle. Within ten years the owners of large herds on Hawaii and Kauai were compelled to kill for hides and tallow, failing an order from Honolulu.

Another difficulty mentioned, inexperience or inaptitude, should have diminished within thirty years of experience and observation.

Then too we are coming to have more foreigners in the country, who may wish to farm it, and know how, and would be satisfied with moderate gains. Not the least want has been farmers's wives. The neglected, unthrifty home of the Hawaiian ranchman or shepherd, or squatter, is not the ideal home of neatness, thrift, practice of home virtues, industries and frugalities, which are essential to our ideal farm. It cannot be made without a suitable "minister of the interior."

LAWRENCE McCULLY.

January, 1883.

Plunge boldly into the thick of life! Each lives it. Not to many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.—Goethe.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.—Donald J. Mitchell.

THE LAWYER OUTWITTED.

Our scene is laid in the city of London. In one of those shut-up sort of obscurities, half room, half closet, which ladies used to be fond of draping in pink cambric and coarse muslin and calling "a boudoir," sat two of the characters of our little story—Mrs. Dora Lincoln, a lively widow of about thirty-five; bright, quick witted and of more than ordinary personal attractions, and her cousin Frank Mason. Their conversation, which to at least one of the parties, appeared to be of engrossing interest, embraced two topics which are commonly supposed to have but little in common—law and love.

"Psha!" exclaimed the young man, "what *can* you expect from a pettyfogging attorney."

"A great deal Frank; an amount of costs; a multiplication of falsehood; a perversion of truth; a discoloration of objects; ignorance as to common honesty; a proficiency in dishonesty; in short, a combination of evils which no other human being could gather together; by which *he* lives, and *we* die; you have only to tell me a man is a pettyfogger and I vanish; and as to old Lynch, in addition to his bearing the plague spot of his 'profession' about with him, smelling of parchments and looking as though he lived on them, he is old and ugly; so calm your feelings Frank, spare your invective, and just tell me what I can do in the matter."

"Upon my word, I believe I had better leave you, my dear Dora, to manage the whole business; but what in the world has made you so bitter against the men of the law."

"Why!" she replied laughing, "don't you know? A suit in chancery bequeathed to me by my grandfather, and another in the 'Pleas' besides the disputed will cause."

"But you triumphed in the two last, and surely there is a chance of the chancery suit being brought to a conclusion."

"As to the triumph," replied Dora, "the triumph simply was that my lawyers were greater rogues than those employed by my adversary, and so, I triumphed. I have not the least objection to continue the chancery suit. I really think it contributes to keep me in health; it gives me excitement, something to think of and to do; something to vent my spleen upon when I am splenetic, and my laughter when I am mischievous; but you are not so easily circumstanced; you, my dear Frank, are of a peace-loving, gentle nature, and so seek peace, even with law. Indeed, I think you would go a little further, and expect love."

"Really, Dora, you are too provoking," answered her cousin, in a tone of some irritation. "You know that I love old Lynch's niece with my whole soul—you know that by the terms of her father's will, she cannot marry before she is of age, without having her uncle's consent; for if she does, she forfeits her inheritance. And she is now only——"

"Nineteen," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"No Dora, only eighteen and three months," replied the lover.

"What a wicked thing of fathers to prevent their daughters becoming the prey of mercenary spend-thrifts," observed the lady, as she rolled up with great deliberation, some fancy work on which she had been engaged.

"You know I am not mercenary, nor am I a spendthrift," answered he seriously.

"You look sharply enough after your fair one's fortune, at all events," persisted his companion.

"My own means would not give Anna the luxuries nor even the comforts she has been accustomed to," said Mason still more seriously. "And I should feel ashamed of myself if I induced a young and affectionate girl to abandon her birth-right and embrace comparative poverty for my gratification. No! if her uncle persists in refusing his consent, I have made up my mind to wait until she is of age. Nearly three years! three centuries of a lovers life. I shall be an old man by that time."

"Nearly eight and twenty," laughed his cousin; "and Anna will be a very old woman. But really it is delightful to find such a disinterested lover, who only concerns himself about his sweetheart's fortune from a sense of duty. I am quite sure Anna will not object to waiting three short years for such a paragon."

"But then there is no knowing what may happen between this and then."

"Very true; you may fall in love with some one else; perhaps with half a dozen."

"Impossible—utterly impossible," protested the lover fervently.

"Why Frank," said his cousin, with a malicious smile, "that is just what you told *me* about twelve years ago. You were a great lubberly boy, only just escaped from jackets and nankeens, and I, just going to be married, and my head divided about equally between interest in my *trousseau* and love for my intended. You said then, while the tears ran down your fat cheeks, that you were miserable, and should never love any one but your cousin Dora. And you wrote some verses comparing my heart to a black-heart cherry. I think I have them somewhere and will show them to Anna as a proof of your constancy. You are certainly improved since then."

"I am sorry I cannot return the compliment," said Mr. Mason, bowing with dignity; "and as you are inclined to laugh at what I supposed you might sympathize with, I will wish you good morning."

"Come, cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, "I was only joking, and I thought you knew me too well to mind a little of my teasing; there; I will not tell Anna; though I hardly think she would be jealous of the first love fancy of a boy of fourteen for his cousin of four-and-twenty, and a dozen years ago at

that. But this Lynch; this grit of granite in the wheel of love; this hunk; this hard-hearted cur-mudgeon; how shall I manage him?"

"He knows you very well—if you would only go to him and tell him how much we love each other."

"You mean Anna and you, I suppose," said his companion, with as sober a face as she could command.

"Of course I do," he replied. "Just tell him how devoted we are to each other."

"No; that he would hardly care for."

"How respectably I am connected."

"He would care nothing for your respectable connections, unless he could make something out of them."

"Tell him how happy we should be."

"That would destroy your last chance, if you had any. People who are incapable of being happy themselves, never promote the happiness of others."

"Well then, how grateful we should be."

"Gratitude bears no interest, and therefore don't pay."

"I am sure I don't know what to say, Dora," answered her cousin, who was anything but fruitful in expedients. "He can make us happy if he will, at once. If not, we will wait, and when the time comes be happy in spite of him."

"You throw me completely on my own resources," said the widow, "but I think I can help you and the first step is for me to become his client."

"But you are not engaged in any lawsuit," said Frank, "except this chancery business, and you surely would not turn that over into his hands."

"No, but I suppose I may have a suit if I choose; we manufacture our own misery, why not our own law?"

"But I confess I do not see what that has to do with my marrying his niece."

"I do," she replied, "but now I must leave you and be planning my campaign. Keep up your spirits Frank, do not do anything desperate; do not even take an overdose of champagne. I remember when your love for me took a despairing turn, you, boy like, *eat it off*; your mother declared you spent a fortune in tarts and cheese-cakes. I feared you might, in a spirit of manliness, endeavor to *drink* this off; but do not; rely upon me and before the sun sets I will have everything *en train*." Having said this, she hurried off, leaving Mr. Frank Mason half offended, half amused, and most anxious as to the results; but comforted nevertheless because he had faith in the spirit and inventive resources of his cousin.

There are a great many amiable, well-disposed men in the world who get through life to their own credit and the comfort of others, by the aid of a fortune which places them beyond the necessity of exertion. But if any unusual event occurs, any obstacle is encountered which cannot be overcome by money and respectable connections—where tact is even more needful than talent—they are utterly at sea, and are

very apt to consider themselves placed in circumstances of strait and difficulty in which no one was ever placed before. Poor Frank Mason was one of this gentle hearted kind and ought to have been born with a fortune which would have raised him above the necessity of exercising his wits; for certainly his wits never would have exalted him. He once considered cousin Dora the most lovely creature in the world, and only changed his opinion to consider her the most astonishing; and like those who never originate a project or have what may be called a genuine idea of their own, was perpetually wondering "how such odd things could come into Dora's head"—frequently indulged in speculations as to "how she came to be so clever;" could not imagine "what her brain was made of;" wished he "knew the world half as well," and so forth; satisfied in his own mind that he should never have the head of Dora Lincoln; which he certainly was never likely to.

In truth, the widow had in some way monopolized most of the wit and invention of the whole family; and in return was always ready to exercise it for their benefit—and her own amusement. Frank, she really loved as a brother, and desired his happiness with more earnestness than she usually bestowed on any single object or person. A woman is always interested in the fate of her ex-lovers, provided she understands human nature well enough and has enough magnanimity and good sense not to be displeased at a man's forgetting his first love in a second, a third, a fourth, or even a fifth. She could not have forgiven a mere flirt, but Frank, poor fellow! was quite in earnest with the sentiment as long as it lasted; and she believed that a union with Anna would make him happy, and being a practical person withal, she knew that money is an advantage in a family. Moreover, she particularly desired to try her wit against what she called "English Lynch law."

That very afternoon Mrs. Lincoln rode up to Mr. Lynch's office in her carriage, and having learned that he was at home, took sundry letters and a parchment or two, tied with professional red tape, from her servant's hands, and entered his sanctum. Nothing could be more unpromising than the opening of the campaign. It was evident the old man suspected she came to press her cousin's suit; and upon every wrinkle of his face was written "denial;" his close shut mouth was drawn into a "no;" his brow contracted, his feet firmly set upon the ground, his hands rigid to the very tips of his fingers—he looked as if steeped in the very essence of perverseness. Not even when his fair client commenced explaining the business upon which she came, did he change, nor was the change sudden; despite her desire to draw him away from his suspicions, he seemed to consider her the embodiment of a proposal for his niece and her money; and she had gone a long way in her statement before he forgot the uncle in the attorney, and at last became oblivious to all

considerations save the prospect of a suit at law.

Slowly the muscles fell into their accustomed places, his monosyllables extended into penetrating inquiries, every expression was set on the keen, cutting investigating edge of the law—he rubbed his hands in perfect ecstasy when his visitor pointed out, what if not weak points in her adversaries' cause, might by the usual inverted proceedings of a "good man of business," be turned into such; and absolutely pressed her arm with his vulture-like fingers when he assured her that nothing was needed but to bring the cause into court. She felt as if her wrist was encircled by a viper; but she remembered her cousin, and her desire to free Anna from the control of such a master increased tenfold.

It was at once evident to Mr. Lynch that if what his fair client stated was true, she would be entitled to a very large addition to her income. As the very anticipation of such an event trebled his respect, she became his "dear lady;" and this feeling rapidly increased when she entreated him to keep their interview a profound secret, particularly from certain members of the profession whom she named, stating that she would leave the entire conduct of the suit in his hands without further anxiety. She managed the interview with the skill and grace of an accomplished actress; and the shrewd attorney accepted an invitation to dine with her the next day.

Now, the idea that master Lynch turned over and over in his mind as he plunged his chin into his red comforter and journeyed homeward was: "I wonder how she came to think me honest?" "I never was thought honest before." "She certainly thinks me very honest;" and he nestled his chin still more deeply into the warm wool, and chuckled over the prospect of pillaging the fool who could think him honest, as he let himself into his hall with his latch key and struck a light. But he had strange dreams that night; more than once the bright eyes of the fair widow flashed across his slumbers and he felt as if struck by lightning; and then he thought that strange reports had gone about concerning him; that rogues considered him honest and honest men called him a rogue, and that scouted by both alike he had lost all his practice.

Frank became desperately impatient; an entire week had passed, (a year of a lover's life) and to all his inquiries the widow replied with bantering and laughter. Her intimacy with Mr. Lynch grew into a nine days wonder; on the tenth day the miser made a feast, and she dined with him; again he dined with her; and the next morning she presented Frank with Mr. Lynch's written permission for his marriage with his (Mr. Lynch's) niece. The following day it was determined that the lawyer and his niece, Frank Mason and a few select friends, were to form a party around the widows hospitable board. Mrs. Lincoln would answer no questions; she confided to the most faithful of all counsellors, herself, and received Mr. Lynch with a graciousness peculiarly her own.

A most extraordinary change had come over the attorney's outward man, and but for the twinkling of his cold gray eyes, which glittered like stars in frosty weather, and the twang of his hard, metallic voice, you would have scarcely recognized him as the brown coated, shriveled-up dweller of the Inn's of Court. His features had expanded, he was dressed by a skillful tailor, and his wig might have been envied by the royal wig-fancier of past days. The fascinating and inscrutable widow leaned almost lovingly on his arm and when she withdrew after dinner, consigned the table to his care.

Frank could not make it out, which was not much to be wondered at, as he had not what people call a "discovering mind." Anna was almost as much mystified at first as Frank; but woman like, though she knew nothing of the world, her intuitions soon enabled her to see, in part at least, through the veil worn by the woman of the world. Quiet little Anna, much as she had suffered, did not like her uncle being made a fool of. She owed him neither love nor kindness, and when Frank was present she was too happy to moralize; but still she thought he was an old man, and when her father lived, and she was a little child, she had often sat upon his knee while he cut soldiers out of old parchment. She remembered he was kind to her then—seldom since, certainly—but he was then, and she dwelt upon that, forgetting his unkindness, until the grating tones of his harsh voice, or the cold hardness of his eyes when he looked on her, forced her to remember how much that is harsh and cruel can be forced into a few short years.

It was evident even to Frank Mason that his cousin was wearying of the toils she herself had woven; the novelty of her position, bewitching what she loathed, the transformation that her fascinations had wrought upon the old man, the necessity of bringing the matter to a speedy termination, rendered her more restless, more capricious, more teasing and tormenting, and at the same time more charming than usual. When therefore she took him aside into the little pink and muslin apartment already mentioned, he thought the spell would have been broken, the mystery explained to his entire satisfaction; but he was again at fault. "Frank," said Mrs. Lincoln, "you must manage to marry Anna within a week—within three days in fact. I am tired to death of Lynch, and want to go to Brighton; he may revoke his permission, so get married at once, but it must be within three days; it was vastly amusing at first, but I cannot keep it up; I must avoid seeing him again until the knot is tied."

There was no use in asking questions. The lady yawned and remained silent. Frank took her advice, and pleaded his cause so successfully with Anna, that the ceremony was performed, and the following day, confessed to the lady's uncle. Mr. Lynch was very angry—his fair client had not received his visits nor replied to his notes for two o

three days, and he determined to be both seen and heard; in fact, he almost forced his way into the little pink boudoir. She held out one hand to greet him and covered her face with the other in a half-coquettish sort of way, as if ashamed of her "naughtiness."

"I knew you would forgive them," she said. And after all it could not make much difference to you, for they would have waited, and you only lose the turning of her money for three years."

The old man fairly shuddered as he thought of his loss; but endeavored to conceal his feelings by a complimentary phrase or two, which came out very slowly. He evidently determined to drop that subject, but cling to the other, and rushed into the intricacies of the projected suit at law as if it had been the opportunity of his life for legal distinction. "He had," he said, "taken counsels' opinion upon the statement she had committed to his care, preserving the secrecy she had enjoined as to names, and avoiding those in the profession who she had desired him to avoid. From all that passed, he felt assured that in a short time he should be able to congratulate her upon a splendid addition to her income, and hoped she would remember the gratitude she said she should ever feel towards him who might have the good fortune to advise and direct her proceedings."

The speech was set and clear enough, but the positive fluttering of the old man's voice, the semblance of a blush—of a purple hue certainly, but still a blush—that overspread his features, and the earnestness of his last words, would have led to the belief that Cupid had really been at his old pranks, and had added another to his list of ancient fools; suprised into a feeling whose very existence they had denied for half a century, and which avenged itself by decking out the withered old tree in the mocking garlands of sunny May. It was really enough to make the widow feel embarrassed; something made her pause for a reply; for once in her life she experienced a perplexity which was as novel to her as love was to Mr. Lynch, and almost for the first time, her active and capricious nature failed to find novelty delightful. At last she said:

"I hope, my dear sir, you will forgive the little jest I ventured to practice on you, just for the purpose of making those young people happy. I also told you I had a suit at law and a disputed will case,

and you were so good as to feel greatly interested therein. You saw at once how just my causes were."

"Certainly—certainly," repeated Mr. Lynch.

"The documents I showed you were the documents that accompanied my suits into court; upon them I received my verdicts, and I now have the satisfaction of knowing that you perfectly approve of what was done. The fortune you promised to secure me, *I have already enjoyed these ten years*. I sought to interest you in my own affairs that you might—in fact that you might take pity on your neice, or rather I should say, *render her justice*. Frank's eloquence and her tears having alike failed to produce the desired effect, I sought to gain a temporary influence over you by the temptation of a double law suit."

Mr. Lynch trembled from head to foot. At last he exclaimed:

"Worse than that madame, worse than that. There was another temptation which you did not disdain to hold out; the possession of your hand madame—that hand, upon which the very last time I saw you, *I counted eleven rings and all of value*."

The widow could not resist this climax. She laughed until she cried and in so doing became quite herself again. When the old gentleman threatened to sue for breach of promise, instead of trying to dissuade him from it, she actually urged him to bring an action at once.

"I really," she said, "did not think you were half so great a darling as you are. If you will do so at once, I will put off my trip to Brighton. It would be a fresh celebrity—a renewal of my youth—and then the evidence, and the cause of my hoaxing you, so romantic, and your pleading the excess of your tender passion for me, to the positive loss of the use of Anna's fortune for nearly three years, and being induced to give your consent in exchange for the prospective pickings of two old law suits. Only fancy!"

But Mr. Lynch brought no action. He did not even charge the widow with the fee he had paid for opinion of counsel. He abandoned his finery, resumed his old clothes and his old habits, withdrew his forgiveness from his neice, and registered a vow in Westminster Hall, or wherever else old attorneys register vows, that he would never again in all time to come, be beguiled by a charming widow.

TO SISTER VIDA ON HER 15TH BIRTHDAY.

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following little poem, written by the late Mrs. Roper during her last journey:

Though many miles of land and sea,
Dear Vida, lie between us,
You are in thought so near to me,
And always dear, so dear to me—
They're powerless to wean us.

Fifteen swift years have passed away,
Fair womanhood approaching,
I ask you, dear, to look afar,
To 'hitch your wagon to a star,'
The noblest sort of coaching!

Valparaiso, Chili, Oct. 11, 1882.

I ask you, dear, to handle life,
With a grip both sure and strong,
And try to feel the world is rife
With goodness and truth, not sorrow or strife,
And that *Right* always conquers *Wrong*.

Be cheerful and happy and do your best,
Be kindly, avoid giving pain.
With the path of duty your constant quest,
Your mind and heart with the world at rest,
Your life is not spent in vain.

Lovingly, SISTER MINNIE.

THE ELECTIONS.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY, the general elections have come and gone and the results are known to all men. We do not care to comment at length on the purely partizan aspects of the contest or upon the probable strength of the opposing elements in the next legislature. Both sides claim the victory, the *Advertiser* figuring up a majority of two for the "administration," and the *Bulletin* claiming a majority of five for the "opposition." The fact is that there are several men who have been elected nominally on either one ticket or the other, but whose final course is uncertain. Among any two dozen Hawaiian legislators, there are almost certain to be several who will be found on the fence, and ready to light on which ever side seems likely to pay the best. We may be blamed for our plainness of speech on this matter, but every one knows that what we say is true.

The nineteen nobles seem likely, so far as can be judged, to be pretty evenly divided also, though there are several of whom nothing certain can be predicted. There is one vacancy, which of course will be filled by some one who can be depended upon for the support of the government. The only thing which is certain is that the legislature will be pretty evenly divided and the final victory will depend on good generalship. In forecasting the result, it is but fair to remember, that outside of a portion of the Cabinet, the great preponderance of brains is to be found in the ranks of the opposition.

Among the points in the recent canvass, deserving of special notice, are the following:

1st. Every foreigner who ran, outside of Honolulu, was elected, and in most instances by considerable majorities.

2nd. In every district in which a foreigner was elected, the native voters are in an overwhelming majority.

3rd. The only instance in which a foreigner was defeated, was in Honolulu, where is concentrated the bulk of the foreign population to say nothing of foreign capital and foreign commerce.

4th. In almost every district where the opponents of the present ministry made any serious fight, outside of Honolulu, they were successful.

5th. Not a single white man was a candidate anywhere on the government ticket.

The election of so many as seven foreigners to the legislature is a matter for sincere congratulation, not only, in our judgment, nor even mainly on account of the personal qualifications of the men themselves, but because it shows that the voters of the country are not dividing, as has been asserted, on the basis of race, and because also of the rebuke which is thereby administered to those who are trying to introduce the "color line" into Hawaiian politics. There are no terms of condemnation too strong to be applied to any man, be he white, black or brown,

who is engaged in the nefarious work of stirring up race prejudice and endeavoring to array the *kanaka* and the *haole* in mutual hostility. Let every such man be noted and marked, not only as an enemy to the whole country, but as an enemy of the native race in particular.

It is gratifying to see how little encouragement such attempts received from the native voters at the recent elections. Every white man who is returned, owes his election to native votes. Nor can the natives be said to have acted in the dark. Every one of these seven white men was either born in this country or has lived here for many years and we believe they all speak the native language fluently. The natives did not vote for strangers of whom they knew nothing. We do not consider that we compromise our position as non-partisan journalists when we say that a very heavy responsibility rests upon the managers on the government side, for the attempt to introduce a distinct and positive "color line" into the recent contest. It can hardly be by accident that every candidate on the government ticket in every district, was a Hawaiian. It is to be hoped that the signal condemnation which this policy has received at the hands of the natives themselves, in seven out of the eight districts where foreigners were running, will prevent the experiment from being repeated.

The defeat of Mr. Carter in this district is to be regretted, not only on account of the exceptional qualifications and fitness of that gentleman, but also because Honolulu is fairly entitled to have at least one foreigner among her four representatives. It might seem singular at first sight that seven foreigners should be elected in seven districts, where the voters are almost exclusively natives, and that the eighth one should be defeated in the capital—the headquarters of the foreign population and foreign influence. Several causes have combined to cause Mr. Carter's defeat, and none of these causes lie very far below the surface, though there are some which his most prominent supporters would be slow to acknowledge.

Mr. Carter was not beaten because of any objections to the candidate, either real or pretended. Neither his intelligence, his experience, nor his integrity was called in question. No one, so far as we are aware, ventured to dispute his fitness on any grounds whatever. Neither did the question of race or nationality have any appreciable influence in producing the result. It is true that the great bulk of those who voted against Mr. Carter were natives, but this is true of his supporters as well as his opponents. He ran on a ticket with three natives, and though the voting was remarkably even, Mr. Carter came out somewhat ahead of all his associates. It will be in vain to seek for any evidence

of any "color line" in the Honolulu election. Mr. Carter owes his defeat,

1st. To the large number of voters who are directly or indirectly under the control of the Government—to what may be not inaptly called the *compulsory vote*. The place holders and the place seekers; those who want to get something and those who are afraid of losing what they have got; with their relatives and friends whose votes they can influence, are more than sufficient to account for the Government majority.

2nd. There was much better organization and more efficient and practical work on the part of the Government than on that of their opponents. In definiteness of aim, in unity of purpose and action, and in the subordination of the whole machinery to one central governing will, the winning party were vastly superior. So far as thoroughness of organization and intelligent and well directed efforts can be said to deserve success, the Government can be truly said to have earned their victory.

3rd. The campaign on the part of the opposition was mismanged from the start. In the last number of the MONTHLY we ventured to predict that the elections then pending would furnish a striking commentary on the views we had expressed, and would illustrate once more the folly of putting "new wine into old bottles." So far at least as Honolulu is concerned, that prediction has proved true. The opposition managers have persisted in putting the new wine of reform into the same old bottles of timidity, secrecy and general distrust of the people, and the result has been strictly according to scripture.

It would be a thankless task just now, and perhaps a useless one, to point out in detail the mistakes which have been made in the recent canvass, to say nothing of the mistakes of past years, whose effects are still operative. We therefore refrain for the present, hoping nevertheless to return to the subject at a later date.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Mr. W. O. Smith's paper on "Prisons and Prison Discipline," in the last issue of the MONTHLY appeared at a very appropriate time. The issue containing the article in question had only just reached our readers, when the sudden and mysterious death of Mr. Buckle afforded an unexpected opportunity for carrying out one of the most important of the reforms which Mr. Smith had proposed. Immediately after, came the inquest with its peculiar revelations, emphasizing in the strongest manner the necessity for a radical change in our system of prison management.

It is always in order to hope; therefore we look with hope, though hardly we confess, with confident expectation, to the action of the appointing power. The unexplained delay in filling the vacancy seems to afford some grounds for favorable anticipations; but such delay is susceptible of quite an opposite interpretation. It may be for instance, that this appointment is reserved to be used as a trump card in the great legislative game which is to be played by and by. Meanwhile, numerous candidates, presenting various degrees of unfitness are actively at work in person and through their friends, to secure the vacant place. We hear even from a source usually well informed, that the native luna, Malaihi is a candidate and that he has influential connections and backing. If our rulers have any appreciation of what is due to themselves, to say nothing of what is due the public service, such an appointment will be an impossibility.

A trained and experienced man—one who has made the subject of prisons and prison management a matter of study, and who is familiar with what has been done and attempted elsewhere, is what is wanted. If such a man cannot be found here, let us

send abroad for one. There is no doubt that he can be obtained, as Mr. Smith remarks, "for compensation consistently within our means for prison purposes." Nothing less than this will satisfy the reasonable demands of those who take an intelligent interest in this question.

Before leaving the subject of prison management, we wish to call attention to one other point in Mr. Smith's article, viz, the plan or system or whatever it may be called, by which prisoners are sent out to work. At the risk of being somewhat tedious we will reproduce Mr. Smith's remarks on the subject: "I would assert without hesitation that the sending of prisoners to work on the roads and other public works in gangs without discrimination, is wrong and outrageous. Maintaining what may be called a "chain gang" to work before the public on the roughest work may be wise. Being assigned to such work may be one of the severest punishments. But without consideration of the nature of the offense committed, or the age or character of the individuals, to expose them all alike to the gaze of the public without classification—in the same garb, under the same overseer, at the same kind of work—the young and old—the one in for his first misdemeanor and the old hardened felon—is degrading, brutalizing and wrong. * * * * The entire system of sending out individual prisoners to work for private parties as house or yard servants is unsound and is subversive of discipline. Without regard to the evils of this plan on general principles, in actual fact prisoners are selected for these individual services according to their aptitude and handiness at such work, with little or no reference to their classification."

Mr. Smith might have gone even further in his

condemnation of the methods which prevail in such matters. Prisoners are selected for particular services, not only without reference to any system of classification either by crime or supposed character, but in distinct violation of any such considerations. Lunas and overseers of gangs have been selected from the prisoners themselves, in such a way that men in for comparatively light offences involving no great degree of moral turpitude, are liable at any time to find themselves under the authority of some of the most desperate felons in the prison. An unfortunate whose only offense is his loving whiskey "not wisely but too well," may be sent to pound rocks on the road under the supervision of a forger or a housebreaker or worse. This is not only unjust to the prisoners and a demoralizing spectacle to the public, but it sometimes affords the worst class of criminals extra facilities for escape. If any one should imagine that we are drawing on our fancy, we would remind him of the case of the murderer Brown, "who was for awhile and then was not," at least so far as the knowledge of the officers of the law went.

This man, it will be remembered, committed a murder of the most unprovoked and atrocious character. He was convicted and sentenced to death, but his punishment was commuted to a long term of imprisonment. After a while he was allowed to work outside the prison and became a kind of boss, being allowed an amount of liberty which seems quite incomprehensible, in view of the nature of his crime and the length of his sentence. As might have been expected he was missing, one day. He quietly walked off and never was seen again. Of course this was a peculiarly flagrant instance, but it is from extreme instances that we are sometimes best able to judge of the character and tendencies of a system.

We have read with interest and general concurrence, the articles on the relation of Christianity to popular amusements, which have appeared in the *Anglican Church Chronicle*. We accept the views of our Anglican neighbor as being in the main sound and sensible. We wish to offer one thought, not in criticism of the views of the *Chronicle*, but to emphasize one phase of the question which is apt to be overlooked or under-valued in the discussions of this matter from the religious side. Our point is simply this: that mere amusement in and of itself, fun for fun's sake, is, at proper times and in reasonable amounts, a good, a wise, and a useful thing.

If we can combine instruction and profit of any kind with our amusement, so much the better, but there is always danger in this direction, that in the exercise of a morbid conscientiousness, we may make our amusements so very "improving," that they shall cease to amuse. Let us recognize the fact; those of us whose hair and beards are sprinkled with grey, that the boys want some fun, and the girls too for that matter, and that they are going to have it.

The older ones among us will be none the worse either for a little of the same.

We always think the better of a man or woman when we find them able to enter heartily into simple pleasures. It should be remembered that playing the child is by no means playing the fool. A party of business men out for a holiday, and rolling on the grass like emancipated schoolboys, is a much more cheerful and improving spectacle than the same men sitting down to a game of poker, though both might come under the head of amusement. We believe one of the evil tendencies of the present day is to be found in the decay of a taste for simple, natural and inexpensive pleasures and a craving for those which are elaborate, expensive and sophisticated.

In the matter of combining a high degree of intellectual and artistic culture with a relish for simple pleasures and homely fare, the Germans have probably come nearer a satisfactory solution of the problem of living than any other European people, and there are perhaps no two peoples who have greater need to study their example in these respects than the Americans and the English.

The article on Farms and Farming, by Judge McCully, deserves to be carefully read and pondered. The moral and social bearings of the subject are even more important than its economic aspects, important as these are. The following condensed summary of the situation could hardly be improved:

"May we not say at once that we are without farms, and that we need them in part to relieve us from this dependence on foreign countries for the necessities of life; to give us a greater variety of production, that we may not stake so much on the success of sugar; and greatly for the wholesome influence of farm life and labor and frugal gains, as contrasted with the influence of plantations, worked by gangs of men held to their work by penal laws, owned by non-resident capitalists, frequently by corporations, and pushed only as a scheme for money making."

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

wrote Oliver Goldsmith, and nothing truer was ever written either in poetry or prose. However useful plantations may be as a means by which "wealth accumulates," the influence of plantation life is anything but favorable to the development of the best elements in human character. Neither morally, socially nor politically can these Islands ever become what the best people among us hope and desire to see them become, without a variety of production and the presence and influence of a class which shall correspond in some measure to the farming community in other countries. It is a question if the Government, which has done so much for the sugar-planting interest, might not wisely do something for other branches of agricultural industry.

It is very foolish for people to be growling through the newspapers, because money was used or said to

have been used by the successful candidates at the recent election. In connection with every election there are expenses, necessary, legitimate expenses, and some one has got to pay them. In proportion as an election is closely contested and the canvass is pressed with vigor, the expenses increase. Both sides spent money in the recent elections, and considerable of it too. The opposition probably spent the most, because they had the influence of the Government pap and patronage to contend against. Let us have no more hypocritical clap-trap on this subject. If anyone knows of money having been used illegally or improperly, or of bribery and corruption having been practiced on either side, let him come out with his facts and make his charges in a definite and specific shape. Otherwise, "silence is golden."

With the possible exception of tubercular affections, no diseases are so fatal in infancy as the various intestinal disorders, caused in the great majority of cases by improper diet. These disorders are apt to be accompanied by fever and of course by thirst, and yet there are many to whom it does not seem to have occurred, that an infant can be thirsty without at the same time being hungry. When milk, the chief food of infants, is given in excess, unless the stomach rejects it, acid fermentation is likely to

occur, causing vomiting, diarrhea, elevated temperature and the subsequent train of symptoms which so many mothers are only too familiar with. The same would be likely to occur if an adult was overfed with milk. In this condition the infant needs not food but drink. He is not hungry but thirsty. The recommendation that barley-water or gum-water be given the little patients is the cause of many failures in treatment. Pure water in any reasonable quantity is perfectly safe for infants, and it is difficult to conceive how the prejudice against it ever arose. It is of a piece with the notion of some ignorant tribes and peoples, that an infant must not be washed. Anyone who has noticed the avidity with which a fretful, sick infant will drink water, and the abatement of febrile symptoms which frequently follows, will be convinced that water, as a beverage, as a quencher of thirst, as a physiological necessity in fact, should not be denied to the helpless members of the household.

In Washington, according to a society report, the hostess of a theatre party sends bouquets, gloves and carriages to the lady guests, and gives a dinner before and a supper after the play. If beauty, wit and refinement could be sent as well to all guests, how delightful those Washington theatre parties would be.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Cremation having become one of the "burning questions" of the day, we reprint for the information of our readers the following glimpse into the future, which an imaginative writer has recently published in an Eastern paper, under the title of "The Temple of Rest."

It is not a disagreeable journey on which we now propose to take our readers. It is to witness the final disposition of a friend's remains in the ideal crematory of the future. Our friend has died, and, through the usual announcements, we learn that the last rites will be performed in the columbarium at a given hour. Repairing thither at the appointed time, we first pass through a grove of stately trees, the soothing murmur of whose rustling leaves brings peace and quiet into the hearts of those who mourn and gather to pay the last tribute. Within the grove stands a massive building of gray masonry, whose architecture shows no striving after ornamental effect, and whose solid proportions give a sense of eternal permanency. A few small windows in the simple frieze which crowns its walls do not destroy this effect, and their plain stained glass clashes in no wise with the harmony of color between the sky, the trees and the gray stone of the Temple of Rest. To this place loving hands have borne the body of our friend. No coffin lends its horror to the journey from this earthly home to here, where eternal sleep awaits him. A flower-strewn bier gives poetic carriage for this short and final journey. Entering the

broad portal, the soft deep notes of an organ charm the ear. The eye takes in a most imposing sight. The entire interior of the building is one impressive room, with walls, floor and ceiling, all of white and spotless marble. The view is not a dazzling one, for the light is subdued and comes in varied color through the windows at the top. On either side of the chamber stand a few memorial statues—real works of art—each one of them keeping alive the memory of some one who in his life was either good or great. Many of the marble slabs in the sides and floor of the temple bear in plain, sunken letters a name and two dates. Behind or beneath them are niches containing urns where rest the pure white ashes of the beloved dead. On a simple dais in the middle of the room lies the body of our beloved friend. The hour has come, and about it are gathered those who knew and loved him while he lived. The scene, the surroundings, the subdued music of the organ, the absence of everything to jar upon the taste or senses, brings on a mood of solemn contemplation. No thought of physical corruption jars upon our memories of the dead. The opening words of the speaker are said, a hidden choir harmoniously chants of hope and life, and now the end has come. With the words, "ashes to ashes" a white pall is thrown over the dais and we have looked upon our friend for the last time. The dais noiselessly sinks from sight, a short hour is spent in listening to a funeral oration or in contemplation, until the dais,

still covered with the pall, rises from below. The pall removed, we see upon the dais an urn—provided beforehand, and containing the ashes of our friend. This is now sealed into one of the niches, and the ceremony is over. This is not pure imagination. Modern invention has robbed incineration of all its objectionable features. Never till of late years could the world well and simply solve the problem of what to do with its dead. The whole process can be carried on as we have pictured and without a single revolting feature in any part of it.

Among the curiosities to be exhibited at the New-castle Exhibition, which opens next July at the Crystal Palace, there will be one of especial interest. This is the famous needle presented to the German Emperor last year, under circumstances worth reference. The old Kaiser had paid a visit to the great needle factory at Kreuznach, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workingman whose business it is to bore the eye in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile, tempered, perhaps, with the consciousness that it could not be well spared. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

Wonderful accounts are given of the linguistic aptitude and achievements of the Crown Prince of Portugal, who is only a few weeks over twenty years of age. He has already acquired a private library of some forty thousand volumes, containing many rare and precious editions of the leading authors of the world. But he promises, in addition, to develop into the Mezzofanti of his age, for he not only speaks English with competent facility after no more than two years' study, but converses in no fewer than fourteen languages, so that he is master approximately of all the languages of Europe.

The English are generally supposed to be an eminently practical people, but there is a curious vein of oddity and quaintness in their composition, which as becomes a people "who take their pleasures sadly," is apt to display itself in the "article of death." Witness the following curious bequests:

"London has some odd charities. One bequest gives \$1000 annually to a 'decayed master brewer;' another, \$190 to each of 'five spinster daughters of clergymen;' gratuitous relief annually to 28,000 afflicted with diseases of the teeth; home for lost and starving dogs at Battersea Park, where they

may be sold in three days if not called for; a great coat to five poor livery men; scrap books and sea-shells for sick children; a new penny and a bag of raisins to each boy in the Blue Coat School on Good Friday of Passion Week—this school was founded by Edward VI. in 1553, and the costume worn, long blue coat, short, yellow breeches and yellow stockings, and no caps, even in the worst weather, are such as was adopted at its foundation; a new sixpence to each of twenty-one widows, who go on this same day to a grave close by St. Bartholomew the Great. The sleeper underneath, who died 400 years ago, is forgotten even in name, but her six-penny pieces are regularly remembered.

MR. MOODY'S BOYS' SCHOOL.—Mr. Moody has more than one way of preaching the Gospel. He has lately been instrumental in organizing an institution of which the following is a description:

"The school now owns about 300 acres of valley farm land, with large wooden farm-houses and other suitable buildings, besides which the past season there have been built five other brick houses of tasteful pattern, high up on the hillside, overlooking the valley and the opposite village of Northfield; the girls' school, about five miles distant, being in sight. Four of these houses, two-story with good attics, are for homes, a teacher to be in charge of each; a kitchen hall stands in the center of the group, to which it is expected some day to add enough for a dining hall. The five buildings have cost \$29,000. Half way between them and the farm-houses is the plain one-story school house where the boys from all the homes will attend school. They are to work on the farm and help earn their support. Hon. E. A. Hubbard, long superintendent of the Springfield public schools, and later an agent of the State Board of Education, has been secured to be the manager of the whole enterprise.

"As Mr. Moody put it, 'the design of the school is to give an opportunity to poor, good boys who otherwise couldn't have an even chance in life.' The cost per boy, so far, has been \$200 per year. It has been expected that some person would be responsible for each boy to the extent of \$100 a year; but so far, not over one-third of the boys have had any paying backer. It is the plan to make an adequate endowment at once; and the expectation is that the *per capita* cost hereafter will be much less; because of the experience at the Northfield Girls' School, where it formerly cost \$165 each, and the past year only \$139, about forty per cent. of the pupils being wholly charity scholars.

"Mr. Hiram Camp of New Haven is the father of the Boys' School, first suggested it and gave \$50,000. Mr. O. H. Greenleaf of Springfield gave \$5000 more, and several others like amounts; it is understood that several of the trustees pledged various sums at the dedication. Among the boys are fourteen bright ones from Manchester, Eng., and three orphans from Liverpool, whose father was a lawyer."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Beethoven's secretary, Schindler, wrote in 1823 to Beethoven: "You will be present at little Liszt's concert, will you not? It will encourage the boy. Promise me that you will go." And Beethoven went. When the "little Liszt" stepped on to the platform he saw Beethoven in the front row; it nerved him instead of staggering him; he played with an abandon and inspiration which defied criticism. Amid the storm of applause which followed, Beethoven was observed to step on the platform, take the young virtuoso in his arms, and embrace him, as Liszt assured me, "on both cheeks." This was an event not to be lightly forgotten, and hardly after fifty-seven years to be alluded to without a certain awe; indeed, Liszt's voice quite betrayed his sense of the seriousness of the occasion, as he repeated, with a certain conscious pride and gravity, "Oui j'ai recu le baiser de Beethoven."

HISTORY OF "THE SWEET BY-AND-BY."

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Webster were intimate friends. The latter was subject to melancholy. He came in to where his friend Bennett was at business one day, while in a depression of spirits.

"What is the matter now?" said Bennett, noticing his sad countenance.

"No matter," said Webster, "it will be all right by-and-by."

"Yes; that sweet by-and-by," said Bennett, "Would not that sentiment make a good hymn, Webster?"

"Maybe it would," replied Webster, indifferently.

Turning to his desk, Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn, and handed them to Webster. When he read them, his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk he began to write the notes. Having finished them he requested his violin, and played the melody. In a few moments more he had the four parts of the chorus jotted down. It was not over thirty minutes from the first thought of the hymn before the two friends and two others who had come in in the mean time were singing all the parts together. A bystander who had been attracted by the music, and had listened in tearful silence, remarked, "That hymn is immortal."

An exchange, speaking of Joseph Jefferson, says that "one of his sons, Tom, is an actor in his company, and another is his business manager. Neither he nor his family has much to do socially with stage people, though Tom married Miss Paul, an actress. He is a believer in Spiritualism, and it is said that he sees—or thinks he does—the spirits of Hendrick Hudson's men prominently present during his scene with the ancients in the mountains. He will not talk on the subject for publication, lest he should be accused of using his religious views for advertising purposes."

We learn that Mrs. Langtry has greatly improved

as an actress, and that in her new play, "Peril," she does some really creditable dramatic work. That there was plenty of room for improvement in Mrs. Langtry, seems generally admitted; but she deserves success if she be honestly working for it against the powerful temptation to depend for her dollars on her personal attractions and her world-wide notoriety. There seems to be some prospect that the people of Honolulu may have an opportunity of judging for themselves of this lady's quality.

The new operatic star the present season is Madame Marcella Sembrich. The musical editor of a New York journal writes as follows: We cannot but express our great admiration for Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who stepped for the first time before an American audience as "Lucia," an opera which has delighted several generations of New-Yorkers. Having heard the acknowledged queen of the operatic stage, as well as Gerster, in this *role*, I can safely say that Mme. Sembrich's portrayal of this unfortunate heroine stands without comparison. Her voice and technique are charming, and there is a certain freshness and youthfulness in her singing that cannot help captivating one. Her variations and flourishes on given melodies and themes remind one of the difficult passages in violin music, of which she is also mistress. It is with a certain amount of veneration that one beholds a woman who would shine either as vocalist, violinist, or pianist. Mme. Sembrich's future performances are awaited with interest.

HOW CLARA MORRIS DOES IT.—"A friend of mine," said Miss Clara Morris the other day, "remarked once that I carried my nerves on my sleeve, so that everything touched. Well, one cannot treat nerves as if they were a garment and hang them up until you need them again. * * * * * You must feel, or all the pretty and pathetic language in the world won't make other people feel. One must cry one's self, and tears alone won't do it. There must, as it has been prettily said, be tears in one's voice, to bring one's hearers to tears. Now, I never go on the stage, but that about four o'clock in the afternoon I begin to suffer. My hands get cold as ice, my face gets hot, and I am in a nervous tremor all because I am afraid I won't cry in the play. I spend an hour or two with my company, making just as much fun as I possibly can, so as to get all the laugh out of me. Then I shut myself up and get up an artificial agony. To do this I think of some sad incident or read a sad story. I get the story fixed in my mind and look at the most pathetic incident in it until my feelings are thoroughly aroused, and then I will cry the bo-hoos, and the whole thing is done. I only have to look out for the other danger, and keep from being overcome myself, which is as bad as the other. All the tremolo and and false sobs in the world will never take the place of real emotion. There must be real tears in eyes and voice. Of course, after such an effort I cannot throw the whole effect off; and my poor nerves suffer."

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

The endeavor to dress well and tastefully by the aid of fashion journals is something like trying to learn the manners of good society from an etiquette book. Both may afford very useful items of advice, but from neither can the very essence of the matter in hand be gleaned. It is always dangerous to act upon isolated pieces of information, and those who model their behavior and costume upon printed instructions are liable to produce a "scrappy" effect upon their acquaintances. "The hair is worn high on the head," says a fashion journal, adding, "and no one in good society is now seen with the chevelure dressed low on the neck." The effect of this announcement on the minds of many is to make them at once, regardless of the harmonious or the becoming, drag every hair in their head to the elevation commanded by the oracle, and there dispose these hairs collectively to the best of their skill. The result is occasionally painful, and frequently ludicrous. Some one with a long neck reads that "turned down collars of lace and muslin have replaced the upright linen collar," and straightway the world is favored with a view of "the column of the throat," a revelation of the direst scragginess. The fact is, that those who possess an innate sense of what is fitting, experience the same sense of freedom and liberty in the midst of rules and restrictions as is felt in the matter of etiquette by those who have imbibed its rules from their earliest years and to whom the customs of polite society have become a second nature. The woman who dresses best, is she who studies the changes of fashion only to find among them just what suits herself, and who knows how to adapt every shifting phase of it to the exigencies of her appearance and her purse. This is an accomplishment which may be partly a gift of nature and partly due to culture. It may, on the other hand, be wholly natural. It can never be entirely the results of training. A peasant girl may—often does possess it; and a woman who has spent her life in making dresses is frequently wholly without it.

Straw hats and bonnets have become objects for the now always ready paint brush. A young lady who was for some time the envy of her friends for the exquisite shades of her hats, said she painted them with her oil colors, and in this way could have them any color she desired; and hats in most perfect harmony with her costumes was the result. Another young girl showed us a bonnet she had painted black, remarking: "If I had had that bonnet dyed at a milliner's I should have paid seventy-five cents for it; as it is it cost me about twenty cents, and I did not have to wait several days for it to be done."

A young lady artist gave a picnic party just before her departure for Europe last summer. Her hat for the occasion was of her own designing—a large leg-horn flat, with wild roses painted on the brim, which

was faced with delicate pink silk, and a white lace scarf was folded carelessly around the crown. It was a thoroughly picturesque head-covering, and set off to advantage, the blond beauty of the wearer.

An exceedingly effective and handsome ball dress is made of fine black tulle over satin. The tulle is embroidered in a design of sunflowers in bright yellow and red. The bodice is cut square, filled in with yellow tulle, and upon the corsage reposes a bouquet of brilliant red flowers.

Young married belles in New York are wearing ball and reception costumes of black satin and black lace, with their diamond accompaniments, in preference to any other. As the "buds" invariably wear white, the ball rooms of the period bid fair to dissolve themselves into symphonies of black and white.

At Nice, evening dresses are trimmed with fringes of natural flowers—Parma violets for black or white, red azaleas for pink; same in hair, on the fan and on the shoe. No jewelry.

An unusually large amount of yellow is worn for evenings.

A bunch of satin ribbon of a color contrasting with the dress is worn on the corsage.

It is now the fashion for brides to wear only one glove, and that on the right hand.

The high, French heel has gone entirely out of fashion for walking shoes; pointed toes are never seen except on slippers.

Ladies' visiting cards are of generous size, cut almost square, while those for gentlemen are short and narrow.

Ladies in Nice are now using parasols composed entirely of natural flowers, so that their sun-shades resemble nothing so much as gigantic bouquets stuck on sticks. The stalks of the flowers are woven together so as to form a network of bloom, the inside being lined with silk. One parasol is made entirely of violets, with a bordering of jessamine, another of geraniums, white and red in rows, fringed with maidenhair fern, another of pansies, and so on. When the flowers fade, the parasol has to be made up again, generally at intervals of two days.

Very narrow bracelets are most fashionable, and these are not worn in pairs and to match, but are odd—that is, different on each arm—and a single bracelet is more stylish than the group of them worn when bangles were in vogue.

A novelty is the literary bracelet. It is made of twelve tiny books, silver or gold, attached to each other by a double chain. Each little book bears the enamelled name of a favorite poet or novelist. There are also musical bracelets of the same model, only they of course have the names of operas or composers.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

ACROSTIC.

Give the names of the authors of the first thirteen of the following quotations, and the initials of their first names will form the name of the author of the fourteenth :

1. Yet lower bows the storm.
The leafless trees,
2. That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,
3. Spread themselves abroad like leafy coral,
4. Mating with the pure essences of heaven.
5. Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe, what power
6. Pours forth the never ending flood of years,
7. Which cloud the color of domestic life
8. With bitter, scalding tears.
9. With the first oath of freedom's gun,
10. That stood the storm when waves were rough,
11. Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer.
12. And o'er the ruins of the year
13. From nature's utmost treasure spent,
14. Their constant ward and watching kept.

ONE WORD ANAGRAMS.

1. Elba is a nit.
2. Spirit in Ano.
3. U go in arms.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A place of happiness.
2. An inhabitant of a certain country.
3. Conclusions.
4. The home of a bird.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. To trim.
3. An animal.
4. Crooked.
5. A letter.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

AUNT FLORA.

1st verse,	-	-	-	scold,	cold,	old.
2nd verse,	-	-	-	scant,	cant,	ant.
3rd verse,	-	-	-	charm,	harm,	arm.
4th verse,	-	-	-	glass,	lass,	ass.
5th verse,	-	-	-	stone,	tone.	one.

THE FIFTEEN YOUNG LADIES.

Number from 1 to 15 and arrange as follows:

FIRST DAY.	SECOND DAY.	THIRD DAY.
1 14 15	1 10 11	1 8 9
2 4 6	2 5 7	2 12 14
3 8 11	3 12 15	3 4 7
5 9 12	4 9 13	5 10 15
7 10 13	6 8 14	6 11 13
FOURTH DAY.	FIFTH DAY.	SIXTH DAY.
1 6 7	1 4 5	1 12 13
2 13 15	2 8 10	2 9 11
3 9 10	3 14 13	3 5 6
4 8 12	6 9 15	4 10 14
5 11 14	7 11 12	7 8 15
SEVENTH DAY.		
1 2 3		
4 11 15		
5 8 13		
6 10 12		
7 9 14		

WHIMSICALITIES.

—In Spain the etiquette of the fan is a serious matter, and not to be trifled with. Even to a friend of one's own sex the fan is always presented open. The Spanish ball-room, seemingly so decorous, is a seething mass of flirtation and intrigue, each fluttering fan conveying a separate message of warning, doubt, encouragement or hope. It will be observed that the following system is not an artificial one, but conforms in every respect to the natural laws of expression,—Closed, "I hate you;" open, "I like you;" half-closed, "I am indifferent;" putting the fan under the eye, "I see you;" putting it above the eye, "I understand you;" closing the fan from you, "Go away;" closing it toward you, "Come hither;" shutting the fan, "Stay where you are;" counting the sticks, "The hour of appointment."

—"Yes," said the Widow Brown, "Deacon Blank is one of the *pillows* of our church."

"Well," snapped Miss Lily Turtle, "I'm glad I don't belong to a church that has to be *bolstered* up by such a man as he is."

"He hasn't a feather's weight of influence," observed Sister Harding, threading the point of her needle.

"I have always regarded him as a *sham*," said the other deacon's wife.

"I know he's always a *wet blanket* at our parties," pouted Miss Lily.

The deacon coming in just then, all the ladies said in a chorus:

"Oh, deacon! you're just the one we want to select texts."

Curtain!

—When a young man tries for three minutes in church, to brush a sunbeam off his new coat, under the impression that it is a streak of dust, and then looks up and sees a pretty girl laughing at him, he kind of loses the thread of the sermon temporarily as it were.

—"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady; "he has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

—"Neuralgia" is the charming name of a charming girl in Florida. Her mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was completely captivated by its sweetness.

—Susan fell in love with a book-keeper, and when Aunt Mary asked about his position in life, Susan said demurely, "He's a count, aunt," which proved satisfactory to both parties.

—A lady was reproaching a distinguished personage for going into society so little. "You ought to let us lionize you a little," she said. "I never heard of but one man who was not spoiled by being lionized," replied the veteran. "Why who was he?" "Daniel."

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL CULTURE.

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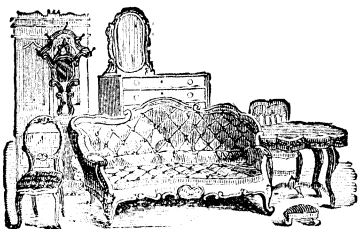
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THE HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

VOLUME I.]

[NUMBER 4.

HONOLULU, APRIL, 1884.

THE GERM THEORY OF COMMUNICABLE DISEASES.

No questions within the range of medical science are of greater theoretical interest, or of more practical importance, than those relating to the origin and propagation of the various communicable diseases. I use the word communicable rather than contagious or infectious advisedly and for a purpose. When we say that a disease is contagious or infectious, we not only assert the fact that it may be transmitted or communicated from one individual to another, but by the use of one or another of these words we commit ourselves, by implication at least, to a particular theory as to its mode of transmission. Some diseases are both contagious and infectious, some are contagious but not infectious, and so on. By using the word communicable, therefore, we have a term which covers the whole ground and at the same time avoids all questions as to the mode of transmission, such questions being entirely outside of our present purpose.

We all know that there is a large and important class of diseases, having certain prominent features in common, and which are thereby marked off as different from the other various ills which flesh is heir to. The distinguishing characteristics of these diseases are,

1st. They never, so far as we are aware, originate *de novo*. No person has any one of these diseases unless it is communicated to him, either directly or indirectly, from some person already affected with the same disease. In popular language it must be "caught."

2nd. In this matter of the transmission and propagation of the communicable diseases, like produces like as certainly and invariably as does the reproductive process in the animal and vegetable world. Chicken pox does not produce measles any more than you get wheat by sowing barley. To use the forcible comparison of Florence Nightingale, the matter of each disease of this class reproduces itself as rigidly as if it were dog or cat.

3d. These diseases have a distinct, and for each disease, a tolerably uniform period of incubation.

That is to say, between the time when a person is exposed to the disease-producing cause and the time when the first symptoms of the disease begin to manifest themselves, there is a period varying from a few days to two weeks or more, during which the affected person appears and feels as well as usual, and presents no evidence whatever of any abnormal process going on within his system. However much this period of incubation may vary for the different diseases, it is, as already intimated, distinct and tolerably uniform for each disease. Thus if a person is known to have been exposed to the small-pox, the physician can confidently predict that the disease will show itself, if at all, at the expiration of about two weeks, while in the case of scarlet fever, the symptoms may declare themselves within three or four days.

4th. The contagium, the virus, the *materies morbi*, or whatever we may choose to call the disease-producing element, has the power of reproducing itself indefinitely as to both time and quantity. A portion of small-pox lymph so small as to be almost invisible, being introduced under the skin of a susceptible person, will not only produce in him the disease of small-pox, but will cause him to exhale small-pox from every part of his body, so that within three weeks from the time of his inoculation he shall furnish virus enough to infect ten thousand others.

5th. These diseases run a definite course and are self-limited. They may produce a disturbance of the system so violent as to cause death, or they may inflict permanent injury upon some structure or organ of the body. But if the patient survives, we know that if the disease is uncomplicated, its phenomena will present themselves in a tolerably definite order and sequence, and that it will cease all active manifestations at the end of a period which can be predicted with reasonable certainty.

6th. These diseases as a rule, occur but once in the same individual. One attack almost invariably ensures the patient from any further liability to the same disease. The degree of immunity afforded by

one attack seems to vary somewhat for the different diseases, but the rule is tolerably uniform and the exceptions very few.

7th. An attack of one of these diseases, or of any number of them, affords no protection against any other disease of this class. Small-pox is no protection against mumps, and scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough sometimes follow each other in the same individual with scarcely an interval between.

Such a remarkable group of phenomena, applicable to a large and important class of diseases, embracing some of the most wide-spread and destructive maladies which afflict the human family, could hardly fail to engage the attention of observing minds. Different theories, approaching more or less closely to the present accepted truth, were offered in explanation of these phenomena, the best thought of the medical and scientific worlds settling gradually to the belief that they were due to the setting up within the living body, of processes analogous to those of putrefaction or fermentation as witnessed in the outer world. In pursuance of this idea, such diseases have been called *zymotic*, from a Greek word signifying fermentation. Zymotic diseases are defined in the medical dictionary as affections "produced by some morbid principle acting on the organism similar to a ferment."

These comparisons were accurate enough, and expressed a scientific fact. The processes of fermentation and decay really were analogous to those going on within the human body during the progress of the so-called zymotic diseases. But though correct as a comparison, this name afforded in reality no explanation, for the simple reason that the true nature of the processes of fermentation and putrefaction were not themselves understood. For instance, epidemic diseases were supposed to be propagated by a kind of miasm or malaria, which consisted of organic matter in a state of what was called *motor-decay*; that when such matter was taken into the body through the lungs, skin, or stomach, it had the power of spreading there the same destroying process which had attacked itself. This was true enough so far as it went, but unfortunately no one knew what the said destroying process really was, and the term *motor decay* conveyed no real information whatever. The scientific mind had simply succeeded in reasoning out from a similarity of phenomena, the essential identity of two processes, neither of which was understood.

The first clear light shed on this field of investigation was in 1836, when Cagniard de la Tour and Schwann of Berlin, each independently of the other, discovered the yeast plant, "a living organism, which, when placed in a proper medium, feeds, grows, and reproduces itself, and in this way carries on the process which we call fermentation." In other words it was not *motor-decay*, but *organic life and growth* which was the origin of the so-called zymotic process. In February, 1837, Schwann announced the additional fact that "when organic mat-

ter is effectually screened from ordinary air and calcined air only is admitted, putrefaction does not occur."

This discovery, confirmed by many observers, proves that putrefaction is caused by something derived from the air, and that the said something can be destroyed by heat. The true inferences from these discoveries were not for a time acknowledged by scientific men. Chemists still clung to the idea of matter in a state of motor decay; that fermentation was not produced by the living yeast plant, but by the dead or dying parts of it; that those parts uniting with the oxygen of the air were the real source of the fermentive phenomena. The final refutation of this notion seems due to Pasteur, who demonstrated conclusively that the reputed "ferments" were not such; but the true ferments are microscopic organisms, which find in the ferments their necessary food.

As a natural and inevitable result of these discoveries we have the germ theory of the communicable diseases. The similarity of their phenomena had convinced scientific men that the so-called fermentive and putrefactive changes witnessed outside the body, and the progress of these diseases within the body, were due to similar causes and analogous processes; while as yet the true cause of neither had been discovered. The demonstration of the true nature of the one was of necessity accepted as explaining the other as well. The argument may be reduced to the form of a syllogism, thus: *Major proposition*—it has been shown by a comparison of their phenomena, that the fermentive processes in nature and the communicable diseases in man are due to similar causes. *Minor proposition*—the fermentive processes are proved to be due to the growth and multiplication of living organisms in the fermenting substance. *Conclusion*—the communicable diseases in man are due to the multiplication of living organisms within the human body.

Prof. Tyndall tersely sums up the case in the following words: "The strength of this theory consists in the perfect parallelism of the phenomena of contagious diseases with those of life. As a planted acorn gives birth to an oak competent to produce a whole crop of acorns, each gifted with the power of reproducing its parent tree; and as thus from a single seedling whole forests may spring, so, it is contended, epidemic diseases literally plant their seeds, grow, and shake abroad new germs which, meeting in the human body their proper food and temperature, finally take possession of whole populations. There is nothing to my knowledge in pure chemistry which resembles this power of self multiplication possessed by the matter which produces epidemic diseases."

Let us now refer to the characteristic features, seven in number, which were mentioned as being common to all this class of diseases, and notice their absolute harmony with the theory that such diseases are caused by specific germs.

I. They do not occur spontaneously, but only as "caught" from pre-existing cases. This peculiarity tallies precisely with what might be expected, were our theory true. The doctrine of spontaneous generation can scarcely be said to have any scientific standing at the present day. The instances of what were formerly supposed to be such, become fewer and fewer with the progress of scientific investigation, and there is every reason from analogy and experience to believe that if there remain any apparent cases which have not been explained, they are due simply to imperfect observation. That other diseases occur constantly among men, and independently of any pre-existing cases, developing from within—idiopathically as it is called, while the class under consideration never occurs in that way; proves that these two classes of diseases are due to radically different causes. The theory of spontaneous generation being rejected as unscientific and without foundation, the difference is accounted for in no way so satisfactorily as upon the theory of the presence of specific disease germs in the one case, and their absence in the other.

II. The fact that the morbid matter generated in the course of each disease will, when transplanted into the congenial soil of a susceptible human system, reproduce the identical disease from which it sprung and no other, seems to point so conclusively in the same direction that no elaboration of this point can be much more convincing than its simple statement. The final test in this, as in all human affairs, must be experience. We know the fact to be as alleged from the concurrent testimony of innumerable competent observers. It has become part of the common stock of human knowledge. Now why does wheat always produce wheat, and corn, corn; and why is the offspring of a dog always a dog, and of a cat always a cat? Simply because these are all living organisms, and it is a law of all organic life to reproduce its own kind. This it does by virtue of an inherent power, a vital force, which the microscope does not reveal and of which chemical analysis tells us nothing. This power of reproducing its own kind is not only a property of organic life, but it is a property of organic life exclusively. Nothing identical with or in any way resembling it is to be found in any other department of nature. Upon the theory of specific germs reproducing their own kind, the fact that one disease of this class never gives rise to any other can be readily explained, and so far as I am aware it can be explained in no other way. No theory of motor-decay, of chemical action, or of any inorganic process whatever, is in any way adequate to account for the admitted facts.

Striking illustrations of the foregoing points can be furnished from the history of these Islands. Small-pox, measles, syphilis, whooping cough and other specific diseases have all been introduced here within the last hundred years or thereabouts—some of them within the memory of persons now living. The time of their introduction, the medium by which

they came and the circumstances under which they multiplied and spread, could all be watched and recorded. The result has been to render it, if possible, more certain even than before, that no person ever has one of these diseases until it is communicated to him from without, and that no one of these diseases gives rise to any other one. An individual living alone on a coral island in the midst of the ocean, without any communication with the outside world, might have rheumatism or bronchitis or kidney disease or apoplexy, but he would be in no more danger of contracting measles or scarlet fever than he would of being run over by a locomotive engine.

III. The definite period of incubation which is a feature common to all this class of diseases, can only be accounted for on the supposition of the growth and development within the body of some form of organic life; and that time is required for the offending organisms to reach that stage of development or to multiply in such numbers as to produce their characteristic effects upon the human economy. There are no such things as slow poisons known to science. Medieval romance, appealing to the love of the marvelous and having no fear of scientific criticism before its eyes, dealt plentifully in such substances. The scientist of the present day knows of no such agents. There is such a thing as slow poisoning, where the deleterious agent is received into the system gradually in minute quantities, so that the characteristic symptoms may not manifest themselves for a long time. The case of painters and workers in lead is an instance of this. But it is not the poison which is slow, but only the administration of it. Let the quantity which gradually accumulates in the system be all administered at once, and the symptoms of poisoning will manifest themselves very quickly. There may be slow poisoning; there are no slow poisons. The period of incubation however, in communicable diseases, seems to have but little to do with continued exposure or repeated doses. A person may be exposed to small-pox for instance, the exposure may not continue for more than five minutes and may never be repeated, and yet that person may have taken the disease as effectually as if he had lived and eat and slept with the diseased one day and night. My own personal observation embracing many hundred cases of this disease, proves to me two facts concerning it: *first*, that prolonged exposure to contagion has no appreciable influence upon the severity of the resulting disease; and, *second*, that where the exposure has been continuous, the period of incubation may be reckoned from the date when the exposure commenced. Again and again have I seen persons who had been exposed but once, and then for but a short time, came down in due season with a malignant form of small-pox, while others who had been in constant attendance on sick friends, nursing them, eating with them and sleeping by their side at night, escaped with a mild attack, the initial symptoms in all cases showing themselves in about two weeks

from the beginning of the exposure, no matter how continuous and severe the exposure might have been in the mean time. Aside from some deleterious living organism, there is nothing known to science or conceived of by the scientific imagination, which is competent to produce such effects. There is no poison, animal, vegetable or mineral, which will remain dormant in the system for two weeks or more and then manifest its full constitutional effects. There is no substance or combination known to chemistry, whose poisonous effects are so entirely independent of the size of the dose or the frequency of its administration.

IV. The enormous increase of morbid material within the body during the course of these diseases can scarcely be accounted for in any way except as the result of organic growth and reproduction. That the introduction into the system of a minute portion of virus should produce a disease profoundly and permanently affecting the constitution, and in so doing should result in the generation of a virus precisely like that which produced the disease, but thousands or millions of times as great in amount, is a fact whose significance in this discussion can hardly be overestimated. The power of reproduction and self-multiplication, as already remarked, belongs peculiarly and exclusively to organic life, and the phenomenon in question seems perfectly analogous to that of the acorn producing the oak and the oak in turn producing a whole crop of acorns.

V. The fact that this class of diseases are generally self limited; that they tend to run a definite course, terminating in convalescence at the end of a period of time substantially uniform in the case of each disease, corresponds much more closely with the known laws of life and growth, than with decay and death.

VI. Were these diseases due to the effects of any poisons, in the ordinary meaning of that word, or were they dependent upon chemical action of any kind, we should not expect to find one attack exhausting the susceptibility of the system or conferring any future immunity. The fact that one attack of any one of these diseases does, as a rule, confer complete immunity for the remainder of the patient's life, takes them at once out of the range of other affections and requires a different theory of causation. It is quite contrary to all experience that any mere poison should produce its full effects on its first administration, and be for ever after harmless. Without the necessity for argument, it seems clear that the germ theory meets the requirements of this case more fully than any other that has been propounded.

VII. The other characteristic of these diseases,

that the having had one of them confers no immunity against attacks of any of the others, seems a necessary inference from the other points advanced, and need not be dwelt upon.

There is one other point in connection with the communicable diseases which I omitted to mention, and which may be briefly alluded to here. Some of these diseases seem peculiar to particular portions of the earth's surface and flourish only within certain degrees of latitude and longitude. When such diseases are carried beyond their natural homes, they sometimes commit serious ravages for a time, but fail to take permanent root, as it were. The plague and the yellow fever are illustrations of diseases of this class, the occasional visits of the former westward and of the latter northward being sometimes disastrous but never permanent. Occasionally a disease becomes permanently established in an alien clime, but loses at the same time much of its former virulence. Now all this corresponds perfectly with what we know of animal and vegetable life, but it does not correspond in any degree with the laws of the chemical and inorganic world. We all know that plants and animals seem indigenous to certain regions and flourish equally well nowhere else. But rhubarb which will not purge and ipecac which will not vomit a patient, except within certain latitudes and longitudes, or within a certain distance of the sea, are things quite unheard of in the medical world. The laws of chemical action are uniform and unchanging for all lands and climes.

The object of the foregoing pages is to explain in as simple a manner as possible, a subject which is of interest, not only to physicians and sanitarians, but to all who desire to have a general knowledge of the scientific progress of the day. Being intended for the general reader, this paper makes no pretensions to being complete or exhaustive. I have endeavored to avoid all technicality and obscurity, and to present, in a condensed form, a fair outline of what is meant by the germ theory of disease, the process by which the scientific mind has reached present conclusions and the leading arguments by which these conclusions are sustained. Did the space at my disposal admit of it, I should like to give some account of recent microscopical investigations, so far as they have a bearing on this question, but it is impossible to do so in the present number of the MONTHLY. I can only say that recent researches in this field have furnished a large and important body of facts tending to confirm the views set forth above. Should circumstances be favorable, I hope on some future occasion, to give a brief account of this branch of the subject.

CHARLES T. RODGERS.

Mrs. Ole Bull has had made a fine bronze urn, to be placed over her husband's grave. It is about six feet high, plain, and bears the simple inscription: "Ole Bull. 1810—1880."

The New York debutantes have resolved to "dance only with gentlemen who wear gloves;"—"His hands perspired and ruined my lovely new dress," wrote a society "rosebud."

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

(Continued.)

XII.

One morning, Henry sat at the window, looking out into the street. A frown was on his finely cut features, and anger in his dark, piercing eye. He turned uneasily in his chair, laid his hand upon his heavy eyebrows, and then hastily thrust it away. His whole appearance was that of a man eager to avenge some personal wrong. He was watching Maria, as picking her way along the muddy road, she reached the station just in time to be hurried into the car and off for Lewiston. At length he exclaimed, "Well, I don't understand it." Then turning to Mr. Harding he said, "Why does Maria persist in going to that seminary every day?"

The thing had become so much a matter of course with Mr. Harding, that without stopping to consider the full purport of the inquiry, he replied, "I suppose it is rather necessary for her to be there just now, it being near the close of the school year."

"Yes, but why did she go in the first place?"

Henry had a penetrating eye, and Mr. Harding felt its keen glance searchingly riveted upon him. Although he was seldom unguarded in his replies, and at another time, a subject which had always been as a coal of fire to his loftier nature, would only have served to bring his native dignity more visibly to the surface. Still the question came so unexpectedly, and at a time when the fire had been smouldering beneath the ashes of content, that for once, it found Mr. Harding unguarded in his reply.

"Henry, I cannot tell you. I know no more about it than you do."

Six weeks before, Mr. Harding would not have made such an acknowledgement to any one. Had he paused to consider, he would not have made it now.

"I supposed, of course, you understood her reasons for taking upon herself such unwarrantable labor. I never thought her sly, nor inclined to conceal her purposes."

The words and the tone in which they were uttered fell upon Mr. Harding like the sharp edge of a cutting rebuke. Once, it would have annoyed him. But this morning he seemed altogether unlike himself. Had his long confinement weakened his mental stamina?

"I knew nothing about it until she had made the engagement," he replied, "and know nothing more now."

"Is it possible! I was just on the point of endowing another with all my worldly goods, thus publicly putting myself under the inextricable yoke. But if this is the union between married people, let me remain a bachelor."

"Oh, no!" quickly responded Mr. Harding, with-

out taking in, for the moment, the full significance of Henry's remark or its implied reproof.

"Marry, by all means. You ought to have done it ten years ago. Maria and I are very happy. We have no differences. But she never consulted me in this matter of teaching, and I have refrained from questioning her."

At this moment, Mr. Harding begun to realize what he was talking about, and what a humiliating confession, in his own estimation, he had made to the young attorney; it occurred to him that Henry was prosecuting these inquiries in a right lawyer like style.

"She has some plan in her wise young head," said Henry, "she always was fruitful in resources."

"Yes, she plans wisely in almost everything," replied Mr. Harding.

"She wants the money probably. I thought there was something afoot when she sent to borrow that fifty dollars of me."

Had Henry, in turn, considered a few moments, he would probably not have made this last remark, for he immediately felt he was treading on forbidden ground.

"Borrow fifty dollars of you? When?" exclaimed Mr. Harding.

"Why, I don't know. A year ago perhaps. I supposed you knew it—thought most likely it was for some business transactions of yours."

"I never knew it." There was a look of displeasure on Mr. Harding's face.

"I ought not have told you, Edward. But you may be sure there's nothing wrong about it."

"Perhaps not. But I think it is just as well I should know it. Has she ever paid you?"

"Oh, yes indeed! Long ago. It must have been in some way connected with her teaching. She sent for it just about the time she commenced, if I remember rightly."

Mr. Harding had never forgotten that day when Maria first went to Lewiston to make the engagement to Dr. Hill, nor the five dollar gold piece he had taken from her. The little episode had occasionally passed through his mind, just as an unpleasant dream will sometimes haunt us for days. But he gave less attention to it than the dream would probably have enlisted, always comforting himself with the reflection;

"She could have had the money again. I always gave her money when she asked for it."

Now, a new light was breaking in upon him. The remembrance was no longer a shadowy dream. It haunted him—a painful reality. Maria had borrowed fifty dollars. She wanted it, otherwise she would never have sent to her brother for it. He

was silent. There seemed nothing more to be said. Henry was embarrassed. He had incautiously disclosed a secret which might lead to disagreeable consequences. Not that he regretted what he had done. He was willing Edward should know he did not approve what Maria had undertaken, and to what her husband was, apparently, giving a willing and encouraging assent. Soon he remarked it was time for the mail, and went into the street. At the office he found a letter which he could easily interpret as a business demand upon his time, and that night, left for New York.

The leave taking was less warmly affectionate than the recent meeting had been, and Mr. Harding keenly felt the change. He might have felt it still more keenly, had he seen Henry fold Maria to his heart, as he exclaimed,

"Oh! sister, do not slave yourself in this way."

"I'm tired now," she said, "I'll be all right in a little while."

"Yes, but you are wearing your life out in this daily toil. We've so loved each other Maria! Do not cramp the very soul God has given you, and dwarf every faculty by such a constant outlay of strength. Live for me, Maria—for the memory of the sweet mother who blessed us, hand in hand, and with whose last breath, went up the prayer that nothing should ever divide us."

"Oh! Henry, nothing can ever divide us. You are taking altogether too serious a view of the matter. Life is very sweet to me. I have everything to live for. But the accident, you know, and coming just at the time when there is so much to be done at the seminary."

"Yes, I see," interrupted Henry. "But why go to the seminary at all? What can have influenced you to enlist there, when your work at home is double what any woman ought to do. Edward should never have permitted it."

"Oh! it is no fault of his. I took it upon myself."

A shout from the express man—"We're late!"—hastened the parting. Henry pressed her to his breast, saying, "Do take care of yourself, dear sister"—and he was gone.

Neither Mr. Harding nor Maria were inclined to converse that evening. Henry's visit, which had promised so much, seemed to have left a shadow over the house, and neither Mr. Harding nor his wife sought to escape its influence. At an unusually early hour they retired to rest. But it was long after midnight before Mr. Harding's eyes were closed, and they opened again an hour before the early dawn had painted the eastern sky.

Henry returned to New York with the feeling, that after all, he had been deceived in Harding. If Maria wanted to go into the seminary, and he acceded to her wishes, why didn't he go, like a man, and get some one to relieve her of all care at home? He knew Mr. Harding had been anxious to lift the mortgage from the homestead.

"And he's going to let Maria work it off, is he?"

But he took up the mortgage long ago, if I remember rightly. After all, Maria seems happy, and to think more of Edward than ever, and he—why he follows her every step with the eye of a young lover. I don't know what it means."

Henry pulled his hat over his face, and leaning back in his chair, tried to sleep. But in vain his efforts. The softest pillows would have been ineffectual to coax the "sweet restorer." Maria's wan face was before him, her sunken eyes peering into his, nor could he shut the phantom out.

Henry was deeply attached to his sister. He had always highly approved her marriage with Mr. Harding. Had he formed a wrong estimate of the man, and been so long deceived? He was confident that in some way her husband was responsible for the course Maria had taken. In fact, he suspected the truth.

XIII.

Mr. Harding's final recovery was rather slow, and he had abundant time for reflection. There was deep humiliation in the conviction, that he now held the key to Maria's engagement at the seminary. His own narrow policy was revealed to him with severe acuteness. And yet, he often found himself indulging in the well worn excuse "Maria should have been candid, and told me she wanted more money. I never refused her when she asked for it."

Nevertheless, there was an admirable blending of strength and delicacy in the course Maria had taken, which he could not fail to apprehend and appreciate, and which he would have been the first to commend in any other woman. He made no such acknowledgement to himself. He never would have given it expression to another. But her originality of purpose, her ability, and her power of execution, revealed a certain force and depth of character, which commanded his highest regard, while her constant consideration for his comfort, her little delicate attentions, and her tenderness towards him, deeply touched his heart, especially, being bestowed, as they were, under circumstances so discreditable to himself.

One chilly, drizzling morning in June, after he had walked around the garden, and given some directions to the farm hands, he felt the need of more warmth than there was in other parts of the house, and going into the kitchen, found Mrs. Denver busy at work, apparently on a dress for herself. Mr. Harding had suddenly become deeply interested in women's wearing apparel, and began immediately to question Mrs. Denver about her work.

"This is an old cashmere," she replied, both surprised and pleased that Mr. Harding was noticing her in so unusual a manner.

"Brother James sent it to me from Boston, more than seven years ago. I made it up then, but have never worn it much. I'm trying to alter it a little, and make it more like the present fashion, Mrs. Harding said she would help me about it this afternoon."

"Is the material expensive?" inquired Mr. Harding.

Mr. Harding's knowledge of the cost of the material for a woman's gown was of a most indefinite character. He had never had experience in that line—never before had expended thought in that direction. The expense of the flowers and feathers, silks, laces and velvets, shoes and gloves, bangles and fringes required to complete a woman's costume, was to him an unknown quantity, the value of which he was now trying to find.

"It probably cost a dollar and a half a yard," said Mrs. Denver. "This is a very nice piece of cashmere, you see. You can buy good cashmere now for a dollar. But the trimming costs almost as much as the dress itself. You know they use brocade and satin and a good deal of embroidery, and it is all very expensive. Then they put in so much trimming that sometimes the dress seems half made of it."

"I don't know much about such things, Mrs. Denver," replied Mr. Harding. "How much do you think would be the value in money, of what a well dressed woman carries about with her at one time?"

"Oh! any where from fifty to five hundred dollars. It depends altogether upon the material. That was a handsome gray suit your wife had about a year ago." Maria could never think calmly of brown, after the episode of the gold piece. "That was camel's hair, I believe. And then her hat was so pretty, with the blue feathers. I heard several speak of it, as the handsomest dress they have seen her wear for a long time. It must have been quite expensive. But you know, of course, how much it cost."

"If I ever knew I've forgotten. How much should you think Mrs. Denver?"

"Well, she had a sacque of the same, and gloves and hat to match. Fifty dollars, perhaps."

Had Mrs. Denver been looking at Mr. Harding at that moment, she might have seen a crimson flush on his handsome face.

Mrs. Denver continued; "Do'nt you think that dress was very becoming to Mrs. Harding?"

"Yes, she looked extremely well in it," said Mr. Harding with emphasis. A moment before he could not have told whether Mrs. Harding ever had a gray dress.

Mr. Harding, like many other men, knew at a glance, intuitively as it were, when a lady was well and becomingly dressed. At the same time, he could never particularize as to the style of her hat, the color of her gown, or the fit of her cloak. Although conscious that the costume of his wife was becoming and appropriate, he never stopped to inquire what it was that went to make up her graceful attire. Until a short time ago, he had never given the matter any consideration whatever. But now, he began to realize that a woman could not be well-dressed on an infrequent installment of five dollars.

"The handsomest dress they have seen her wear for a long time!" said Mr. Harding on reaching his

room. "I should'nt wonder! She paid the most for it, I guess. Fifty dollars! And I offered her a five dollar gold piece to get it with, and then took the money from her to help pay my tailor's bill. Confounded fool!" He started at the sound of his own voice, for the last exclamation was uttered quite audibly. I do'nt wonder she made for Lewiston seminary. Had she not been more forgiving and amiable than most women, she would have sailed for Australia, where she could make a fortune easier than doing the work of a kitchen servant girl, and looking after my interests."

Not long after this, Mr. Harding had occasion to patronize the tailor, who in changing a large bill, handed him out a five dollar gold piece, saying as he did so;

"There's that very five dollars you gave me, more than a year ago. I put it into my wallet, and passed it twice for ten cents. I am terribly near-sighted, you know. It came back to me, and I threw it into the back side of the drawer, six months ago, and forgot t'was there. Guess I'll let you take it—glad to get rid of it."

Mr. Harding put the gold carefully away into his porte-monnaie, and after a little pleasant conversation went thoughtfully home.

XIV.

Commencement exercises were over at Lewiston. The finale came in the form of a short *musical*, followed by a reception in the seminary hall.

The evening was far spent, and many had left for home, before Mr. Harding could gain access to his wife, so great was the crowd around her—students of the seminary each eager for the parting hand and the warm good bye, and detained, for a moment, by her approving smile and her words of commendation; parents and friends waiting to bestow their congratulations and their thanks for what the year had achieved; guests with complimentary remarks upon the exercises of the week.

As Mr. Harding stood at a short distance from his wife, the flush of excitement upon her cheek, and her brown eyes sparkling with unusual brilliancy, Dr. Hill approached him, and in a low tone said;

"Mrs. Harding is a remarkable woman."

"I am aware of that," coolly replied Mr. Harding.

"She has done wonders here for the year past. We are entirely indebted to her for the success of our commencement exercises, and they were never better. Mr. Spaulding has been half sick for three weeks past, and the oversight of the whole thing has devolved upon Mrs. Harding."

"It never will again," said Mr. Harding.

"We must make her work easier in the fall," continued the doctor, without noticing his remark.

At that moment, a hand, over which fell the delicate meshes of rich, soft lace, was laid upon Mr. Harding's arm. Involuntarily his own fell over it with a pressure of tenderness.

"I have said good bye to every body but you," said Maria, turning to Dr. Hill, and extending to

him the other hand, "and can't we go now Edward?"

"Certainly, my dear," he replied, looking down fondly upon her, as they walked across the hall and disappeared among the crowd in an adjoining room.

"Good deal of love there," said Dr. Hill to his wife, as his eyes followed them. "A finer looking couple you do'n't often see. I did a good thing when I tied that knot."

"This is a charming night," remarked Mr. Harding, when they were seated in the carriage and driving rapidly towards Canton.

"Beautiful!" said Maria. Mr. Harding ventured other remarks, but very unlike herself, Maria returned only a word or two in reply.

At length, leaning her head upon his shoulder, she said, "I believe I'm tired Edward."

This was something unusual for Maria to say. Mr. Harding drew her towards him, and found she was quivering like a leaf.

"You are cold, Maria," he said.

"Rather cold. I wish we had a warm shawl."

"Mrs. Denver put yours in the carriage, just as I started."

He took it out from under the cushion, wrapped it carefully about his wife, and putting his arm around her, drew her head down upon his shoulder. Occasionally he inquired if she were cold, or if comfortable. Both refrained from further remark, and beneath the star-lighted heavens of that beautiful summer night, they silently and rapidly drove to the old homestead.

"What a lovely ride we have had, Edward," said Mrs. Harding, as he lifted her from the carriage.

"I am glad it has seemed so. I was afraid you were too tired to enjoy it."

"Oh! it has rested me wonderfully."

After attending to his horse, Mr. Harding hurried into the house. A light burned upon the parlor table, but Maria was not there. He looked for her in other parts of the house, and then hastened up stairs.

"Do excuse me, Edward," said Maria. "I could rest so much better in my room, that I came right up without waiting for you."

She was very pale and trembling violently. Mr. Harding was alarmed. Maria had never been ill. Her year of constant toil rose before him like a dark raven croaking the death warrant.

"Let me go for the doctor," he exclaimed. A man's method of strengthening exhausted nerves.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Maria. "I'm only tired and need nothing but rest. Shall be all right in the morning."

"Shall I bring you a glass of that currant wine? It has been in the cellar for a quarter of a century, and you know they say of wine, the older the better."

"Yes, but I don't care for it."

"I know you are a strong temperance woman, but just as a medicine, you might take it."

"Can you get me a glass of milk instead?" interrupted Maria. "I'm sure that will do me more good. You can get it can't you? Our pretty white face's milk. We always keep it separate, you know, in those new pans you bought last spring. Night's milk, please," she added, as he turned to go for it.

Mr. Harding was puzzled. "How can I tell white face's milk?" he soliloquised. "The pans are all alike to me."

He entered the small room used for the dairy. The shelves were like the sea washed beach in their cleanly purity, and covered with rows of pans filled with creamy milk, so daintily cool and fragrant and sweet, that Hebe might have filled Juno's cup with the nutritious nectar.

Mr. Harding dipped into a pan invitingly smooth and of a delicate yellow tinge.

"Hullo! That's all cream. Too old!" he said.

He passed around the narrow room, testing first one pan and then another. "This was not good milk—no cream on it. That could not be white face's milk, for it was in an old dingy looking pan."

After experimenting in this way for some fifteen minutes, he went up stairs with a tumbler coated with cream, and dripping at every step.

"Why not leave the cream in the milk instead of plastering it on the outside of the tumbler," said Maria, smiling as she took the nourishing drink from his hand.

"I dipped the tumbler into the milk," returned Mr. Harding, "expecting the cream would go where it belonged."

He took the tumbler from her stained fingers, and without noticing, placed it upon the blue satin strings of her new hat, which lay upon the table. Maria saw what he had done, when too late to remedy it, and therefore said nothing. She was wise enough to be silent when chidings and fault-finding could not correct the mistake. She afterwards found that the most approved patents were equally ineffectual in removing from the freshly carpeted stairs, the oily spots, to which the dust had adhered with vexatious pertinacity.

When Maria awoke the following morning, the sunbeams were playing hide and seek with the leaves of a tall maple that partially shaded the eastern view, and dancing through the half open blind, fell across her bed in ripples of golden light. With an anxious face, Mr. Harding stood beside the bed.

"How long I have slept!" said Maria.

"I am glad you have. 'Twas almost morning before you slept at all. Do you feel better?" Mr. Harding took her hot hand in his and bending over, kissed her white lips.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I'll be up directly.

"I have issued an edict," returned Mr. Harding, "as imperative as a bull of the Pope."

"What is that, pray?"

"You are not to leave this bed to-day."

"Oh! but there are lots of things for me to do down stairs."

"Mrs. Denver is here and can come up and receive orders, but you must remain in bed."

"I'm glad Mrs. Denver is here, but I didn't ask her to come to-day."

"I did and she must remain for the present."

Maria looked up in surprise. Mr. Harding's eyes were fixed upon her with a determined look, but full of anxious tenderness. Had she felt inclined to rebel at his edict, she would not have presumed to utter a word in opposition to it. She knew better than to oppose the fixed determination of any man. But she had no disposition to do otherwise than as he had directed. The edict was most acceptable to her, for she was conscious of needed quiet and thankful for a day of complete rest, which however, she might have found it inconvenient to take but for her husband's thoughtful consideration.

"I must go to Westerville this morning Maria, to get some repairs made on the machinery at the factory—that is if you are not too ill for me to leave you—may be gone all day. You won't go down stairs, will you Maria?"

"Oh, no! I'm not ill; but then I'll stay here. There'll be no need of handcuffs to keep me quiet, either; nor of iron gratings, for I shall attempt no escape. I'm a willing prisoner."

"Good-bye, darling" replied Mr. Harding. "I'll send Mrs. Denver up at once."

Mr. Harding's anxiety was not altogether without foundation, for Maria had passed a restless night—waking every few moments, and when partially asleep, starting and twitching nervously, tossing about, throwing her arms above her head and murmuring half articulate sentences about school and brother Henry.

Mr. Harding lost no time in reporting her condition to Dr. Field. Nor did he find much consolation in the doctor's assurance that Mrs. Harding needed complete rest and quiet, for, the doctor added:

"This has been coming on a long time. I saw its approach in my visits to you last spring. But she has a vigorous constitution and great natural vitality. If you can keep her quiet a few days, I think she'll be all right. But I'll drop in some time during the day and see how she is. Mrs. Harding has too much ambition for a little woman."

After a light breakfast, Maria turned on her pillow, and through the folded lids, eyes of heavenly blue seemed to look down into hers. "Thank God," she softly murmured. "Oh! I am blessed, am I not, sweet mother." I wish Henry knew. He will sometime, perhaps. Soon she was enjoying that refreshing slumber which those alone experience who are not only extremely weary, but in the full enjoyment of sweet and trustful content.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

(To be concluded next month.)

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair
And drape your form in silk and lace:
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hands and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee—
Oh, then as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with the tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes
My face will suddenly recall.
Then you will smile in sweet surprise
And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear unforgetten prayer,
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me,
And let your heart to mother beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait
Amid the glory and the song
For you before the golden gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part. Never again.

The great landlords of England are playing into the hands of Henry George, by their stupid selfishness. The Duke of Northumberland owns two estates in Surrey, the Albury and the Chilworth property. At Chilworth industrial progress has been made until the village is too small for its inhabitants. Application was made to the Duke for permission to

build a dozen new cottages, but he declares that no more new houses shall be erected on his estate. There are actually couples wishing to marry and seeking a house, who are denied dwelling places because of the whim of a ducal landlord. He has laid field to field, and gives no room to the people. By and by they will take it.

OVERTHROW OF THE ANCIENT TABU SYSTEM IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

All the accounts which we have of the abolition of the Tabu system in these islands are based upon the *Moolelo Hawaii*, written by Lahainaluna scholars, chiefly by David Malo, in 1838, and on the account given by Mr. Ellis in his "Tour around Hawaii" in 1823.

A revolution so momentous in its consequences and so unique in the history of mankind, deserves even fuller explanation than it has yet received.

Having once had the privilege of hearing the late John Parker of Waimea give an account of this event, of which he was in part an eye witness, I think that some of his statements may be of interest to the readers of the HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

Few persons of the present generation can have any adequate idea of the oppressive nature of the ancient system of Tabu, which was as widely spread as the Polynesian race.

It covered every part of the life of the Hawaiian of the olden time with its vast and intricate network of regulations. This tabu system seems to have been the fundamental doctrine, the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*, as it were, of the old religion. The part of this code which seems to have been felt most keenly, was that which related to eating. The two sexes were strictly forbidden to eat together, and most of the choicest articles of food were *tabu* to females. The food of the husband and that of the wife had to be cooked in separate ovens, and separate huts had to be built for them to eat in. Women were not on any account to taste of pork or turtle or certain kinds of fish or bananas or cocoanuts. Death was the penalty for any violation of these rules, and it was inflicted with pitiless and inexorable rigor. Sometimes when a culprit was a chiefess of high rank, a substitute or scape goat was found to suffer in her stead. A case of this kind occurred at Honaunau, Hawaii, about the beginning of this century. Two young girls of high rank, Kapiolani and Keoua, (afterwards the wife of Governor Kua-kini) having ventured to eat a banana, their *kahu* or guardian was held responsible for it, and was executed by being held under water until he was dead. At a later period a woman was put to death for entering the eating house of her husband, although she was tipsy at the time. As late as 1818, three men were sacrificed at Kealakekua, one for putting on the girdle of a chief, another for eating a forbidden article, and the third for leaving a house that was *kapu* or tabu and entering one that was not.

Naturally enough, the term used by Hawaiians in speaking of the abolition of the tabu system is the *ai noa* or "free eating," in opposition to the *ai kapu*.

As might be expected, this revolution was urged on by the female chiefs of the highest rank, especially by the two queens, Kaahumanu and Keopuo-

lani, and it may justly be regarded as a notable triumph of *Women's Rights*. This, however, was not all, nor was this great emancipation due to a momentary impulse, or merely to the longing of a queen to eat forbidden fruit, but to deep seated and wide spread causes which had been at work for more than a quarter of a century.

As Judge Fornander has stated, "A national creed and a code of morals of a thousand years' standing may be broken any day by an individual, but is not laid aside by a whole people without remorse and without resistance, unless its moral force has been weakened, and its sanctity impaired by extraneous causes, which it was unable to contend with."

Such causes had long been undermining the ancient paganism, and most of the leading minds of the nation, including Hewahewa, the high priest, himself, had become secret disbelievers in the power of their hideous divinities. Hence, as soon as the iron hand of Kamehameha was withdrawn, the whole religious edifice was ready to crumble, and all that was needed was a leader to give the signal of revolt. That leader, according to my informant, was Kaahumanu, who had been constituted guardian of the young princes, and was virtually head of the Maui aristocracy. Liholiho, he said, was a profligate spendthrift, without dignity or force of character, while Kaahumanu was the master spirit, the life and soul of the whole movement. It had no doubt been fully discussed in secret before the death of Kamehameha, which took place May 8th, 1819.

On the following morning, Liholiho and his train departed from Kailua to Kawaihae to avoid ceremonial pollution; as the district of Kona was considered to be defiled until the corpse should have been dissected, the bones tied in a bundle, *uhinipili*, and the rites performed by which the deceased king became an *aumakua*, i. e. deified ancestor.

During this interval all restraints were laid aside, and the most frightful scenes of debauchery took place, as was usual at the death of a high chief. During this temporary "reign of terror," several violations of tabu took place. Some women ate cocoanuts, and Kekauluohi, (mother of Lunalilo), and other female chiefs even tasted of pork, without being destroyed by the gods. The awful dread of supernatural vengeance had somewhat abated, but still Liholiho and the highest chiefs had taken no step towards the abolition of the tabu system. At the conclusion of this period of about ten days, Kaahumanu sent word to Liholiho to return to Kailua. He did so, although strongly dissuaded from going by his cousin Kekuaokalani, who seems to have had an inkling of the conspiracy. On the second day after his arrival he was formally invested with sovereign

power, amid all the barbaric pomp and display that Hawaii could furnish. The chief men of his father were present, armed with muskets, and a vast assemblage of the people of Kona. Liholiho came forth from the temple, arrayed in a feather cloak, with an English *papale alii* or cocked hat on his head, attended by his chiefs wearing feather mantles and helmets, and carrying magnificent *kahilis*.

Kaahumanu advanced to meet him, and thus addressed him: "I make known to your highness, Liholiho, the will of your father. Behold these chiefs and the men of your father, and these your guns, and this your land, but you and I shall share the realm together." To this Liholiho assented and was duly constituted King, and Kaahumanu Premier, with equal authority. This singular feature of a *dual executive* had been devised by Kamehameha I, from his great confidence in Kaahumanu, his favorite queen, and from his knowledge of the worthless character of his son Liholiho; and it continued to exist until the abrogation of the old constitution of 1864. It must have been on this occasion that Kaahumanu made a memorable speech at which Mr. Parker was present. It was an eloquent plea for *religious toleration*. Wearing her royal feather cloak and feather helmet, and leaning on the spear of Kamehameha I, she spoke in substance as follows: "If you wish to continue to observe my father's laws, it is well and we will not molest you. But as for me and my people, we intend to be free from the tabus. We intend that the husband's food and the wife's food shall be cooked in the same oven, and that they shall be permitted to eat out of the same calabash. We intend to eat pork and bananas and cocoanuts, and to live as the white people do. If you think differently, you are at liberty to do so; but as for me and my people we are resolved to be free."

Mr. Parker stated that there was no other chief living at that time who would have dared to make such a declaration in public. Mr. Dibble refers to it in his history, when he states that Kaahumanu was the chief actor in the coronation ceremony, and that at the conclusion of her address to the young king, she said, "Let us henceforth disregard tabu." The King remained silent and withheld his consent.

"Then," continues the history, "Keopulani the mother of both Liholiho and Kauikeaouli, was touched with *aloha* for Kaahumanu, because her proposal was rejected. She thought perhaps that it might eventually bring upon Kaahumanu the extreme vengeance of violated tabu." Accordingly on the same day she sent to Liholiho for his younger brother Kauikeaouli, then a mere child, to come and eat with her in defiance of the tabu. Liholiho after, some hesitation, granted his mother's request, but still was careful to abstain from any violation of the law, although he saw that no evil consequences had followed his mother's sacrilegious act. He was very slow to yield, and was finally constrained, as it were, by the force of general sentiment and example among his chiefs and people.

Soon after this he returned to Kawaihae, where he attempted to perform the rights of consecrating a heathen temple in the midst of revelry and drunkenness. But it was impossible in such circumstances to preserve ceremonial purity or to observe the conditions required by the ancient ritual. He then proceeded to Honokohau, north of Kailua, where he again attempted to consecrate a *heiau* with no better success than before. Meanwhile Kaahumanu, who had resolved on decisive measures, sent a messenger to the young king, requesting him in figurative language to renounce idolatry on his return to Kailua. Accordingly Liholiho with his retinue embarked in several canoes, and spent two days in a drunken debauch at sea in order, as many believe, to brace up his courage "to the sticking point."

During these two days his first violations of tabu took place, such as drinking and smoking with Kinau and other female chiefs, and partaking of dog's flesh with them. On the evening of the second day a double canoe was sent for the king in which he was rowed to Kailua, where preparations were in progress for a grand feast. On his arrival he sat down with a large company of chiefs of both sexes, and a number of foreigners, and openly feasted with them, while a multitude of the common people looked on, gaping and staring with mingled fear and curiosity, to see what judgments would follow so impious an act. But soon the joyful shout arose, "The tabus are at an end, and the gods are a lie!" The effect of it was like that of displacing the keystone of an arch. The whole structure, both of idol worship and of the tabus, fell at once into ruins. Hewahewa himself set the example of applying the torch to the idols and their sanctuaries, and messengers were sent even as far as Kauai to proclaim the abolition of the cruel and oppressive system. Kamualu, the King of that island, gladly consented, and an almost universal jubilee pervaded the islands, attended with general revelry and license.

But the tabu system was too ancient and too deeply rooted to be abolished without a struggle.

Kekuaokalani, (who was the son of Kelimaikali, Kamehameha's favorite younger brother), an energetic and popular young chief, was highly incensed at the impious conduct of Liholiho, and retired to Kaawaloa. There the priests gathered around him, and offered him the crown as a reward for his fidelity, repeating an ancient Hawaiian proverb, "A religious chief shall possess a kingdom, but wicked chiefs shall always be poor." They said "No sin of ungodly rulers, by which they lost their kingdoms, is equal to this sin of Liholiho." A large body of chiefs and warriors rallied around the standard of this Defender of the Faith, while his adherents took up arms in the district of Hamakua. Undoubtedly he had the sympathy of the majority of the common people.

Kaahumanu and the Court party who were deep in their carousals at Kailua, suddenly awoke to a sense of their danger. It was decided, however, to

try conciliatory measures first. Accordingly Naihe and Hoapili, the uncle of Kekuaoakalani, together with Keopuolani, the queen-mother, were sent to the rebel camp as ambassadors to effect an amicable arrangement if possible. But their mission was a failure, and they were glad to escape with their lives. Kekuaoakalani resolved to march immediately on Kailua, hoping to take the court party by surprise. But Kaahumanu and her prime minister, Kalanimoku, were equal to the crisis. A short time before, as Mr. Parker stated, they had purchased a large lot of old fashioned "Brown Bess" muskets and ammunition, which gave them a great advantage in the coming struggle. That night the arms were given out, and in the morning Kalanimoku marshalled his men and thus addressed them: "Be still; make no noise; be valiant; drink bitter water, my children; turn not back; forward even unto death; there is nothing behind to which you can turn." The two armies encountered each other near Kuamoo, about two miles south of Keauhou. On the royal side a gallant young chief named Kaikioewa, (who afterwards became governor of Kauai), was conspicuous in feather cloak and helmet, and led a company of fifty picked men. The rebel army occupied a crater like hollow in an extensive tract of lava. As the royal troops approached, they received a volley, and several men fell, on which they sought the cover of a stone wall, from behind which they exchanged a desultory fire with the rebels for some time. At length Kaikioewa became impatient and leaped over the wall, calling on his men to follow, which caused a general advance of the whole line. Soon afterwards he was wounded by a musket ball in the thigh and fell. As his men raised a wail and crowded around him, he partly raised himself up and ordered them to leave him and press on after the enemy. Kekuaoakalani had fewer men and fewer muskets than his rival, and but little ammunition. His men were outflanked and gradually driven down towards the sea shore, where they were exposed to a flanking fire from a squadron of double canoes, one of which carried a mounted swivel gun under the charge of a foreign gunner. Jarves says that this fleet was under the command of Kaahumanu herself and her sister Kalakua. Kekuaoakalani, although wounded early in the action, fought bravely, and repeatedly rallied his men, until, unable to stand from loss of blood, as Ellis relates, "He sat on a fragment of lava and twice loaded and fired his musket on the advancing foe. He now received a musket ball in the left breast, and covering his face with his feather cloak, expired in the midst of his friends. His wife, Manono, during the whole of the day had fought by his side with steady and dauntless courage. A few moments after her husband's death she called out for quarter, but the words had hardly left her lips before she received a ball in her left temple, fell

upon the lifeless body of her husband and expired." The idolators having lost their chief, made little resistance afterwards and were soon scattered or taken prisoners. An oblong pile of stones near the sea, now overgrown with climbing plants, marks the last resting place of the brave but misguided Kekuaoakalani and his heroic wife.

Hoapili was now sent with a force to Hamakua, and made short work of the insurrection in Waipio. One of the leaders, a young chief, was captured in a cave in the upper part of the valley, and brought down to Kailua. Soon after his arrival Liholiho called on him and invited him to drink with him.

"No," said he, "I don't feel like drinking rum, I am afraid that I shall die." Presently the summons came for him to appear before the haughty Kaahumanu and learn his fate. Accordingly, as etiquette required, he literally *crawled*, in the most abject manner, into her dreaded presence. Fixing on him one of her most appalling looks, she upbraided him for his ingratitude and treachery to her and the king. "Yet," she continued, "you need not fear for your life. I will command my people not to kill you; but I will make you a poor man. I will take away all your lands, but spare your life. "E ola no oe." You may go now." And the trembling wretch retired in the same manner as he had entered, only too happy to escape with his life.

This little episode of the war, as related by Mr. Parker, appeared to the writer too characteristic to be omitted.

The result of the war having now completely demonstrated the impotence of their idols, the whole people turned against them with rage and contempt. They killed Kuawa, the priest, who had been the chief agent in so fatally misleading Kekuaoakalani. "There is no power in the gods," said they, "they are vanity and a lie. The army with idols was weak; the army without idols was strong and victorious." They now made more thorough work of destroying their images and sacred enclosures, with a few reservations, such as the Hale a Keawe at Honaunau. All public worship and sacrifices ceased, the priesthood as an organized body was dissolved, and as Jarves says, Hawaii presented to the world the strange spectacle of a nation without a religion. But this state of things was more apparent than real. The revolution had been the work of the high chiefs, and had been readily accepted by an unthinking people. But *observances* are more easily abandoned than *ideas*, and it is impossible for any mind to cast off entirely the modes of thinking on religious subjects in which it has grown up to maturity. The ancient idolatry was still cherished by many in secret, and their hereditary superstitions, hydra-headed in their variety and tenacity of life, were destined to survive for generations to come, and necessarily blended with and colored their conceptions of Christianity.

W. D. ALEXANDER.

THE CRAYFISH—AN ESTHONIAN STORY.

[This tale, for ages the delight of the shores of the Baltic, enlivening the long winter evenings generation after generation, has been communicated, through the *Journal des Debats*, as a New Year's Gift to the Western World, by the late M. Ed. Laboulaye, savant and senator. It is good enough to be transmitted to all English speaking people. We leave each reader to draw such lesson from it as he or she chooses.]

In the neighborhood of Revel there once lived a Woodman, who dwelt in a miserable hut on the borders of a forest, close to a deserted by-way. Loppi—for that was his name—was as poor as Job—and also as patient. To complete the resemblance, Heaven had given him a wife who could easily have out-scolded the patriarch's. She was called Masicas, which signifies, they tell us, Wood Strawberry. She was not naturally ill-natured, and never got out of temper when people agreed with her and did everything that she wished. But otherwise she was not quite so gentle. If she held her tongue from morning till night, while her husband was at work in the forest or the fields, she made up for it by scolding from night till morning all the time her lord and master was within doors. It is true that, as the old proverb says, "When there is no hay in the rack, the horses begin fighting;" and abundance did not reign in the Woodman's cottage—Spiders spun no web there, because not a single fly was to be caught; and a couple of mice, who came in by chance, died of starvation very soon after.

Early one morning, when the cupboard was bare, and the gentle Masicas was scolding louder than ever, the good man shouldered an empty sack—his only treasure—and took himself off with a heavy sigh. He carried his wallet with him every day when he went to seek work, or rather to beg, glad enough if he could carry home a thick slice of black bread, a cabbage or a few potatoes, bestowed on him through charity.

He was passing along the edge of a pond on which the first rays of sunshine were gleaming, when he saw, lying motionless in the dewy grass, the black outline of some unknown animal. He advanced close up to it with a noiseless step. It was an enormous Crayfish; he had never seen the like. The morning sun, or perhaps the fatigue of crawling about the grass, had apparently sent it to sleep; in an instant, without giving it time to escape, he had seized it by the body and whipped it into his sack. "What luck!" thought Loppi; "and how pleased my wife will be! It is a long time since she has had such a treat."

He was jumping for joy, but suddenly stopped and turned pale. From the bottom of the sack there issued, in sepulchral tones, a human voice. The Crayfish was speaking to him.

"Hola, brother!" it said, "halt a moment and set me at liberty. I am the Senior of all the Crayfish—

more than a hundred years old. What good will my tough and aged carcass do you? A wolf would wear out his teeth in chewing me. Don't abuse the chance which put me in your power. Remember that, like yourself, I am one of Bon Dieu's creatures. Have pity on me; you may one day want somebody to have pity on you."

"My worthy Crayfish," the Woodman answered, "you preach to perfection; but don't take it amiss if I can't listen to your rhetoric. For my own part, I would cheerfully let you follow your own devices, but my wife expects me to bring her something for dinner. If I go back empty-handed—if I tell her that I caught the finest Crayfish that ever was seen and then let it go again, she will kick up a row that will be heard as far as Revel. Knowing her temper as I do, I should be sure to catch a taste of her broomstick."

"Are you obliged," the Crayfish asked, "to confess all your doings to your wife?"

Loppi scratched his ear, heaved a sigh and then scratched his ear again.

"Ah, good friend," he said, "if you only knew Masicas, how sharp she is, you would not talk that way. She has an irresistible art, whether you will or no, of worming out your secrets from the very bottom of your heart. Resistance is impossible. She will turn you inside out like a rabbit-skin. She will make you tell her everything, and something else besides. Ah, she is a clever woman; a regular gray mare—thoroughbred!"

"I see, my good fellow," the Crayfish replied, "that you have enlisted in the Good Husband Regiment, and I congratulate you thereupon. But as an empty compliment will render you small service, I offer to purchase my liberty at a price which will not displease madame. Do not judge me by appearances. I am a Fairy; I may say, a powerful Fairy. It will be a good thing for you to accept my proposal. If you turn a deaf ear, you will soon be sorry for it."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the puzzled Woodman, "I don't want to harm a living soul. Only settle matters to Masicas' content, and I am quite willing to set you free."

"What fish does your wife like best?"

"I'm sure I don't know, nor she either. We poor folks haven't the time to be particular, if we do but get a bellyful. So long as I don't go home with nothing in my sack, that's all that's wanted. Nobody will say a word."

"Set me down on the grass, then," replied the Crayfish, "and dip your sack into this corner of the pond. Very good. And now, presto! Fish into the sack!"

In an instant the sack was full of fish—so full that it nearly slipped out of the owner's hands.

"You see you have not obliged an ungrateful person," the Crayfish said to the astonished Woodman. "You may return here every morning, and fill your wallet, by repeating the words, 'Fish into the Sack!' And that is not all. You have been kind to me; I will be kind to you. If, by-and-by, you desire something else, come here and call me by these solemn words:

Cray, my friend, both Fay and Fish,
Help me to fulfil my wish.

And I will answer your appeal and see what I can do for you. One word more—a bit of friendly advice. If you want to lead a quiet life, keep your own counsel. Say nothing to your wife about what has happened to-day."

"I will try to, Madame Fairy," the Woodman replied; at which the Crayfish, making a plunge, disappeared in the water. As for Loppi, he took the path leading back to his hut with a light step and a still lighter heart.

As soon as he had entered, he opened his sack. Out there came a pike, an ell long; a fine golden carp, which gaped and danced on the floor; a couple of nice tench, and heaps of roach and bream. The best fishing stalls in Revel could show nothing better. At the sight of this abundant supply Masicas screamed with delight and threw her arms round Loppi's neck.

"My darling husband, my love of a husband, don't you now see that I did right in making you start early to try and get something? Another time you'll attend better to what I say. What a capital catch! Go into the garden and fetch onions and garlic. There are still a few left. Run to the forest, where the mushrooms are fine. I will make you such a fish-soup as no King or Emperor has ever tasted. And then we will grill the carp. 'Twill be a feast for a burgomaster."

Their repast was merry. Loppi's wishes were Masicas'. He thought they had got back to their honeymoon. This was on a Saturday. But, alas, on the third day, Monday, the fish he brought was coldly received. On the fourth day Madame made wry faces. On Sunday she burst into a rage.

"Are you going to shut me up in a convent? Am I a Nun, condemned to keep Lent everlastingly? Can anything be more disgusting than all this fish? The very sight of it turns my stomach."

"What more would you have, then?" cried honest Loppi, who had not yet forgotten their days of starvation.

"What would I have, you booby! No more than what every decent family of peasant-proprietors has—a nice meat broth and a piece of roast pork. That's all I want to make me perfectly happy—I, who am so easily satisfied!"

"It cannot be denied," thought the worthy Woodman, "that fresh-water fish is rather insipid, and there is nothing like a good slice of pork to restore its tone to a feeble stomach. But the Fairy? Will she—can she—grant me so great a favor?"

"Cray, my friend, both Fay and Fish,
Help me to fulfil my wish,"

And soon one big black claw, and then another, rose out of the water, and then a head, shaped like a Bishop's mitre, with staring eyes, and a well-known voice inquired, "What is your desire, my brother?"

"For myself, nothing; I have all that I can wish for. But my wife is troubled with a weak digestion; she begins to get tired of a continuous fish diet. She would like something else; meat soup, for instance, and a roast spare-rib of pork."

"Is that all that your dear helpmate requires?" the Crayfish asked, with a subdued chuckle. "Make your mind easy, brother. At dinner-time strike the table thrice with your little finger, repeating each time, 'Meat soup, and roasted spare-rib,' and the wished-for dishes will soon be on the table. But take care, brother. Perhaps your wife's wants will not always be so moderate. Don't make yourself their slave. If you do, you'll repent of it when it is too late."

"I will try said Loppi, with a sigh."

At the appointed time the dinner was on the table. Masicas was overflowing with joy and amiability. The gentleness of a lamb, the affection of a dove, are as nothing compared to the gracious assiduity with which she waited on her spouse. Those bright sunny days lasted a whole week; but shortly afterwards the sky was overcast, and the storm burst on Loppi's innocent head.

"When is this nuisance to come to an end? Do you want to kill me with loathing at this eternal beef-soup and fat roast pork? I can tell you that I am not the woman to bear any longer such abominable treatment."

"What else do you wish for, darling? Loppi tenderly inquired."

"A bourgeois dinner, to be sure. A stuffed goose, with cakes and dessert."

What could poor Loppi answer? He felt inclined to offer a few reasonable remarks, but he had not the courage to brave a scolding. A look from his wife made him sink into the earth. Poor fellow! he could not close an eye all night. At daybreak he started for the pond, wandering up and down its banks without daring to utter the incantation. If the Fairy should think his request unreasonable, what excuse could he make? But at last, as there was no help for it, he screwed up his courage and once more recited:

"Cray my friend, both Fay and Fish,
Help me to fulfil my wish."

"What is it that you want, my brother? immediately asked a voice which made him tremble.

"For myself, nothing; I have all I can wish for. But my wife's stomach begins to weary of meat soup and roast pork. She would like something lighter—a stuffed goose, for instance, with cakes and dessert."

"Is that all?" the good-natured Fairy answered,

with pretended surprise. "We will do our best to satisfy her once more. Go home, brother; you need not come to me every time your wife wants to change her bill of fare. Let her order what she likes, her table shall be faithfully and obediently served."

No sooner said than done. When the Woodman got back he found the table laid out in regular order; pewter plates and dishes, forged iron spoons, three-pronged steel forks; the fairy had done the thing in style. And then it brings the water into your mouth only to think of the goose stuffed with apples smoking hot, accompanied by fruit sauce, and the beautiful rum pudding garnished with dried plums! Nothing was wanting on the table, not even a flask of cummin liqueur to enliven the feast. This time Loppi might fairly believe that he had reached the end of all his troubles.

Alas! In married life it is sometimes unfortunate if the husband inspires his wife with too lofty an idea of her lord and master's resources. Masicas was too astute not to know that some magical influence must be mixed up with the supply of such marvelous plenty. Naturally, she was determined to learn by what good genius they were patronized. Loppi strove hard to hold his tongue. But how was it possible to refuse to confide in so affectionate, tender and amiable a wife? Loppi yielded to his better half's entreaties. Let the first husband who would not do as much, dare to throw a stone at him, and then proclaim what he has done before the united family conclave. He will be more rash than Alexander, braver than Cæsar.

Masicas had sworn not to betray his trust to any living creature. She kept her promise—her nearest female neighbor dwelt two leagues away. But if she kept the secret she took care not to forget it.

Opportunities are easily found by those who look sharp after them. One evening, after Masicas had charmed her husband by her obliging temper and cheerfulness, "Loppi," she said, "my heart's delight, Loppi, although you have stumbled upon good luck, you hardly turn it to the best account. You never think of your poor little wife. I dine like a princess, but I dress like a beggar. Am I, if you please, so old and ugly that you let me go about in rags? What I am saying, my ducky darling, in not out of foolish coquetry. No. There is only one man in the world—you—whom I wish to please. I ought to have clothes like other ladies.—Don't tell me that it is out of your power," she added, with one of her most gracious smiles. "I know what you can do; the Fairy will refuse you nothing. Can you deny this modest satisfaction to her who lives only for your sake?"

When a lady asks for a handsome dress merely to appear handsomer in her husband's eyes, what man is so barbarous as to deprive her of that pleasure, even were she to ask for a new one every day? Loppi was not a monster. Moreover, at the bottom of his heart, he thought Masicas was right. With

their sorry clothing and their luxurious fare they had the air of sitting down to a stolen dinner. How much more cheerful their table would be with the mistress of the house in a stylish costume?

In spite of all these fine reasons, Loppi, when he set out for the pond, was far from confident of success. He began to fear he was going too far. Consequently, when he summoned his benefactress, he was in more than a little bit of fright.

"Cray, my friend, both Fay and Fish—"

Before he could finish the invocation the Fairy had risen to the surface of the water.

"What is it you are wishing for, brother?"

"For myself, nothing. What can I want more? But you are so kind, so generous, that my wife takes new fancies into her head a little faster than she ought, she likes good living well enough, but she is now longing for something else besides. Her shabby clothes remind her of our former poverty, and at present she requires to be dressed like a lady."

The good-tempered Crayfish burst out laughing. "Go home, brother; your wife's requirements are amply accorded."

Loppi gave utterance to a profusion of thanks, and absolutely insisted on kissing his friend's claw. All the way back he whistled and sang, as gay and as void of care as a chaffinch. On the road he met a fine lady clad in broadcloth, furs and silk. He bowed low to salute the noble stranger, but the princess laughed in his face and threw her arms round his neck. It was Masicas in the plenitude of her charms; and, to tell the truth, she was not deficient either in grace or beauty. Of women it may be truly said that the frock makes the monk, and that fine feathers make fine birds.

This time Masicas was happy; not a word can be insinuated to the contrary.—But with happy people the misfortune is that one desire fulfilled begets another.—What was the use of being a fine lady, while living apart from the world in a miserable hut, without a female friend to enrage with jealousy, and without a pier glass mirror in which to admire herself from head to foot? Masicas had not walked a week in cloth and silk attire when she said to her husband: "I have been thinking about our new condition; it is ridiculous. I can't go on living in this way. A princely table, an elegant wardrobe, are quite out of keeping with a hovel shaken by every wind that blows. The Fairy has too much sense and likes you too well not to know that she owes us a residence where I can be lady of the manor from morning till night. After that I shall wish for nothing more."

"Alas, we are a lost couple!" Loppi exclaimed. "By continually stretching the rope it will end by breaking, and we shall fall back into a more wretched state than that from which we have been delivered. Why can we not content ourselves with what we have? There are hundreds of people who would think themselves lucky to be only half as well off as we are."

"Loppi," said Masicas, impatiently, "you will never be worth a rush. You are no better than a half-drowned hen. Who ever got anything by being afraid to ask for it? Are you the better or the worse for following my advice? Be a man, then, and fear nothing. I answer for the result."

She insisted in this way, and, by still more forcible arguments, until the poor fellow set off again. His legs trembled under him as he trudged along. Should the Fairy refuse to listen to him, he might, perhaps, get over the disappointment; but how was he to confront his wife? He was quite unable to sustain the assault and battery that would be sure to follow. He could only come to one resolution—namely, that if the Fairy answered with an angry "No!" he would throw himself, head foremost, into the pond. Bad as was the remedy, it seemed the lesser evil of the two.

Nothing is bolder than a coward at bay. With a formidable voice the Woodman shouted:

Cray, my friend, both Fay and Fish,
Help—"

"What is your wish, brother?" the Fairy asked.

"For myself, nothing. What can I want more? But my wife, in spite of all your favors, torments me night and day to get me, most unwillingly, to make a fresh request."

"Oh, ho!" said the Crayfish. "This is a new start. You have told our secret to your wife. You may now bid adieu to peace and quiet. And pray what does my fine lady want, now that she thinks she has me in her power?"

"A manor house, kind Fairy—quite a small chateau! In order that the residence may answer to the dresses you have given her, make Masicas a Baroness, please do; she will be so delighted that we shall never, no never, ask you for anything more."

"Brother," gravely replied the Crayfish, "be it as your wife desires," and abruptly disappeared.

Loppi had some difficulty in finding his way back. The aspect of the country had changed. There were fields in high cultivation—meadows filled with cows and oxen. Before him there stood a mansion, built of brick, in the midst of a garden full of flowers and fruit trees. How was it that he had never seen this chateau before? While he stood still, admiring it, there issued from the front door a richly clad and dignified lady, who, smiling graciously, offered him her hand. It was Masicas.

"At last," she said, "I have all I can desire. Embrace me, my excellent Loppi. Yes, you may. My wishes are fulfilled. I thank you; I thank the benevolent Fairy."

Who was enchanted, delighted, ravished? Certainly it was our worthy Woodman. Could he possibly dream a more flattering dream? In less than an hour to shift from poverty to riches, from contempt to consideration, to dwell in a chateau with a charming wife always in good humor, whose only thought was to make things pleasant. Loppi, perfectly happy, wept for joy.

Unfortunately, after dreaming comes the waking-up. Masicas thoroughly enjoyed every pleasure that wealth and grandeur can bestow. All the barons and all the baronesses strove which should have the honor of visiting and receiving her. The Governor of the province was at her feet. The universal talk was about her toilets, her chateau, her stables, her model farm. Had she not the fastest trotters in all the country round; English cows with scarcely any horns, and still less milk; English hens, which laid scarcely an egg, but were beautiful as pheasants and as wild; English pigs so fat that neither their head, nor their tail, nor their feet were visible? What more can Masicas require to be the happiest of women? Alas! she had experienced only too much good fortune. Ambition was gnawing at her heart. She felt herself capable of wide-spread dominion, and she took care to let her husband know it. The great lady would be a Queen.

"Don't you observe," she asked Loppi, "how respectfully everybody obeys my orders? Why so? Because they are always just and wise. Even you, who are more headstrong than a mule—even you are obliged to acknowledge that I am never wrong. I am born to be a Queen; I have no doubt about the matter."

Loppi had made strong objections. He got for answer that he was a simpleton. Who had obtained for him his fine chateau? Why, she who had compelled him, in spite of himself, to return to the Crayfish. It would be the same thing now. He should be a King, whether it suited him or not; and it would be to his wife that he owed the crown.

Loppi had not the slightest desire to reign. He ate a good breakfast and a better dinner every day, and that was quite enough for him. But, above all things, he liked a quiet life; and he could not forget that, with his darling partner, the only condition of repose was perfect submission to madam's caprices. He scratched his head, he sighed—it is even said that he swore a little; but he went on his errand all the same, and as soon as he reached the pond, he invoked his friend the Crayfish in his softest accents. He saw two big black claws rise from the water; he heard the question, "What is your wish, my brother? But he waited awhile before answering, so conscious was he of the extravagance of his demand. At last he replied:

"As for myself, I want nothing. What more can I desire? But my wife is beginning to get tired of her Barony."

"What, then, does she want?" said the Fairy.

"Alas!" murmured Loppi, "she wants to be a Queen."

"Oh, ho!" said the Crayfish. "It is luck for her and for you that you spared my life. This once again I will obey your wife's will. I am your humble servant, O Consort of a Queen; and I wish you joy of it. Good evening."

When Loppi reached home the chateau had grown into a palace; his wife was a Queen. Valets, pages,

chamberlains, maids of honor, were running in all directions to execute the sovereign's commands.

"Heaven be praised!" thought the Woodman; "I shall now have a little rest at last. Masicas has reached the top of the tree; it is impossible for her to mount any higher. And she has so many people about her to do her will that I shall sleep in peace, and not be called up a dozen times every night."

Nothing is so fragile as the happiness of Kings, unless it be the happiness of Queens. Two moons had not yet filled their horns before Masicas took a new fancy into her head. She summoned Loppi to her presence.

"I find being a Queen very wearisome work," she said. "The insipidity of my courtiers is perfectly disgusting. I should like to have free men to command. Go to the Fairy just once more, and make her give me what I desire."

"Good gracious heavens!" cried Loppi; "if you are not contented with a crown, what is it that you can possibly want? Do you wish, perchance, to be the Bon Dieu in person, and to take the place of Providence?"

"Just so; and pray why not?" Masicas quietly replied. "Do you suppose the world would be worse governed than it now is?"

Loppi stared at his wife, half stupefied. Evidently the poor woman was out of her mind. Shrugging his shoulders, he answered:

"Say and do what you will, I am not going to trouble the Fairy with your insane request."

"We shall see about that," cried the furious Queen. "Have you forgotten who I am? Obey me instantly, or I will have you beheaded!"

"I'm off directly, please your Majesty," said the Woodman. "I may as well be killed by the Fairy," he thought, "as by my wife's executioner. Perhaps the Crayfish will be the more merciful of the two."

He tottered as he walked, like a drunken man, and found himself at the water's edge without knowing how he got there. He then shouted the invocation, like a drowning man calling for help; no answer came. A dead silence hung over the pond; not even the buzzing of a gnat could be heard. He shouted again; but all was still. He shouted a third time.

"What do you want?" a severe voice inquired.

"For myself, nothing. But the Queen, my wife, has commanded me to come here once more, for the last time."

"What more can she want?"

Loppi fell on his knees.

"Forgive me, O beneficent Crayfish. It is not my fault. My wife wants—to be—"

"Silence! Hold your impious tongue! I know what you are about to say. Your wife is fit for a lunatic asylum, and you for the whipping-post. Miserable dogs! Back to your kennel!"

The Crayfish then plunged into the pond in such a passion of anger that the water hissed and boiled

as if a score of red-hot mill-stones had been thrown into it.

Loppi fell flat, with his face to the ground. Had he been stricken by lightning he could not have fallen flatter. When he got up to return home, with a hang-dog countenance, he recognized only too well the park he had so often traversed. The border of the forest, with its spindly birch trees and its stunted firs, the pools of black water, and further on, a miserable hut, told him that he had fallen into his pristine poverty, to be more wretched, if possible than ever. What would Masicas say? How should he console her? His reflections on that matter were speedily cut short; for an ugly, dirty hag, in rags, seized him by the throat and tried to strangle him.

"You monster!" she screamed. "Your absurdities and weakness have been our ruin. You have displeased and irritated your accursed Crayfish. I ought to have expected as much. You have never loved me—never taken any pains to please me. You are a selfish, good-for-nothing, pigheaded, ungrateful egotist. I will be the death of you! Indeed I will."

She would have torn his eyes out, had he not with difficulty seized her arms, at the same time remonstrating:

"Take care, Masicas; be calm; you will make yourself ill."

But the remonstrance was useless. Loppi felt that his strength was failing, when her face suddenly turned purple, she threw herself backwards, raised her arms and fell heavily to the ground. Her fit of rage had killed her.

Loppi mourned his wife, as every good husband ought. He buried her with his own hands beneath the shade of a lofty pine. He placed a flag-stone over her grave, and built a dry stone wall round it to keep out obnoxious animals. That duty fulfilled, he fell a victim to despair. He was not made to live alone.

"What am I to do?" What is to become of me?" he sobbed aloud—"isolated, abandoned, obliged to take care of myself? Whom have I now to think of me, to decide for me, to speak for me, to act for me, as my dearly-beloved used to? Who will wake me up ten times in the night to tell what I must do in the morning? I am no better than a body without a soul!—a corpse! With my dear Masicas life has departed. All that remains for me is to die."

He spoke the truth. At the approach of winter a peasant going into the forest, perceived a man lying on the snow. It was Loppi! dead, a week ago, of cold, hunger and despondency—without a friend or neighbor to close his eyes. His frozen hands still held a tool, with which he had scratched an affectionate epitaph on the tomb of her who had been the charm of his life:

TO THE BEST OF WIVES,
THE MOST INCONSOLABLE OF HUSBANDS.

(The following lines, written on the occasion of the last birthday of the Princess Kaiulani, have been kindly furnished us by the author. They were not intended for publication, but are now made public in deference to a wish expressed by the late Miss Barnes, at her last interview with the author.)

KAIULANI.

A gentle maiden full of grace,
 Descended from an ancient race,
 To thee I sing on this bright day,
 Which dawns for thee so blithe and gay.
 A nation's hope, a people's pride,
 Than whom I know of none beside,
 Whose star will shine with clearer light,
 Or dazzle from a greater height.
 Should heaven sustain thee in its hand,
 And save and guard thee for this land;
 But now thy pleasant youth, I sing,
 To thee I nought but joy would bring,
 Amidst the grove of tropic trees,
 Thy rest disturbed but by the breeze
 That perfume-laden fans thy cheek,
 And stirs thy hair with playful freak.
 Thy youth is spent—; no care hast thou,
 No lasting frown upon thy brow.
 A tender father's watchful eye,
 A loving mother ever nigh,
 A friend so priceless at thy side,
 And heaven above—can ill betide?
 Can aught but lovely peace be thine?
 Or make thy youth's bright sun decline?
 Oh, may our Father still outpour
 His bounteous blessings more and more;
 Oh, may his love for thee abound,
 And thine for him be ever found,
 Supremest in thy breast.

PROPERTY RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

Among the subjects inviting attention at the hands of the coming legislature, is the status of married women in this country, as regards their rights of property. In our public policy and in the general spirit and scope of our legislation, we claim to be a liberal and progressive community, and this claim is not without considerable foundation. In the provisions of both our civil and criminal codes and in our methods of administering law and equity, we are in many respects fully abreast of the best thought of the times on these subjects. In certain points we may be fairly considered as in advance even of some countries which deservedly rank as leaders in enlightened progress. But with respect to the question which stands at the head of this article, we are entirely behind the age.

The provisions of our code respecting the property rights of married women, are substantially a reproduction of the old English common law and resemble the statutes of the various states of the American Union, as they existed before the more enlightened spirit of modern times had brought about their modification. American jurisprudence being a direct offshoot of English precedents, the provisions of

the English law on this subject naturally came to be incorporated in the codes of the American states. The unjust and oppressive nature of some of these provisions, however, were so manifest and glaring and appealed so strongly to both the humanity and good sense of the law making powers, as to secure numerous and important ameliorations. This of course was a matter to be more easily accomplished in a new country naturally hospitable to new ideas, than in an older and more conservative community like that of England, where mens' minds travel more generally in established grooves, and where the slavery to tradition and precedent reaches sometimes a point which is simply incomprehensible to persons educated, and trained in an atmosphere of greater intellectual freedom.

We have not the data at hand from which to prepare anything like a full digest of the changes which the English law on this subject has undergone at the hands of American legislators, nor do we consider a detailed statement necessary. Let it suffice to say that the various modifications which have taken place are all in the direction of greater freedom for married women in the management of their prop-

erty interests, and that such modifications in the law have met the almost unanimous approval of the most intelligent people and have, as a rule, worked well in practice.

The provisions of our own law on this subject are to be found in sections 1286, 1287, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297 and 1298 of the Civil Code and are substantially as follows:

The husband, in virtue of his marriage, and in consideration of the responsibilities imposed upon him by law, (maintenance of wife and children, etc.) is, unless otherwise stipulated by express marriage contract, the virtual owner of all personal and movable property belonging to his wife. This applies equally to all property belonging to her before marriage, and to that accruing to her during the married state. Over all of this property the husband has, unless otherwise stipulated by contract, absolute control for the purposes of sale or otherwise, and the wife's personal property is equally liable with his own, for his private debts. In the case of real estate belonging to the wife, the husband does not become the virtual owner, as in the case of personal property. He cannot sell or otherwise dispose of it except by consent of the wife, but, unless otherwise stipulated by contract, he has the use and custody of it, and has full control of all rents, profits and income arising therefrom. These he may collect and use as he pleases, the same as if they were his own private property. The husband's control over the wife's real estate terminates at her death, her property going then directly to her heirs. In case however of the survival of minor children, the husband's control of the wife's real estate continues during their minority.

The above provisions are embodied in Sec. 1286 of the Civil Code. Sec. 1287 among other things declares that the wife "shall be deemed for all civil purposes to be merged in her husband, and civilly dead."

Sections 1292-3-4-5-6-7-8 provide for the contingency of the wife being deserted by her husband and left without support; specify the conditions

under which she may act for herself during the absence of her husband, and other matters incident to or arising out of the conditions of the marriage relation as defined in Secs. 1286 and 1287.

We are not now arguing the general question of what is fair and just to married women in the matter of property. We are simply calling attention to the facts, believing that the facts themselves when plainly stated and fairly considered, will appeal strongly in favor of a change. That our present marriage laws not only *may* work injustice, but that they do in many instances work gross injustice, is a fact well known to all who have had experience in such matters.

A bill making material changes in our present law on this subject, was prepared for presentation in the last legislature, but for some reason no action was taken upon it. This proposed act, among other things, provided that the wife be "entitled the same as if she was sole, to all real and personal estate belonging to her before marriage, or that may accrue to her during marriage. She may convey shares in corporations, lease and convey real property, sell personal property and make contracts, parol and written, sealed and unsealed in the same manner as if she were sole; but her separate conveyance of real estate shall be subject to her husband's contingent interest therein according to the last preceding section; providing that nothing in this section shall authorize a married woman to convey property to or make contracts with her husband."

We cannot quote the proposed act in full, but believe the foregoing to be the most important parts of it. It was drawn up by one of our best lawyers and is presumably adequate to meet the requirements of the case. As the next legislature is likely to contain an unusually large proportion of intelligent men, and as three out of the seven foreigners elected are lawyers, the present year seems an unusually favorable time for inviting action on the subject. There is no reason why this country, so liberal and progressive in many things, should in this particular regard, lag behind the general march of progress.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

We return to the subject of the elections for the purpose of once more calling attention to the curious fact that not a single white man was a candidate anywhere on the government ticket. We alluded to this matter in our last issue, remarking at the time, "It can hardly be by accident that every candidate on the government ticket in every district, was a Hawaiian." This of course does not prove that the politics of the country are turning upon questions of race or color, or that this community is already divided, as has been publicly asserted, into

two parties representing respectively the native and foreign sentiment. It does prove however that there are certain persons among us who are doing all in their power to bring about this result. The existence among us of such a combination, would be a cause for sincere regret under any circumstances; but it is a matter of especially unpleasant significance that this combination is found in government circles and consists of men holding high official station.

We do not care to specify individuals, nor is there any need for it. This country is so small, we all

know one another so well, and the political maneuvers of the last year or two have been so superficial and transparent, that there is no necessity for mentioning names. Every intelligent person who takes any interest in public affairs knows perfectly well that the policy that was pursued in this matter did not proceed from a political party in any proper sense of the word, and did not represent any genuine popular demand even among the natives themselves. It was the work of a few individuals, some of whom know better, and all of whom, whether ignorantly or otherwise, are playing with fire, and who deserve to get their own fingers burned. This combination, having its agents in every district in the islands, ready and willing to execute the orders emanating from Honolulu, were able to carry out a perfectly uniform policy throughout the country. This policy was concocted at headquarters in the capital, where the candidates were selected for all the districts, and whence the whole thing was worked. The policy was simply this: that no white man, no matter what his character or qualifications, should be elected to the legislature. It mattered not what his merits or virtues might be, how large his stake in the country, how great his services, or how long his residence here. The movement was not against new comers or "carpet baggers," but against the white man *as such*, even though he might have been born in the country and his father before him.

But the conspiracy fortunately failed; the conspirators reckoned without their host; the native voters refused to carry out the orders from headquarters. The result is that out of eight foreigners who were running, seven were elected, and as we remarked in our last issue every one of the seven was elected by native votes. The native was not cajoled by the cry of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," and declined to array himself in the cast off rags of defunct know-nothingism. Our rejoicing is not that so many foreigners are elected. For that of itself we care nothing, except so far as they may have been better men than their opponents, and so far as they possess the qualifications for useful legislators. Our rejoicing is rather that the voters of the country have rebuked in so emphatic a manner the attempt to inaugurate a "color line" in Hawaiian politics, and to foster and inflame, for purely selfish ends, the most dangerous element which could be introduced into our public affairs—antagonism of races.

It may be said that there has been wrong on both sides, and that the course pursued by prominent foreigners has invited and provoked the action of which we complain. This is simply dodging the issue. Foreigners have not in all cases said and done what was wisest and best, and there have been occasional utterances in the newspapers which natives might perhaps fairly object to. But all this affords no excuse whatever for the course which certain self appointed representatives of native sentiment have seen fit to pursue—we say self appointed, for their own race have repudiated them. When a lit-

tle knot of foreigners in Honolulu shall nominate candidates for every district in the islands, selecting men of their own race exclusively, and using every means in their power to prevent the election of a single Hawaiian to the popular branch of the legislature; then the cases will be parallel and not before. Whenever we find foreigners seeking more than a fair proportionate representation, we shall not hesitate to denounce their conduct in the strongest terms.

If we were asked to name some of the worst evils which afflict the Hawaiian body politic, we should be inclined to give a very prominent place to these two: *first*, a lack of responsibility, running through almost every branch of the public service; and *second*, an absence of any public opinion potent enough to hold delinquent officials to their duty. Government officers of all kinds, high and low, have been in the habit of managing the affairs of the nation very much as if it were some private business of their own, for which they were responsible to no one but themselves. The reports of the different departments, laid before the legislature every two years and printed for the information of the public, have been in many instances extremely meager, and noticeable especially for what they did not contain. It has seemed to be assumed that the people did not care to know how their government was administered, and the people by their apathy seemed to justify that assumption.

Now we do not charge that this easy, go-as-you-please method of conducting public business was deliberately adopted from sinister motives, or that the prevailing reticence and impatience of criticism was intended to cover up corrupt practices; but it is true nevertheless that such methods are radically unsound, and that their acceptance by the public is a direct temptation to malfeasance. We admit with pleasure that there are a few departments of the government to which the above remarks do not apply. The statistical information for instance, furnished by the Collector of Customs, is full and well arranged. We are not now charging that things are improperly or dishonestly managed; our complaint is simply that we have no sufficient means of judging whether they are or not.

Occasionally when something has gone wrong, we have an investigation—and what an investigation. Instead of an earnest determination to get at bottom facts and correct existing evils, the great object seems to be to investigate as little as possible, to avoid any disagreeable revelations, and to keep things pleasant and comfortable generally. What is wanted is a strong and healthy public opinion, which shall be a real power for good, and of which wrong-doers of all kinds shall stand in wholesome fear.

The lack of public spirit among our most prominent citizens is a crying evil. They are progressive and enterprising enough in their business affairs, and in many instances quite unexceptionable in their

private and personal relations, but in their duties as citizens and members of the community, they are lamentably deficient. What we want and what we have not got, is a body of influential citizens, public spirited enough and disinterested enough to make a determined stand in favor of what is just and right, because it is just and right, in matters in which neither they nor their friends have any personal interest; who will "cry aloud and spare not" at any instance of injustice or wrong and who will steadfastly defend and uphold any one who is trying to do his duty, regardless of his social affiliations or the "set" to which he or his wife belongs.

The extent to which personal preferences and social prejudices are allowed to influence and control matters with which they have properly nothing to do, would hardly be believed by those who have not lived where all the paraphernalia of a royal court and the whole machinery of a national government are concentrated within the limits of a country village.

The concluding article of the series on Popular Amusements, in the *Church Chronicle*, is devoted to the consideration of the drama. The question of the allowableness of theatrical representations as amusements for professedly religious people, must depend mostly upon the moral quality and tone of the plays themselves. It is a practical question, and one which cannot be settled by any merely theoretical considerations about the drama in the abstract.

In and of itself the drama is neither right nor wrong, any more than painting or sculpture or music or oratory. They are all alike, good or bad, according to the use that is made of them. Strictly speaking, the so-called fine arts have to do with form and expression only, and are destitute of any moral quality whatever. They may all be made the ministers of either virtue or vice. They are not to be regarded as an end, but rather as a means—as tools which can be used in the cultivation of both character and taste.

The idea which has been so strenuously advocated in some quarters, that art, particularly literary art, is to be valued purely for its own sake, without reference to the use to which it is put; that mere artistic skill, perfection of expression and form, are the great things, regardless of their moral purpose or the spirit by which they are inspired, is simply immoral and heathenish.

Some months ago the London *Lancet*, which is somewhat notorious as a medical alarmist, published some highly sensational and ill-considered statements concerning the danger from contagious diseases through the circulation of books. The substance of these statements were afterwards re-produced in one of our Honolulu papers, in such a way as seemed calculated, if not intended, to damage our only circulating library. People were warned of the danger

of patronizing such institutions, with a solemnity which, if it had not been slightly exasperating, would have been altogether ludicrous. For the comfort of timid souls who may have been influenced by the alarmist's cry, issued from London, we present the following facts:

In 1878, the directors of the Chicago Public Library appointed a committee to examine into this question. After a careful investigation, a report was made in 1879 by Mr. Poole, the librarian. He had corresponded with the librarians of all the principal public libraries in the United States and with nineteen medical and sanitary experts. Not one of these latter gentlemen had ever known of a case of contagious disease communicated by books from public or private circulating libraries. This fact is significant when we consider the enormous number of books circulated. There were in the United States in 1881, 3,988 public libraries, containing 12,889,598 volumes and circulating not less than ten millions of volumes. In some large libraries more than a dozen assistants are employed, who are constantly handling these books. Yet no case of disease among these, communicated by the books had been known. Dr. Green, of Boston, who inquired into this matter carefully in 1872, when an epidemic of small-pox was raging in that city, stated that among 4,700 cases whose history was obtained, in not one instance was the origin referable to books.

So far then as the evidence shows, there is no reason to believe that there is practically any danger from this source; certainly no more than from any other portable article. It is to be regretted that newspapers should be so ready to take up and publish sensational statements about matters of which they know nothing.

We are not always able to agree with the editorial utterances of the *Advertiser*; but the recent announcement of that journal that it will oppose any further importation of Chinese, has our heartiest approval. On this point we are in full accord with our neighbor. This Chinese coolie business has been carried far enough and much too far already. Having made this brief profession of our faith, we leave this subject for the present. We shall have more to say about it in future.

In his testimony last year before the labor committee of the U. S. Senate, Mr. Jay Gould expressed himself as opposed to any alteration in the present condition of affairs; which is quite natural for a man who out of such conditions has been able to rake in from seventy-five to one hundred millions of other peoples' money. Mr. Gould furthermore testified as his opinion, that labor received its fair share of the wealth it was instrumental in creating. He stated as the result of his observation that "if you leave capital and labor alone, they come together and regulate themselves." To which a Boston paper pithily remarks: "the same might be said of a cat and a mouse, if you leave them alone."

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

Never were flowers used in such profusion for trimming evening and particularly ball dresses. Many ball corsages for young ladies are simply covered with fair blossoms. Flower epaulettes, braces, borders, etc., etc., all are fashionable, and when we contemplate clouds of delicious tulle, gauze, Indian muslin, etc., arranged around, between and beneath these wonderful imitations of nature—for this year, flowers are triumphs of art—we are inclined to believe the effect something marvelous, on ethereal figures of grace and beauty.

At the soirees, balls and assemblies of the grand aristocratic world, we observe everywhere the most beautiful and distinguished appliances, chenille and beads, put on as charming and elaborate embroideries, the price alone making it impossible for them to become general; the tasteful way too in which the new colors are combined gives a very elegant effect to the different arrangements, and the beads employed, especially for ornamenting ball and grand evening toilets, are magnificent. Imagine fair readers, these glittering radiants looking like rosettes of sapphires, rubies, emeralds, etc., etc., intertwined with chenille and gold-thread foliage, or shaded leaves, on shining stuffs, such as, velvet, silk or satin, the latter forming an imposing background for gold thread or small round braid devices.

Very elegant though somewhat simpler foot gear is now worn on dressy occasions, the high Moliere shoe of glossy black kid, or satin, cut out in points at the ankle, and closed with elastic and three bows corresponding with the dress trimming, is very much admired; the low slipper with straps across or openworked is also a great favorite; lastly, the so-called drawing room shoe, ornamented above with one or two small ribbon or velvet bows placed beside each other, and often embroidered with chenille answering to the design of the toilette. The latter is intended especially for short evening toilets for young ladies. We should advise our readers when purchasing such chausseure to choose black or the darkest shade agreeing with their dress, as they are more becoming and make the foot look smaller. All very light colors have a tendency to increase the size of our nether points and should therefore be avoided. Bride's shoes are an exception to this rule.

Silk stockings, the same colour as the dress, are worn by little girls in very short skirts, trimmed above with a band of ribbon and a rosette or bow on one side below the knee; low shoes of black Swedish leather give a suitable finish.

Violets are the fashion at lunches this season. Tied with a yellow bow they are very "taking."

To the ideal fan a new shape has been given, which, as cover for a gilt handle takes the form color and size of a natural large leaf. The only fantastical part of this copy from nature is the idea of representing the raised veins by means of an ornamentation of flowers and swallows, the painting has the effect of relieving the otherwise monotonous surface of the big leaf. The back of the fan is lined with a highly contrasting color, as the new shape is generally longer on one side than on the other, this looks well when the fan is closed.

We have no doubt this new style of fan will soon be for sale in Honolulu.

The brilliancy of valuable family jewels, which have come down as heirlooms from generation to generation, seems about to be eclipsed by electricity, the ruling power of the present century. Electrically illuminated stalactites, or ornaments made of white and colored glass, outshine every diamond in the world. Certainly the wearer of such jewels must submit to the discomfort of having to carry at the same time an accumulator either in her pocket, or hidden in the folds of her dress.

It is no longer safe to aver that a handsome dress is necessarily imported. In fact some of the tastiest dresses worn in this country are designed and made in this city. The reverential respect, however, held for gowns of imported fame has so put a film upon our eyesight that the majority of these gowns masquerade under the sign "imported." In this guise society raves over them, while the acknowledged "home born" would be sure to secure to them that wretched fate of being condemned with faint praise.

Flowers are much worn in the hair and head dresses are a very important part of the toilet. Ribbon and lace headdresses are coming in fashion more and more for married and even unmarried ladies of a certain age.

The Empress of Austria has some peculiar views of maidenly accomplishments. In her Majesty's palace at Gödöllő has been established a fencing school for girls of noble birth, attended by the great fencing master, Professor Hartl. The pupils must justify a number of quarterings, and have all attained proficiency in the branches of a polite education. Exercises with the sword and the sabre, as well as with the rapier and the foils, are carried to the greatest perfection, and no gallant will, for the future, dare to trifle with the affections of any maiden of noble birth who has received a certificate of proficiency from Professor Hartl.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

STUDY OF THE POETS.

Find the names of the authors of each of the following quotations:

1. A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.
2. The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,
But from its heart sweet incense fills the air.
3. Innocent child and snow-white flower,
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.
4. Thou hast the secret strange
To read that hidden book, the human heart.
5. Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
6. For of plain, sound sense, life's current coin is made:
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Who was the mother of three kings, one emperor, and one queen?
- 2nd. Who was born in Europe, died in Asia, and was buried in Africa?

SKELETON POETRY.

T-e g-d a-e b-r m-e by i-l
As o-s c-d a-e s-r s-l.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a water-pipe, and get a fish.
2. Behead mirth, and get a kind of wine.
3. Behead withered, and get part of the body.
4. Behead a kind of berry, and get a snake.
5. Behead courage, and get good fortune.
6. Behead one animal, and get another.
7. Behead one animal, and get a personal pronoun.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

CHARADE—Bandage.

CRYPTOGRAM—

Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
Cradled in the Boden-see,
Forth the infant river flows,
Leaping on in childish glee.

Coming to a riper age,
He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
And makes a gallant pilgrimage
To many a ruined tower and shrine.

QUESTIONS.

- 1st.—They are "mint-marks," and show at which of the branches of the United States Mint (at New Orleans, San Francisco and Carson City) the coins bearing them were struck.
- 2nd.—Chrysostom, in the fourth century.
- 3rd.—Voltaire—formed from Arouet *l. j.* (*i. e.*, the younger). Arouet was the family name. U and V were formerly interchangeable, as also I and J.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1st.—With the swells of the ocean.
- 2nd.—Because the Diet of Worms did not agree with him.
- 3rd.—When it is due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) at night.

ANAGRAM.—Understanding.

WHIMSICALITIES.

—"Your father was nothing but a simple stone mason."

"I know where you got that information," quietly remarked the other.

"From whom did I get it?"

"From your father."

"How do you know that?"

"Because your father was my father's hod-carrier."

—A confirmed old bachelor was out at a social gathering the other evening, where he was so unfortunate as to become seated behind a party of vivacious young ladies. Conversation turned upon athletic subjects, when one pert young miss inquired, "Mr. Brown, what is your favorite exercise?" "Oh, I have no preference, but just at present I should prefer dumb belles," was his rather curt reply.

—A deserted damsel rushed into a ball-room at Alviso, Col., the other night, and threw a pan of molasses upon the shirt-front of her faithless lover. That was too sweet for anything.

—Friend, beware of fair maidens! When their tenderness begins, our servitude is near.—*Victor Hugo.*

—A NEW VIEW OF TENNYSON.—"Mamma," said a fashionable New York young lady to her mother, "the papers are making a great fuss over a Mr. Tennyson, of England."

"Yes" responded the mother, "he has been raised to the dear, delightful peerage."

"He has been made a baron, I see," said the daughter.

"Yes, and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose," reflected the old lady. "How exquisitely beautiful it must be to be a baroness."

"What has he been a-doing of to be a baron?" asked the young lady.

"What has he been a-doing of?" repeated the mother. "Why he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Bala-klava."

—"Julia," said he to his wife, "if I owned a horse like Jay Eye See, would you throw your arms around my neck, and kiss me whenever he beat the record?" "William," she answered severely, "there is a saw-horse next that wood pile in the cellar. If you make it beat the record I will kiss you so often it will make your head swim." He thought the stakes were too heavy, and the record of the saw-horse is still unchanged.

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THE

HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL CULTURE.

MAY, 1884.

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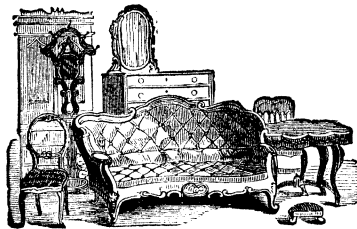
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THE
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HONOLULU, MAY, 1884.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

In common with many other sparsely peopled countries, the Hawaiian Islands have been for some years past, seeking to increase their population by immigration. If the efforts which have been made in this direction have been inspired by any intelligent purpose whatever, it is safe to assume that such purpose has been substantially identical with that which has actuated other peoples and governments in making similar efforts. The main object for which countries, whether large or small, seek to attract immigrants to their borders are these: To cultivate their waste lands, to develop their latent resources, to augment their wealth, and by increase of numbers, to add to the general prosperity, strength and prestige of the nation. It is invariably the case that communities seeking immigrants, do so for their own profit and advantage and not for that of the immigrants themselves, or of the countries from which they come. Of course, justice should be done. No false representations should be made or extravagant hopes held out which must end in disappointment. Those who are invited or solicited to exchange an old home for a new one, should have the advantages which they may derive from the change fully and fairly set forth, without misrepresentation or exaggeration. But, however great these advantages may be, however much the immigrant may benefit his condition by a change of abode, these advantages and benefits are entirely incidental. The seeking of immigrants is in no sense a missionary enterprise.

While, however, immigration is encouraged mainly for the purposes named, there are certain considerations which can never be safely lost sight of, and which never will be lost sight of, where there exists any knowledge of political economy or anything like statesmanship in the government of the country seeking to increase its population in this way. Assuming that it is immigrants that are wanted and not slaves; the first of these considerations is that they shall be of such a character as will amalgamate willingly with the existing population,

uniting with them to build up a homogeneous state and not remain a permanently distinct and alien element in the midst of the community. The possible dangers of such a state of things are too evident to need enlarging upon, and all students of history know that such dangers are not merely theoretical but actual.

Assuming the immigrants to be of a kind which will coalesce successfully with the existing population, the second consideration is that they shall be of such a character that the mixture will not result in any sensible deterioration in the native stock, either mentally, morally or physically. This is no place in which to discuss national or racial peculiarities. We suppose our proposition must be accepted as sound by every one, regardless of the opinions which he may hold as to the comparative rating of particular races, or the advantages or disadvantages of mixed races in general.

A third and sufficiently obvious consideration is that immigrants shall not be introduced in such numbers or with such rapidity that they cannot be readily absorbed and taken into the body politic and social. As in the human body, so in the state; it is not what is injected but what is digested which nourishes and gives strength. It would be a sad spectacle indeed as well as an inexcusable blunder in statesmanship, should a government be instrumental in introducing foreigners in such numbers as to overwhelm and supercede its own people. It is one thing when, as in the case of the Germans and Irish migrating to the United States, the immigrants come entirely of their own accord and there is no law by which they can be restrained, even were it so desired. But it is quite a different thing when, as in our own case, immigrants are directly sought for by the government; when agents are sent abroad at the public expense to push the business, and money is appropriated by the national legislature to assist in paying their passages. It is true that Chinese coolies are no longer brought here by the direct action of the government nor so far as we know, is the public

money used or the public credit pledged to meet the expense of their introduction. Such, however, was the case formerly and for years in succession.

Bearing in mind what has been already said as to the objects for which immigrants may be legitimately sought and the general considerations which should control such enterprises, let us go back and consider the history of Chinese immigration in these islands and see how much of statesmanship, not to say of common sense, can be found in the manner in which Chinese immigrants have been brought or have been allowed to come into this country.

It is now about twenty years since this government first entered upon the work of increasing the labor supply of the country and recruiting our diminishing native population by the introduction of immigrants. The Act by which the Board of Immigration was originally constituted, was dated Dec. 30th, 1864. This Act, with two others, both dated June 23d, 1868, constitute all the legislation we have been able to find on this subject.

There is no necessity for reproducing the text of these Acts. The powers conferred upon, and the discretion vested in the Bureau of Immigration and the Minister of the Interior, its official head are exceedingly broad. For instance, by one of the Acts of 1868, it is made the duty of the Board to devise and recommend for the adoption of the King in Privy Council, rules and regulations with penalties for their violation, which, when adopted by the King in Council, shall have the force of law. All courts of justice are directed to take judicial cognizance of these regulations with penalty annexed, and it is made the duty of the police and of all police and district justices to enforce the rules and regulations which may be adopted and published in accordance with said Act.

In view therefore of the ample authority and wide range of discretion conferred by these Acts, there can be no claim of want of power in the premises. If in the introduction and admission of Chinamen into this country, all considerations which should control such enterprises have been disregarded and the principles of political and social science and the teachings of experience have been alike, treated with contempt, it is simply because the men who have had the control of the government have chosen to have it so. Whether public officials go wrong of their own motion or whether they weakly yield to pressure from interested parties, is a matter of very little consequence to anyone except themselves. The results in either case are precisely the same. The power and discretion being in their hands, they must be held responsible for the way in which it is exercised.

That our government has gone wrong in this matter, is a proposition which cannot be successfully gainsaid. That in either promoting or allowing the influx of male Chinese in the numbers in which we now have them, or in anything approaching it, our so-called statesmen have disregarded the first princi-

ples of statesmanship, the dictates of patriotism and the plainest considerations of prudence, is a thesis which we are prepared to defend at all proper times and places. In the policy which has been pursued in this matter, the government has not only gone astray, but it has done so persistently and constantly. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that they had gone astray, grossly and wilfully. The case is one that justifies strong language. Nor has the error been confined to any particular branch of the administration. Every department of the government, Kings, Nobles, Commons and Cabinet Ministers, must all bear their share of the blame, for the evils, both social and political, which have already come upon us or which may come upon us in the future through this cause.

We claim furthermore, that there has been an element of bad faith running through this whole business. Every public man of any prominence, so far as we are aware, has acknowledged the evils which must flow from the introduction of such an enormously disproportionate number of Chinese, and every successive administration has professed a desire to place some sufficient check upon their coming. Yet it is nevertheless true that with full power in their hands, they have utterly failed or refused to do anything of the kind. These remarks do not apply especially to any particular administration, but are true to a greater or less extent of all. In illustration of the policy which has been pursued, we would remind our readers that the legislature of 1878 passed a law forbidding any further importation of Chinese men unless accompanied by a specified proportion of women. Here at least was a gleam of light; some evidence of common sense, not to say statesmanship. What was the result? The King, presumably with the concurrence of his Ministers, *vetoed the bill* and we have every reason to believe that the same fate awaited any similar bill which might have been passed by any subsequent legislature.

At the time of the creation of the Board of Immigration in 1864, the number of Chinese in the country was small. According to the census of 1866, the proportion of the different elements in our population was as follows:

Natives and half-castes.....	58,765.
Chinese.....	1,206.
Other foreigners.....	2,988.

Total.....62,959.

The following are the figures of each successive census since that time, showing the change which has taken place in the composition of our population, and particularly the dangerous and still growing proportion of Chinese.

1872.—

Natives and half-castes.....	51,531.
Chinese.....	1,938.
Other foreigners.....	3,428.

Total.....56,897.

1878.—

Natives and half-castes.....	47,508.
Chinese.....	5,916.
Other foreigners.....	4,561.
Total.....	57,985.

According to the best estimate we have been able to obtain, the present population of the islands is about as follows:

Natives and half-castes.....	46,000.
Chinese.....	20,000.
Portuguese.....	9,500.
Other foreigners.....	4,500.
Total.....	80,000.

In view of the facts disclosed in these tables and in view furthermore of the discretionary powers vested in the Board of Immigration, and in view especially of the veto of the only legislation we have ever had which was likely to afford any practical relief, we consider that we were fully justified in the remark made just now, viz: "That in either promoting or allowing this influx of male Chinese in the numbers in which we now have them, or in anything approaching it, our so-called statesmen have disregarded the first principles of statesmanship, the dictates of patriotism and the plainest considerations of prudence."

Assuredly, if the ideas advanced in the early part of this article are sound, they have done so. The Chinese are not a people to amalgamate generally with the indigenous population and unite in building up a homogeneous state. Even were they so disposed, it would be practically impossible for them to do so to any advantage, from the simple fact that they are almost exclusively males. What good purpose would be served by any number of Chinamen uniting with native women, if thereby an equal number of Hawaiian men are left without mates? As a matter of fact at least nineteen out of every twenty Chinamen coming here, do so with the intention of making what money they can and then returning home. Many of them do so return, and those who do not, are constantly remitting their earnings to China, causing a drain on this country, variously estimated at from a quarter to a half a million dollars a year. While they remain here, a few marry native women, a much larger number take them without marriage. The presence of these hordes of Chinese males among a people of the lax ideas of the Hawaiians, means widespread demoralization of native females and this in turn means the decay and death of the native race.

Perhaps we cannot do better just here than quote the following passages from a little book entitled: *Sanitary Instructions for Hawaiians*, by Walter Murray Gibson.

"The native Hawaiian pastor of Wainee Church, Lahaina, answered this inquiry, to some extent, from his pulpit, a short time ago. He reproached Hawaiian mothers of his congregation to their face with the crime of selling their little girls to Chinamen. I have heard, said he, one of you mothers say to

her little girl, in the street, as a Chinese coffee shop keeper passed by, 'Eh, there is something sweet for you, and one that will give you what you want; follow him.' And the child urged by the mother, follows the coolie into his den. The Chinese coffee shop is the chief recruiting ground for Hawaiian victims of coolie debauchery."

A little further on we read: "The writer (Mr. Gibson) has had in his employment fourteen Chinamen at different periods, and for long teams of service. Twelve of these men have had native women living with them; some more than one; altogether, twenty Hawaiian females, several of whom are dead, have lived with these Chinamen as wives and concubines, and yet at this day, there is only one living child from all these unions." We hope that before our present ministry make arrangements for the introduction of any more Chinamen, they will carefully consider these writings of Walter M. Gibson, and much more of similar tenor, from the same source, which they can easily find by looking for it.

The fact that the Chinese are and will continue to be a permanently foreign and alien element in our midst, must be looked at squarely and seriously. Did this permanently alien element constitute but a small percentage of our population, it would be a comparatively light matter. But when we find it large and constantly increasing—when we find it consisting almost exclusively of adult males, and approaching in numbers, and even likely soon to exceed all the other adult males in the country combined, it becomes a very serious matter indeed. We are approaching this condition of things faster than many people realize.

According to the last census the total number of males in the country, exclusive of Chinese was 28,418, of which 25,116 were natives and half-castes, and the remaining 3,302 were foreigners of various kinds, including native born children of foreign parents. It will be seen, therefore, at a glance, what a large proportion the Chinese now in the country bear to the total male population. But to appreciate the real significance of these figures it must be remembered that the Chinese are almost all adults, in the prime of life, while the figures for the natives and for the various kinds of foreigners, include, the natural proportion of children, infants, old people, &c. According to the last census the total male population of the country, between the ages of 15 and 40 was only 15,540, including Chinese. Now, of the 5,685 Chinese males then in the country, it is reasonably certain that from three-quarters to seven-eighths were between these ages, so that the total male population of the country, between 15 and 40, excluding the Chinese and including all other foreigners, could not have been much, if any, over 11,000. The Chinese between these ages, now in the country, can hardly be less than this, and may be considerably more. The possibilities of future trouble which are involved in this state of things are evident to every observing and

thinking mind. If the Chinamen do not constitute an absolute majority of the entire adult male population of the Islands at the present time, it is only because the Portuguese who have been brought here within the past year or two have, for the time being, turned the scale.

We have spoken of the folly—may we not say wickedness—of any government having the power to prevent it, being instrumental in introducing foreigners in such numbers as to overwhelm and supersede its own people. And is not this just what our government has been doing? We fear our rulers have forgotten that they are virtually trustees of the interests and welfare of those over whom they rule; not of a class or a favored few, but of the whole people. The rapid introduction of large numbers of foreigners into a country is an operation not without danger, under the most favorable circumstances. This is true even when the immigrants are of cognate race and accustomed to similar religious and social institutions. How much greater then is the danger, when, as in this country, the circumstances instead of being favorable, are particularly unfavorable; when the immigrants are as utterly alien in race, language, religion, character and habits, as the Chinaman is to the Hawaiian or the European. The idea of the *kanakas* or the *haoles*, either for that matter, absorbing and assimilating any large proportion of Chinese is simply preposterous, especially in view of the fact that the latter come without their women and to a country where the females are already largely in the minority.

On the contrary, it is the Chinaman who is doing the "absorbing." He not only absorbs the land and the business and the various occupations on which our own people have been wont to depend, but what is much more serious, he "absorbs" the women. This he does not only by marriage, but by the ways and means so graphically described by Mr. Gibson, (under whose Premiership several thousand more Chinamen have been added to our population), and when the Hawaiian women have been "absorbed," will anyone tell us where to look for the Hawaiian race.

We have dwelt chiefly on the moral and social bearings of this question, and upon those considerations which affect the internal condition of the country. The relations of the subject to our commercial affairs and our foreign politics, require more careful treatment than we can give them in the present article. We feel however that social and moral considerations, including religious, are those which have most need to be dwelt upon and kept before the public mind. Business and politics, appealing more directly to self-interest are more likely to excite interest and receive attention.

It may be thought by some that we have viewed this question from a standpoint too exclusively Hawaiian, and have given undue weight to considerations of what is good for the natives, regardless

of the rights and interests of other portions of the community. In reply to these objections we have three points to urge.

In the first place, the natives are the most numerous portion of the community and at the same time the most in need of protection. Outside of the Chinese and the newly arrived Portuguese, the native Hawaiian comprises about nine-tenths of the entire population of the islands. If, as we hold, governments should seek the greatest good of the greatest number, then the native has certainly the first claim for consideration. Moreover, the native though numerically strong, is actually weak. Notwithstanding all that has been done for him by well-meaning, but not always judicious friends, he is still placed in circumstances which are in many respects very unfavorable to his success and permanence. He is living under conditions for which his natural temperament and disposition do not fit him. He is subject to a political and social system which is alien alike to his inherited tendencies and to all the traditions of his race. He is required to conform to a condition of things to which he has not come by any natural process of growth and for which he is imperfectly prepared. In other words, he is not in harmony with his "environment," but is rather in one of those transition states which are dangerous alike to individuals and to nations. And just now, at this critical period of his history he is called upon to compete and hold his own, against representatives of races not only superior to himself in experience, culture and training, but possessing also in an eminent degree those qualities in which he is particularly deficient, viz: acquisitiveness, aggressiveness and persistence.

Under these circumstances it is not a matter of grace or mercy, but of simple justice, that the odds against him should not be needlessly increased, and especially that he should be protected from this pig-tailed invasion which threatens him with nothing less than destruction and extinction.

In the second place, we hold that the true interests of the natives and the white foreigners, at least the great majority of the latter, are identical. The evils of unrestricted Chinese immigration may show themselves first on the natives, but the foreigners need not flatter themselves that they will escape. The white man may be quite willing to look on with complacency and see the Chinaman swallow the Kanaka, but he should remember that his own turn will come next. So again among foreigners, the small fry will suffer first—the larger fish will be squeezed later on. And should some or even all of the latter class escape the fate of their poorer and humbler neighbors; that would afford but small justification for the course that has been pursued, and but scant consolation for the sufferers. Shall nine men be sacrificed without compunction, merely because the tenth can hold his own against the pressure? Such a result might be quite satisfactory to the one, but the other nine could hardly be expected to regard it

with equal complacency. A few people perhaps can make their pile and retire. But governments at the present day are understood to be not for the good of the few but of the many, and it is the good of the many, both white and brown, which we are now advocating.

In the third place, we should remember that this is a Hawaiian kingdom. These islands are neither in law nor in fact a colony of any other country, and though their present political and social system is largely the result of foreign influence and guidance, the fact of their being an independent Polynesian state has been fully recognized throughout, and finds constitutional expression in the provision that the sovereign must be a native *alii*. Those of us who choose to come here from abroad to reside, should accept the situation in good faith and recognize the fact that this is the brown man's country and that we—the white men—are the foreigners. Too many foreigners are prone to forget this, and to talk and act as though their own convenience and interests were paramount. Having entered the great family of civilized nations, we—the foreigners—have a right to demand that this government, Hawaiian though it be, shall fulfill the recognized functions of civilized rule, to-wit: the preservation of public peace and order, the protection of life and property and the administration of law and justice. All these functions and others incidental thereto, this government performs at least fairly well. In addition to this, the native and the foreigner enjoy equal civil and political rights and the latter has full liberty to speak, write, and print his opinions on all public questions, to become a citizen, to take part in the politics of the country, to vote and hold office and use his influence in all legitimate and orderly ways to influence public affairs. All this is of course right and quite as it should be. But when foreigners proceed to use these rights and privileges for the

injury of the children of the soil, when they seek to exercise their political, social and financial influence in furtherance of schemes which are injurious and destructive to the natives, they are guilty of conduct at once impertinent, ungrateful and unjust.

Foreigners coming here and accepting political office under this government, do so under the strongest moral obligation to exercise their official powers and functions in accordance with the lines here laid down. Failing to do this, they are guilty of nothing less than bad faith and breach of trust.

It is a matter for regret, though hardly for surprise, that the native Hawaiian has so little practical political sense. He takes an interest in public affairs, is patriotic according to his lights and in general means well. But he has not yet learned how to make his interest in politics tell in the production of useful practical results. The foreigner who has had a better political education and larger political experience, is apt to be indifferent and apathetic. What is wanted is that the people—the bulk of the population both white and brown—including the natives of the soil and those who come here in good faith to make their homes among them, should realize that their interests in this as in many other matters, are one and the same, and should learn to act together for the common advantage. To this end good men, patriotic men of both races should frown indignantly upon every effort to breed mutual distrust and enmity. The *kanaka* and the *haole* should be friends, and the pestilent demagogues who are seeking to band together the natives on a platform of hostility to the white man, and those foreigners who play into the hands of such dangerous men by habitually showing their contempt for the natives, and speaking and acting as though they regarded them as cumberers of the ground, should both alike be regarded and treated as enemies to the peace and welfare of the kingdom.

LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

'Tis said that early Greece, in brighter days,
While still she bathed in glory's noontide rays,
In song and arts and arms divine,
At grove and grot and dim mysterious dale,
And sparkling fount, and cool embowered vale,
To youth and beauty reared a shrine.

Her splendors long have paled, her glories sped,
And, with her arts and arms and muses, fled
The radiance of her brighter day.
Though still her streamlets flow, her fountains shine,
And changeless nature is not less divine,
Her flowery shrines have passed away.

But, though no more her temples rise, nor gleam
Her marble altars by the winding stream,
Her old religion still is dear,
Still dear to all;—and thus, as in those days,
Within these leaves, shall all who know thee raise
A shrine to youth and beauty here. [C. H. B. S.]

THE FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

XV.

On the following day Mr. Harding was obliged to be away on business until late in the afternoon. That settled, his thoughts turned involuntarily to matters at home. He had long since reached the conclusion that Maria was altogether justifiable in the course she had pursued; that he had been penurious and small, where he should have been most thoughtful and magnanimous. Not that he had done this with intention exactly, or with any specific design to curtail Maria's expenses. But, with unpardonable indifference, he had subjected his wife to a certain species of serfdom to which she evidently, in his own mind, could no longer submit. He was ready to acknowledge himself in the wrong. He was impatient to redeem his character in Maria's estimation. He wanted the thing settled as he would any business transaction that involved personal responsibility.

One of a less reflective turn of mind would have acted from the impulse of the moment; but Mr. Harding was a man of methods. His plans were made with geometrical precision. He had a little matter to settle with Maria. The plan of procedure was all arranged and he waited an opportunity to execute it. Consequently, he was well pleased on his return towards night, to find his wife reclining on the lounge, deftly at work on a bit of white linen and looking almost as well as ever.

"How have you been to day?" he said, seating himself by her side and gently removing the linen from her hands.

"Oh, nicely!" she replied. "But by what authority do you deprive a woman of her right to

"Sew, sew, prick her fingers, dull her sight?"

"Producing what?" continued Mr. Harding.

"I'm glad you are better, Maria, for I want to talk with you," continued Mr. Harding, quite in accordance with his usual prompt way of settling all business transactions.

"You know I like to talk," she replied, putting her hand in his, and he commenced in right Pestalozzian style.

"Maria, will you tell me why you first went into the seminary at Lewiston?"

"Oh—oh! I can't tell you," she said blushing scarlet. "That is, I—I—don't want to say anything about that now. Let us talk about something else."

"Did I ever trouble you with the question before, Maria?"

"I don't know that you ever did," she replied a little sadly.

"Then ought you not tell me now?"

"Oh, I can't Edward. Please do not ask me now."

"Maria," he said gently, "you must never go there to teach again."

She looked thoughtfully out upon the green landscape to the blue hills far in the distance, as she slowly replied:

"Of course, I don't expect to, at present."

Maria's candor was proverbial and Mr. Harding was somewhat disappointed that she did not make a direct reply to his first inquiry. After a few moments of silence he slowly took out his porte-monnaie, and removing from it a five dollar gold piece, said:

"Did you ever see that before Maria?"

Mrs. Harding had never forgotten the incident with which our story commences, and although she had not thought of the five dollars for many a day, it suddenly occurred to her that this might be the identical piece. Reaching out her hand for the money, she replied:

"Gold pieces are so much alike that I can hardly tell whether I have seen this particular one or not."

"Do you remember my giving you a five dollar gold piece when you talked of going to Westerville, and taking it from you again to pay my tailor's bill?"

"Yes, I remember something about it," she said unable to evade an inquiry so directly put.

"What did you think of your husband then?" he asked.

Maria quickly recalled the anger of those few hours. After a moments hesitation she replied:

"How can I remember what I was thinking about a year and a half ago? I can tell you what my thoughts have been to-day; and they have gradually settled into the conviction that my husband is the best man in the world," she said, throwing her arms about his neck.

"The compliment is altogether stale. Every woman, even a confirmed growler, says that at times—for effect, likely."

"I hope the effect is agreeable to my lord."

"This part of it is especially so," he replied, gently removing her arms from his neck—true to his theory—"business first."

After a few moments of silence, in which Mr. Harding sat looking steadfastly at his wife, until her eyes fell and she partially turned away from his gaze, he continued:

"You have not asked me for any money since I took that same gold piece from you Maria."

"Oh! I've had enough of my own," she quickly replied.

"Yes, and was not this the very reason why you went into the school—that you might have enough of your own, without asking your husband for it."

Maria sat thoughtful for a few moments, with

down-cast eyes, then looking up into his face, she replied:

"Yes, Edward, it was."

"Oh, Maria," said he, "I could never forgive myself if anything should happen to you, on account of so great exertion—if you should be very ill."

"Oh! I shall not be," she quickly replied. "I'm quite well now. It is all past, so let us forget it and talk of something else."

"I'm a fortunate man if you *can* forget it. But we must, at least, make some arrangements for the future."

"Oh, no!" said Maria, "not now. I've got a heap of money left."

"Yes, but I want you to let me have that."

Maria remembered how she had once gave him a much larger sum, and after a moment's hesitation, replied:

"No, I won't, Edward. I want it myself."

Mr. Harding could not repress a hearty laugh at the earnestness of this honest confession, but soon replied:

"I think it is rightfully yours, and Maria," he continued more seriously, "I will weekly leave in yonder drawer," pointing to a small escutoire in one corner of the room, "a sum which will henceforth be entirely at your disposal, and I hope I shall be man enough to put there all you need or want."

Maria looked thoughtfully out upon the blue hills, but made no reply.

"Doesn't that arrangement suit you?" said Mr. Harding, with native persistency.

"Y-e-s—perhaps so."

"I don't wonder if you are in doubt whether you'll find anything there, after your past experience."

"Don't say that Edward."

"Let us have no more secrets, Maria. Tell me just what you think about this matter, will you not?"

After a few moments hesitation, she replied: "Do you remember that once I proposed I should have a certain amount yearly, for my own personal expenses? You quite ridiculed the idea then. Would you still disapprove it?"

"Not in the least, Maria, if you prefer it. But why would that suit you better than my proposition?"

"Well, if you put money into the drawer, I shall always feel like this: 'That's Edward's money. He puts it there for me to use. I don't know how much he expects I'll take of it. If I spend it all as fast as he deposits it, he'll wonder what I do with so much.' When I put money into my purse, I want to feel that it is my own, and that I can do with it just what I please, without being answerable to any one. Not but that I'm always glad to have you know—but then I don't want to keep thinking all the time, my husband will think I pay too much for this, or that. I ought not to take his money for that bit of finery."

"I'm not surprised at your estimate of your husband, when I take into consideration the past," said Mr. Harding.

"I'm not casting reflections upon the past. You know that, I hope, Edward."

Mr. Harding bowed with a grave face, and Maria continued:

"I like to feel that the money I have is my own, just as you or any other man feels about the greenbacks in his pocket. If you meet a poor man on the street and choose to give him a dollar, or an unfortunate one ten, you do not think it necessary to consult me before the donation is made, nor to inform me of it afterward, nor should I know of it from any knowledge I have of the means at your disposal. If I visit a family oppressed by misfortune and see fit to take fifty dollars from my purse for their use, I wish to do it independently, and if necessary, make personal sacrifices in consequence. Otherwise there is no charity in the act. If I know the drawer will be immediately filled again, there's no responsibility in the matter on my part. I simply put your money into the hands of another. In this way, if inclined, I might spend a much larger sum than our income would warrant. No doubt many a man is thus led into pecuniary difficulties and to extricate himself he resorts to embezzlement and forgery rather than curtail the expenses of his wife and family."

"Judging from the past Maria, would you think any such destiny awaited me?" interrupted Mr. Harding, with a half-ironic smile.

She made no reply and Mr. Harding drew her toward him saying: "Well, my dear, is that all?"

"No!" said Maria, and after a few moments she continued:

"We can have no separate interests Edward."

'The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink Together, dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free.'

I know I'm not out in the world engaged in business. But I believe a woman, faithful in her duties at home, does just as much toward making a fortune as a man, and when acquired, it is just as much hers as his. Society gives her a different position, but it is an equally important one. A mere servant girl might perform for him household drudgery. But that is nothing. He wants a home and the multiplicity of blessings which a real home provides. Perhaps for this one thing more than any other, he labors to acquire wealth. In building up such a home, who shall say that a woman's part is not even more important and responsible than that of a man? In our own case Edward—excuse me if I am bold enough to assert that when we commenced life together, the small sum left by my father, was nearly equal to your share in this involved estate. Our prosperity is, of course, due to your superior talent. But had that been my part in life, who shall say my qualifications would have been less than yours? I've tried to do my part well. You have been abundantly successful in yours. My theory would entitle me to an equal share in the accumulated wealth. Now, if

it were all mine, I should never throw dollars into an open drawer, to be taken out and spent at random. On the contrary, I should set apart a certain portion for my quarterly expenses—depending of course upon my income—as much as I might decide was necessary or expedient, and insist that my wants should succumb to this self-constituted endowment, and thus interfere with with no other use or investment I might wish to make of my money. Why not pursue the same course, if a part only is mine?"

"Shall I send your name to the Redpath Bureau, or get you copies of Blackstone and Kent?" said Mr. Harding.

"Oh, I read them long ago, with brother Henry in my father's law office," returned Maria.

"Well, your argument is quite conclusive. Now what shall be the yearly amount of the allowance?"

"I don't care about the amount, but please don't call it an allowance."

"An allowance you make yourself, my dear. Shall it be eight hundred dollars? That is what you have received at the seminary this year, I believe."

"Oh, no! I don't need as much, and besides our income might not allow so large a sum for each of us, and I'm not supposed to spend more than you."

"I'm not sure my income—pardon me, our income—will not allow it. Business is good. We are doing very well in money matters. What you say relative to the equality of ownership in our property, I acknowledge to be true. But the law does not always recognize this fact. I don't suppose I have any correct idea as to what your personal wants might require, but I prefer the sum should be one thousand dollars, if that will suit you, and if you don't wish to spend so much, invest the remainder in your own name, in whatever way you please. It may some time be for your interest to have it thus invested?"

"Well, when you have spent all yours, and are traveling about the country a poor forlorn tramp, just make me a call and you shall have a good dinner."

"Yes, after I have hacked away at the woodpile long enough to pay for two, I suppose."

Mr. Harding's face settled into a thoughtful look; for a moment and then turning to his wife, he said

"And Maria, you must no longer do the work in the kitchen."

"Why, I need the exercise," she replied.

"Get it some other way then. I'm mortified when I think of the drudgery to which you have been subjected during our married life. Cannot arrangements be made with Mrs. Denver to give up her house and live with us? She's reliable and would relieve you very much. How would you like such an adjustment of our domestic affairs?"

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Denver, who came to say tea was ready and to inquire if Mrs. Harding felt equal to a seat at the dining room table.

XVI.

LAKEVIEW, JUNE 30, 18—.

DEAR HENRY:—Maria and I have had a settlement in a square, business, off-hand manner. I feel the better for it. Don't know how 'tis with her—she seemed all right before. I would not be misunderstood. Her triple duties were telling on her, much to my discredit. But never a word from her lips. She's a Kohinoor, Henry, but I must needs let others rub off the sand which unwittingly I was heaping upon her. But I'm in for complete confession. Here it is.

Yes, she was teaching to get money. For what—meat, fire and clothes? Not exactly. We sat at the same table—she ate of the food she had prepared for me. I must have fire for warmth. She shared it. But alas, for raiment and the numerous knick-nacks in which a man is hardly expected to share an equal part. Tell me the amount in gold that Stewart has received for that advertisement moving down Broadway, with the majesty of a Juno and the grace of a sylph. "One thousand dollars, jewelry excepted." Doubtless! And how much did I offer Maria for a similar equipment? A five dollar gold piece. Don't be rash, Henry; preserve your serenity until confession is ended and penance duly awarded.

How did I know the cost of a woman's outfit? I might have inquired of others and thus saved myself the loss of self-respect which I now suffer. But never sweet sister held out to me her hand for silver to buy the love of a hat. Alas! I never knew the tender sympathies of sisterhood and brotherhood, save for you Henry; and when you left me last April, blue and decrepit, I was self-accused, for a few words that you uttered, suddenly unraveled the mystery which for twelve months had hung over our otherwise happy home.

My father was a good man—an honorable man—no stain upon his reputation. My mother, gentle, loving, cheerful, satisfied. Probably her wants were few, and they were supplied by occasional donations from my father's purse—given from his hand. And that was my way. Stupid, I allow, inexcusably so! And my dear wife, from her innate delicacy, preferred to take double labors upon herself, rather than reveal her necessities, and accuse her husband. Possibly words might have failed, where deeds have been, I can assure you most effective. But I trust it is all right now.

Mrs. Denver—you will remember her being here in the spring—has made arrangements to leave her house and live with us. She is reliable and competent and will relieve Maria of all drudgery, and if necessary take entire supervision of our establishment. Come to us—bring the New York blonde whom you have hardly kept in the background for two years past. Come and you will find a happy home and a most cordial welcome from your devoted brother,

EDWARD HARDING.

Just as Mr. Harding was placing this letter in the

envelope Maria entered the library, and being told the letter was for Henry, reached out her hand saying, "Oh, let me read it!"

"Not this one," replied Mr. Harding pleasantly. "I've been writing about you."

"Telling tales, I fear."

"I've been asking Henry to bring his pretty Eveline to Lakeview."

"Oh, I wish he would! I want to see her."

The door of the long hall stood open and they strolled out upon the veranda. Fragrant honeysuckles twined around the grooved pillars, and great sweet damask roses, bristling up between, hung their heads upon the winding stems. Spread out before them, was a broad lawn carpeted with green, and dotted here and there with beds of geraniums, and pansies of purple and gold, and milk-white carnations, environed with emerald buds and long narrow leaves. Clusters of sweet peas aurora-tinted from the eastern sky climbed fantastic frames, and their delightful perfume sprinkled the air with fragrance.

In the rear of the house stood the ancient well-curb. Above the cold, deep waters, the old oaken bucket had swung for half a century, and Mr. Harding insisted it should never be removed from its position of classic renown. At a little distance from the well, sunflowers reared their yellow encircled desks glaringly towards the sky, and tall hollies, their stiff stalks covered with pink blossoms, nodded awkwardly to the lilacs, whose velvet cups had budded in the spring time, and in the early summer had withered away.

To the east, the garden, where from the fertile earth sprang clustering leaves and vines starred with golden bloom and the verdure of succulent roots; and further on, peach and cherry trees, and Bartlets with already ripening fruit. All about the rear of the house were orchards sloping towards a ravine bordered with grassy meadows, impatient for the mower's scythe. Everything denoted abundance and comfort.

Here and there were the grateful branches of over-shadowing elms. Along the road-side, long lines of maples, from which the robins poured forth their daily matins and the bob-o-links their evening songs.

On the opposite side of the street lay pastures with here and there wide-spreading oaks, beneath whose majestic branches the placid Ayrshires stood, mutely chewing their cud and patiently waiting the cow boy's call, when

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

The pastures declined steeply to the south where a rapid stream, uniting with ripllets from the opposite hill formed a lake clear as crystal with unwooded borders, and distinctly seen from all parts of the Harding mansion. Here is located the factory, and around it small cottages, modest homes of the industrious workmen. Beyond, the land rises abruptly and far away the blue hills with ever-changing views—purpling in the morning light and transposed into gossamer waves of gold by the rays of the setting sun.

"How beautiful!" said Maria, as she walked thoughtfully down the avenue by the side of her husband. "I hope we may always live here."

"I trust we shall not be unfortunate enough to lose the old homestead," returned Mr. Harding.

"Yes; but I mean our home forever—the New Jerusalem, that the eye hath not seen, nor the heart of man conceived."

Mr. Harding was silent. Suddenly the brassy twang of the old clock in the hall rung out, "one—two—three."

"Good-bye dear, I must go," he said. "I promised to meet the boys in the river-side lot to see how the Union mowing machine works."

"Be home early, Edward. You know we are going to ride after tea," and Maria looked up to her husband with sweet confiding trust.

"Yes, I remember; good-bye."

At a little distance from the house, in crossing the street, he turned and looked back upon his wife. She stood leaning over the gate, a white shawl of soft woolen net work thrown about her shoulders, relieving the otherwise sombre dress of thin black material, abundantly edged with lace. The rays of the declining sun fell over her in streams of golden light.

Mr. Harding raised his hat and never knight of the Round Table, when leaving his love for the tournament, bowed more gracefully or with heart more "tender and true."

SARAH M. WYMAN.

THE END.

IN MEMORY OF A SISTER—DIED FEBRUARY 13, 1884.

I.

A sister is at rest.
That fond, enduring, loving, sorrowing heart
No more with joy shall thrill, with grief shall smart,
A sister is at rest.

II.

Yes we mourn our loss,
Though great thy gain: our selfish hearts will bleed;
Ay, though we know thy ransomed soul is freed
From every cross;

III.

Yet not, indeed, as those
Who hopeless mourn, would we thy fate deplore;
But, rather, those bright scenes of bliss explore
Where now thou dost repose.

IV.

And shall we wish thee here,
More sin, more trial, and more grief to know?
Nay, rather may our spirits long to go
And join thee there.

THE EQUATORIAL SMOKE-STREAM FROM KRAKATOA.

According to our historian Fornander's interpreting of Polynesian traditions, Java was an early center of the Polynesian race, whence radiated their wide migrations, as Hawaii is the remotest extreme of those migrations, as well as the scene of this people's greatest advance in social and political dignity. The historian derives the the name *Hawaii* or *Savaii* from that of *Java*, as *Sava-i-i*, or "Burning-Java," either as a reminiscence of the Java volcanoes, or else, as we Hawaiians might well boast, as an assertion of our own supremacy in the matter of "fire-fountains." As if resenting such arrogance in her remote progeny, the parent island asserting with supreme throes her ancient grandeur, has now sped a visible message from her own colossal fire-fountain around the globe to far Hawaii, whose giant craters with their sluggish lavas may well quake at the virulent enormity of Krakatoa's explosion, which has begirt the world with flaming sunsets.

On the 27th day of last August there culminated the greatest volcanic eruption of this globe that has been scientifically observed. The straits of Sunda lie between Java and Sumatra, connect the China sea with the Indian ocean and form the chief waterway of Asiatic commerce. Near the center of this narrow gateway of the world's navies lies the small island of Krakatoa or Krakatau. One year ago this island was seven miles long, rising to a height of four thousand feet, and richly clothed with forest. Volcanic action began there early last summer. On the 26th of August a series of terrific ejections of ashes and pumice commenced. These increased in violence during the 26th, covering adjacent regions at times with total darkness. Near 11 a. m. of the 27th, the eruption culminated in a gigantic explosion, which, both in its dimensions and in its effects, immediate and subsequent, was wholly unparalleled by anything on record. Waves of perhaps over 100 feet high swept away all the populous villages lining the straits and destroyed a majority of the inhabitants. In a populous island eight miles north-east, all life, animal and vegetable, was destroyed by the fiery rain. The great city of Batavia, 100 miles away, was for several hours in total darkness and covered deep with white ashes like a snowfall. Lompong bay, 30 miles away, for two months remained closed by floating pumice ten feet in thickness. Large islands of pumice obstructed the navigation of the straits. Two-thirds of the island of Krakatoa disappeared with the larger half of the mountain, and under the place of its highest peak 100 fathoms of line failed to find bottom. The masses of the island blown aloft fell mainly to the northward, forming extensive reefs and shoals where had been deep water. Showers of ashes fell 970 miles west by north in 22 hours and 1,050 miles S.

S. E. in 84 hours. The detonations were heard over 1,000 miles away. One effect wholly unprecedented was observed in barometers on ships in that region, the mercury rising and falling every minute or two from an inch to an inch and a half. The same strange undulation of the whole atmosphere in less degree was recorded the same day by barographs all over the world, the only such barograms ever produced.

Gigantic as were these effects, they were surpassed in strangeness and extent, by those conspicuous effects which were left upon the earth's atmosphere, causing the remarkable sunset and sunrise glows which have set the world wondering. These are still the subject of close study by the scientific world, whose substantially unanimous opinion ascribes them to the smoke, or more precisely, the vapor and comminuted dust of lava, blown into the atmospheric heights from Krakatoa, and diffused thence by ordinary atmospheric currents throughout the globe. This peculiar haze with its glows has been conspicuous in all quarters of the globe, from the latter part of November to the end of January, and is still occasionally observed at Honolulu in April, the attendant opalescent corona around the sun being constantly seen.

There is cause for marvelling at the long continued suspension in the upper atmospheric strata, of those minute particles of lava-dust, which are believed to give such strange reflections of sunlight. Some eminent electricians have suggested in explanation, that these particles are in a state of high electric tension and therefore repel each other and are repelled by the earth. Such an electrified condition would be the inevitable effect of the sudden conversion into thin vapor of the great volumes of heated water or other solidified gases occluded in the white hot lava under pressure, whose release and explosion at once blew millions of tons of vitreous lava into foamy pumice, snowy ashes and microscopic dust.

Among the great and peculiar problems connected with this immense atmospheric effect of the Krakatoa eruption, commonly known as the "Afterglow," or the "Red Skies," there was one phenomenon of unique and colossal character, which not coming under the personal observation of European and American savants, seems to have attracted little attention. In the scientific journals of the United States, it has scarcely received notice as a distinctive fact. It is the great fact named in the caption of this article, and which it is now proposed to discuss, of a *swift strong fling* from the eruptive column of Krakatoa of a vast stream of smoke, due west with great precision along a narrow equatorial belt, at an enormous velocity, nearly around the globe.

Residents of Honolulu will not fail to recall the surprising spectacle of Wednesday evening, the

5th of September last, as well as of many nights and mornings following, when on all sides portentous masses of colored light came suddenly pouring out of the pellucid blue, like instant condensations of invisible vapors, and when the whole west outflamed in broad sheets of gold and olive green and blazing crimson, all at last at a late hour settling down into a low deep lurid glow, as of some wide but remote conflagration, which continued visible until ninety minutes after sundown. That evening at setting, the sun was observed to be *green*. On the morning of the same day, passengers on the *Zealandia* steaming hence towards the line, were awakened by *blue* sunshine streaming into their berths.

On the evening of the 4th, a like spectacle with ours of the 5th was observed at Fanning's island, near the line, and nearly due south of us. On the 3d, two days earlier than ours, about 2,000 miles E. S. E. like appearances of wonderful brilliancy were observed from the dismasted bark *C. Southard Hurlburt*. On the second, three days before ours, a green sun filled with wonder the dwellers of Panama, Venezuela and Trinidad along the South Caribbean. On the first of September, four days earlier than Honolulu, the green sun was reported at Maranham near the Amazon, and at Cape Coast Castle on the Gulf of Guinea. Still four days earlier we hear of the green sun on the same equatorial line in the Indian Ocean, at the Seychelles Islands, only three thousand miles west of Java, and this on the 28th of August, only one day after the great explosion of Krakatoa. Here then we find a vast continuous stream of volcanic vapors, sweeping due west from the ejecting column, to the Seychelles with a velocity of 125 miles an hour, and to Honolulu of nearly 80 miles, or 18,000 miles in ten days. Beyond Honolulu, we have not been able yet to trace this stream, no reports from intelligent observers in Eastern Micronesia having yet reached us.

Especially to be noted is not only the unique velocity of this smoke-stream, but the long continuity and extreme precision of its movement westward along a narrow equatorial line. Over the Pacific as well as at the Caribbean, it is true that the stream shows considerable breadth, its wasting impetus leaving it somewhat to fan out. But over the Indian ocean, the close limitation of the stream is remarkable. Although it struck the Seychelles on the 28th of August, the Krakatoa vapors with their green sun did not reach Ceylon, 1,000 miles nearer their source, but north of their *special route*, until the 8th of Sept., three days after we of Honolulu had been set a-wondering about them. From Ongole in Southern India, the first reports were on the 12th. In Southern China, Australia, Nubia, and South Africa, the varying phenomena of the glows and green suns began to appear late in September and early in October, and throughout October in the Gulf of Mexico, one isolated but brilliant glow being seen October 31st from Washington to Memphis.

At last, late in November, the marvel-working

vapors have drifted in full force over Europe and the United States, and have set all the scientists to studying what they had been slow to give heed to as reported from our early and special stream in the Tropics. Meantime, our September glows having fitfully waned and almost disappeared during November, early in December there comes to us in Honolulu a great revival of their power and beauty. This continues in force far into February. The strong, swift advance guard of the Krakatoa vapors had expended itself; but its place was supplied by the grand army left behind, whose steady march over the hemispheres reached us last of all.

It thus appears that while the general diffusion of the huge bulk of the Krakatoa vapors was tardy, and such as might be expected from the agency of ordinary atmospheric currents, reaching New York in twelve weeks, and Honolulu in twelve days more, there was at the beginning a special and exceptional stream of the same, *shot or flung* due west along the equator, striking our Honolulu skies in only ten days from its source.

This grand phenomenon appeals strongly to the imagination. We marvel at the enormous explosive force at Krakatoa that blew far into the ocean the greater part of an island as high as Lanai, and half as large, and shot to unmeasured heights millions of tons of the fiery entrails of the earth. We think in dismay of that vast pall of volcanic cloud which buried a hundred thousand square miles in darkness that all but stifled, and through which for many hours poured down the ashes and pumice over broad regions of land and sea. But the thought towers to sublimity when we conceive of that strong bright pennon of vapor streaming far and straight in the higher skies away west over the broad Indian Ocean, striking on and on over the Dark Continent and its central lakes, over the upper Nile and middle Congo and lower Niger—flying on across the Atlantic, over the Amazon and the Andes and past the Caribbean, and still on in broadening sweep across the fair Pacific, to far Hawaii and beyond, announcing the great convulsion around the earth, and belting the globe with fiery skies. And meantime the vast cloud mass whence it streamed, having shed its heaviest dust, spreads far abroad, and begins its slow march of months across the continents to cover the whole globe with the same wonderful glares.

By what force was it borne? What strange power impelled it, and what special influence so accurately steered it on its equatorial course? This is the difficult question to which this paper seeks to render an answer.

For the transmission of vapors in the atmosphere, we know of only one force, that of the wind or atmospheric currents. Hence very naturally, and apparently without consideration, Dr. Norman Lockyer ascribes this early stream of vapor to some peculiar current existing in the upper strata of the atmosphere. This does not seem to be a tenable hypothesis. In the first place the existence of such a world-

round air current of extreme velocity is without evidence, and in itself improbable. Then it is most unlikely that such a current, if a steady and prevailing one, should be of such limited breadth. Again, the prevailing currents or trades in the upper air with which we are acquainted, move eastward, and not westward. Moreover, they never are parallel to the equator, but incline either to the north or south. Again, only the most furious hurricanes attain the velocity of this smoke stream, and these are of very limited extent. It is characteristic of such violent storms to be changeful in direction, and brief in duration. This was a continuous, precise, unvarying movement, except as it gradually diminished in speed through many days. In all this we have the characteristics of an independent current of the vapor itself, and not of a transportation by winds. The gradual retardation especially betokens a stream of vapor shot along the air at great velocity, gradually impeded by the atmosphere which it traversed, and finally arrested, enjoying no other impelling force than the one which originally started it.

Rejecting the hypothesis of transportation by a special atmospheric current, it is proposed to show how the required current was generated and established in the moving vapour itself, independently of the atmosphere, through and above which it swept without mingling therewith. A demonstration will be attempted that given sufficient height to a column of erupting vapor near the equator, so as to reach well above the limits of the atmosphere, a necessary and inevitable consequence will be the delivery of a swift stream of the upper vapors due west, on the upper surface of the atmosphere, and that accordingly the occurrence of such a stream is indubitable evidence of such colossal dimensions of the eruptive column.

It is first to be considered how the great mass of vaporous ejecta shot up in any eruptive column like that of Krakatoa must necessarily arrange itself. It will be seen that it must assume the general form of a very broad *cone* or *dome*, resting upon the heavier strata of the atmosphere, and surrounding the up-shooting column of eruption, by which it is continually reinforced and enlarged. It will thus have much the form of a gigantic toadstool or umbrella, the column being the stem. Two elements contribute to produce this form; first, the immense expansion of the gases, causing a great lateral spread; and secondly, the density of the atmosphere retarding the fall of the expanding gases, and compelling a still greater lateral motion in order to make place for the fresh supplies from below. Down through this cone of smoke and the air beneath, will fall a continuous rain of the heavier solid matters which have been shot up: rocks, stones, lapilli, pumice, ashes and fine dust. The vapors will remain massed above the heavier strata of the atmosphere, themselves stratified like the air in "isobaric" planes, or planes of equal density, the heavier below, the lighter above. Owing, however, to the immense upward thrust in

the center of the mass, these isobaric planes will be *inclined* like hollow cones one fitting over another. Now, as the gases pour out on the summit of this vast cone from the ascending column, their fall must be outwards along and down these inclined planes, because, being expanded and light, they cannot fall *through* the denser mass of vapors below.

Thus we find necessitated a lateral movement down long inclined planes becoming the general movement of the whole mass of vapors. If the column is of extreme height, reaching above the atmosphere, the gases will fall along the planes *in vacuo* without retardation. They will slip down the inclined planes with *accelerating* velocity, and like a car escaping control on a down grade, may attain an enormous speed.

We will now assume a possible eruptive column of one hundred miles in height, or fifty miles higher than the commonly estimated limit of the atmosphere. With such a colossal column, we have seen that there will be, first, a tendency in the gases pouring out of the summit of the cone into the outer vacuum, to slide down the inclined planes of the cone with enormous velocity. These gases will be immensely expanded in the vacuum, becoming so tenuous that only those solid particles which are of extreme fineness will be retained by them, all the coarser dust falling into the heavier vapors below, and sliding outwards more slowly on the lower planes.

In such an eruption then, of sufficient height above the atmosphere, we find an adequate source of the swift horizontal motion required for the equatorial smoke stream. For it is obvious that as the down-sliding streams of vapor reach the level of the upper atmosphere in their descent, they will slide away horizontally upon its surface until by gradually mingling with the air, their motion is arrested. But we have still to seek the cause of the *special* movements *westward*. So far we have found only a general outward fling in all directions. The chief part of the mystery is still to be solved. Whence that *straight, precise shot* of the one great stream to the westward? An *impelling* force we have found. But where is the *directing* force which determined with such precision its course?

The precise parallelism of this motion to the equator at once invites us to see in it some resultant of the earth's revolution on its axis. And we have not far to go to discover how this *must* be. Any body shot vertically upwards has of necessity, a westward tendency, due to the eastward rotation of the globe, which leaves it behind as it ascends, just in proportion to the height it attains. We have assumed a height of 100 miles. Calling the earth's radius 4,000 miles, this adds one-fortieth to the radius of rotation. Hence in order to maintain a precisely vertical position over the point of ejection, or in other words, to keep up, the ejecta will have to traverse an arc of circumference longer by one-fortieth than does the crater below. That is moving

east 1,040 miles an hour. One-fortieth of this is 26 miles. Therefore to keep up, the ejecta 100 miles high must move 1,066 miles an hour east. But they have only and precisely the 1,040 miles of eastward motion with which they left the surface of the earth. Therefore they will fall behind at the rate of 26 miles an hour, or in other words will move westward at that velocity.

Here we find a *directive* force of great strength and precision. As the vapors pour out at the summit of the vast cone of smoke 100 miles aloft, they do not roll indiscriminately outwards to all points of the compass. They have a very precise and special motion westward, and stream down that side of the cone, starting at a velocity of 26 miles an hour, and gathering speed as they descend, until they reach the level of the atmosphere and shoot off at a speed of hundreds of miles on their long journey.

It is to be observed here, that the same resultant of the rotation of the globe will greatly modify the shape of the entire vapor cone. It will cause a general movement of the whole mass of vapors to the westward, producing a considerable elongation of the cone in that direction, especially of the upper and lighter portions, which experience the greater westward push, according to their weight. This westward elongation of the inclined planes will favor the acceleration of velocity in the topmost stream. It will also favor its slipping easily off into a perfectly horizontal motion along the surface of the atmosphere, instead of plunging abruptly downward into it, and so being speedily arrested.

Special note must be taken of the fact that the very highest masses of the outpouring vapours have much the greatest westward push. It is therefore these highest and most expanded vapours which will constitute the special stream westward, having the swiftest initial motion, the most perfect direction, the longest accelerating slide, and the greatest tenuity whereby to float *upon* the highest strata of the air, instead of sinking into it, and being sooner retarded.

It is thus demonstrated that an eruptive column of gases 100 miles in height and reaching far above the atmosphere *must necessarily* generate a precise westward movement from its summit of 26 miles an hour. It was also demonstrated that this movement will begin on a slide *in vacuo* down a long inclined plane, producing an immensely accelerated motion, and that thus a strong stream of its highest vapors *must* be thrown with great precision due west. The same must be true in greater or less degree of such column of any height reaching far enough above the air to afford a sufficiently long slide *in vacuo*, the height for that purpose being sufficient to give the needed initial directive push.

If this demonstration is complete, it will then of necessity follow that the observed existence of such a special swift westward stream of volcanic smoke as proceeded in September from Krakatoa along the equator 18,000 miles in ten days, establishes the fact

of an *actual* height of the eruptive column approximating to that assumed, or far above the limit of the atmosphere.

It may seem audacious to assert such a colossal height as probable. It is more than double the height assigned in the boldest suggestions that have been published. There are however, several independent considerations which appear to corroborate it. As observed from the *Charles Bal*, 30 miles N. E. of Krakatoa, the great explosion began at 11:15 a. m. on the 27th of August, and at 11:30, or in fifteen minutes, heavy showers of mud and ashes poured down on her decks, enveloping them for three hours in absolute darkness. Such a *lateral* projection of 30 miles implies a much greater vertical projection. The matter projected being of light nature, and subject to great retardation in the atmosphere, could not have traversed the 30 miles otherwise than by being first driven aloft in compact mass to a height several times greater than the lateral distance to be reached, so as to plunge downward with some directness. Only three minutes would be occupied in the ascent of 100 miles, leaving twelve for the retarded falling.

The bark *Arabella*, 970 miles nearly due west of Java Head, on August 28th, reports, "it began in the morning to rain something like sand." In the absence of a powerful hurricane, the transportation of sand or ashes a thousand miles in less than one day seems to imply projection over an enormous height, with the aid of the *inclined slide*. The *westward* direction in this case is notable.

Again, the barometric oscillations on the forenoon of the 27th, indicate a prodigious upheaving of the whole mass of the atmosphere in that vicinity. This might well have been produced by an exploding column of vapor driving entirely through and above the atmosphere, and so generating in it that enormous undulation.

At Batavia, 100 miles distant, complete darkness with falling ashes took place before midday on the 27th, or within an hour after the great explosion as timed by the *Charles Bal*. The indication here seems to be of the same colossal height of the ascending column.

In this discussion apparent "precision" has been attributed to the westward stream of vapor. This of course is not to be taken too strictly. It may be noted however, that Krakatoa being a few degrees south of the equator, a precise westward throw must follow the great circle tangential to that parallel of latitude, which circle will cross the equator near the meridian of Greenwich, and at Panama will be as far north of the line as Krakatoa is south of it. The earliest arrival of the vapor on any meridian will naturally have been along the center of the stream. Honolulu in Lat. 21° N. received it one day later than Fanning's island, two degrees further west, but in only 3° 51' N., or nearly on the great circle from Krakatoa.

The columns of *Nature* every week record new

and often very important facts concerning this whole subject. The Royal Society has formed a "Krakatoa Committee," of which the chairman is G. J. Symons, Burlington House, W. London, to whose address it will be useful to send all facts relating thereto. From the labors of this committee the

most conclusive results may be looked for, after the facts have been gathered in. Meantime speculations like the foregoing may be of interest, especially to eye-witnesses like us of Hawaii nei, to some of the remarkable facts included.

SERENO E. BISHOP.

SPECIMENS OF JAPANESE FOLK-LORE.

More than half a century ago, a number of popular and nursery tales were collected by the Grimm brothers, gathered from the German peasantry, which really laid the foundation of a new study. The tales and legends of nearly every country in the world have been sought for, and if some general classifier would arise and compare these tales, it would be at least curious to see what is common to them all. Many of the old wives tales, and stories of romance, which, before the time of Sir William Jones, were taken as entirely European in origin, have, since the linguistic studies of that learned judge, been found to have an Asiatic beginning. This, in the light of modern research, is what might be expected; for, leaving out of the question the identity of most Europeans with the ancient Aryan stock, sufficient communication was held in ancient times between southern and western Asia, Egypt and Europe, to insure a widespread acceptance of stories of a common origin.

It would be an anomaly, however, to find the substance of the same stories in Japan, a country insular in all respects, the inhabitants of which can have no possible relationship with the Indo-European. Besides, the Japanese have an indigenous literature, and, if borrowing at all, they have borrowed from the Chinese, a people having nothing in common with Indo-Europeans.

I have a very large collection of Japanese stories, and have heard very many more, and it is not too much to say that many of them are in all essential respects, varied of course to suit the environment, the exact counterpart of our own legends. Much has been written about Japan of late years, but with one or two feeble exceptions, I know of nothing in this vast and interesting field of research. Many of these stories are committed to writing, many are in the mouths of street-story tellers, but the great place to get them is in the *Yose*, places of evening entertainment for the middle and lower classes of Japanese. I would say in passing that the story-tellers in the *Yose* are usually well educated, have the whole history of Japan at their tongue's end, and are ready, eloquent, and fluent of speech. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find the lowest class of Kulis far better posted in the history of their country, than well-educated Europeans or Americans in theirs. This undoubtedly comes from the *Yose* and the theatre. Thinking that some of these stories might be interesting to readers of the HAWAIIAN MONTHLY, I submit the following:

THE STORY OF THE MAN WITH A WEN.

Long, long ago, there was an *Oji san*, (old man) who had a big wen on the right side of his face. He went to cut wood on mount Taiko. It came on to rain and blow without stopping, so that he could not get back, and much against his will stopped all night on the hills. He was in a dreadful plight, and put his hands to his forehead (what the perplexed Japanese always does). So he finally crept into the hollow of a tree that was near, and whilst he was crouching inside, unable to close his eyes, there came from the distance a sound, as of men hurrying along and talking loudly the while. He looked out and beheld beings of all sorts of shapes and appearances. Running well in front of the rest were some with only one eye and some without a mouth, and such like, and altogether, indeed, a quite indescribable kind of beings. The whole throng, to the number of about a hundred, came together with a whizzing sort of sound, and after lighting a great fire as bright as the eye of heaven, they spread themselves about in front of the hollow tree in which the old man was, who, thereupon, lost the power of his senses more and more. One elf who seemed to be their chief, sat on a seat thwartwise, while the elves ranged themselves on each side of him in two rows. They enjoyed themselves drinking *sake*, just like people of this world, and after passing the bowl round frequently, the chief elf seemed to get uncommonly drunk. Then one young elf rose at the further end, and clapping a dish-tray on his head begged for something or other. Uttering witty sayings, he marched slowly to the front of the elf on the thwart-seat and seemed to be importuning him; the latter remained seated, holding the drinking cup in his left hand, and smiling good humordly, just like a person of this world. Then he led off in the dance, and the rest joined in order all down the line: some danced well, others badly. When, at length, they seemed to have had enough of it, the elf of the thwart-seat spoke and said: "We have prolonged the fun to-night much beyond our usual time; no wonder, however, the jig was a sight to see." Hereupon, the old man, whether it was that something had bewitched him, or that some god or saint put it into his mind to do so,—at any rate, felt a desire to start out and dance. Then all at once, he changed his mind, but the elves hereupon, without more ado struck up a tune of so pleasant a sound that he made up his mind. "So be it," said he; "I will run out

and have my dance; I must, even if I die for it," and with his cap cocked over his nose and his woodman's hatchet stuck in his girdle, forth he came dancing up in front of the elf on the thwart-seat. Up sprung the elves bounding and buzzing about him, to know what this meant. The old man, now stretching himself out, now drawing himself together, with quips and cranks and every gesture he was master of, went circling round the entire area, singing in a drunken voice the while. All the elves were assembled, and he on the thwart-seat amongst the foremost, looked on applauding and amused. The elf of the thwart-seat said: "For many years, we have indulged in this amusement, but never yet have we come across anything like this. Henceforth, this old man must positively come and join in the amusement with us." The old man replied: "No need to order me; come I will. This being an impromptu effort, I forgot to keep time to the music, but if you are so good as to be pleased with it, I shall endeavor to perform more cleverly next time. The elf on the thwart-seat affably rejoined: "You must really come." Then an elf who was sitting three seats back said: "Although this old man speaks in this way, it is possible he may not come at all; we had better take some likely pledge or other from him." "Just so, just so," said the elf on the thwart-seat, "what ought we to take?" Then some suggested one thing, some another, but the elf on the thwart-seat said: "We should take the wen which the old man has on his face: a wen is a lucky thing, and he will hardly be willing to part with it." Then the old man said: "You may take my nose or my eye if you like, but please do allow me to keep this wen: it would be unfair of you to take away from me, without cause, a thing I have had for so many years." "Oh! You are so unwilling to part with it as all that, then;" said the elf of the thwart-seat; "that's just the thing to take." Whereupon, up came an elf, and "off it goes," says he, and twisted it off, causing hardly any pain. "So you must come and play next time, now," said they, and as it was now dawn and the birds were beginning to sing, the elves went away. The old man felt his face and lo! the wen he had for many years was clean gone, not even a trace of it being perceptible on the smooth even surface. He went back to his home, forgetting even to cut the wood he had gone for. When the old woman, his wife, asked him what wonderful thing had happened him, he told her it was so and so. "What a vexatious affair," said she.

Next door, lived a certain old man who had a big wen on the left side of his face. This old man observing that the other had lost his wen, thought it very queer, and asked him about it, saying: "How did you come to get rid of your wen? What doctor took it off for you? Kindly tell me, for I want to have this wen of mine taken off." "It wasn't taken off by a doctor at all," said the other, "it happened in this wise," and he told him how it had

been taken away by the elves. "I'll have mine taken off in the same way," thought he, and he questioned the first old man closely, who told him the whole circumstances. Following out what he had heard, he went and waited inside the hollow tree, and, true enough just as he had been told, the elves came, and spreading themselves all about, began to amuse themselves by drinking *sake*. They then said: "Has the old man come who was here?" The other old man swung himself out, though very much afraid he was. Then the elves said: "Yes, the old man has come; here he is." "Come here, dance quick," said the elf on the thwart-seat. Now this old man was not fit to be compared to the former one, and after making an awkward attempt at a dance, the elf on the thwart-seat said to him: "You dance very badly this time; ever so many times worse than you danced before. Let him have back the wen we took from him as pledge. Hereupon an elf from the far end came forward, saying: "Here, you may have your pledge, the wen, back again," and with that he threw it at him, and it stuck on his other cheek, so that he now had a wen on both sides of his face.

MORAL—People should be content with their present condition.

The Legend of Knockgraston, an Irish story, very much resembles this.

O-OKA, THE JAPANESE SOLOMON.

In time out of mind, so the story runs, there lived in the province of Sitsu, in the land of the Gods (Japan), a famous judge and ruler, that even school boys and girls know about; a famous and wise man, O-oka by name. In the same province and contemporaneously, lived a poor old couple, the husband a woodman and the wife a woman of all work, but whose time was usually taken up in washing clothes for her neighbors, at the river-side. It was all this honest and pious old couple could do to make ends meet. They had worked hard all their lives, had been regular devotees at the neighboring shrine of the Monto sect of Buddhists, and yet it seemed they had not prospered in fortune; and worst of all no offspring had been born to them as a comfort to their old age. As they were growing old, their lot seemed a hard one. One evening, after going home to their humble straw-thatched cottage and partaking of their frugal meal of boiled barley and *awabi*, the old man said to his old spouse: "You certainly have been remiss in your prayers to the heavenly *Tensho-Daijin* or we should have had the comfort of a child to bless our old age." "I shall go early on the morrow to the temple and pray long and earnestly for a child," said the wife. So betimes the next morning the old woman was off to the temple. In due time the Heavenly Goddess blessed the old couple with a fine boy. Now it so happened that one of the friends of the old woman was also childless, and out of apparent kindness to the poor old woman offered to take care of the child while the mother was away at her work. Thus the

time passed and the child became so fond of its foster mother that it was not happy with its real mother. One day, it being a holiday, the mother thought she would take the beloved boy out to see the cherry blossoms; but to her great surprise and grief the foster-mother would not give the boy up, and said it was her own child. With tears and a breaking heart, the poor mother returned to the cabin and informed her husband. "Be comforted," said the old woodman, "fear no wrong, while O-oka rules." So preparations were made, and in due time the old couple brought the foster-mother before O-oka.

They informed the wise man of all the circumstances and then asked his decision. "Let the child choose its mother," said O-oka. The boy went to the foster-mother. "This seems rather a puzzling case," said O-oka. "The evidence seems in favor of one, and the child chooses the other. Bring me a sword that I may divide the child, and give half to each." Upon this, the true mother said: "Give the child to her, it is hers." Then O-oka knew that the true mother was the one that did not want the child divided, and he ordered it given to her.

"Was there ever such wisdom!"

URASHIMA TARO, THE JAPANESE RIP VAN WINKLE.

In days of yore, there lived in the great city of Oosaka, a sea captain, the master of a large junk, who made his yearly trip between his native city and Hakodate, the seaport of the Hokaido, (Yesso). He had been more than usually successful; for what with typhoons and the terrible storms of the *Ensiu Nada*, that make ventures in the trade so precarious and in which more than one-half of the junks that ply between the two places are lost yearly, he had as yet, no mishap. This worthy seaman had an only son, Urashima by name, a likely boy, kind to all things and above all obedient to his parents. One day as Urashima Taro was walking the strand in Oosaka, gazing wistfully for the return of his father's junk, he ran across some boys who had a young turtle turned upon its back and otherwise ill-using it. Young as he was, he quoted from the sage (Confucius), a line upon conduct to dumb creatures, but without effect. Urashima then offered them a trifling sum of money for the turtle, which they accepted, and he threw it into the sea.

Some time after this occurrence, when the boy had grown to be a stout lad, he began to make the regular yearly trips with his father, in order that when the latter should become old and retired as *inkio*, his place might be taken by himself. On one of these trips from Hakodate, homeward bound, the junk was caught in a typhoon, at the change of the

south-west monsoon, and the junk with all on board, with the exception of the boy, and including the hitherto fortunate old captain, was lost. Urashima Taro was miraculously saved in this wise: As the junk sank, there appeared by the side of Urashima a huge turtle which took the boy on his back and with the speed of a junk with the most favorable wind, landed him safe in Oosaka. Urashima was somewhat disgusted with the sailor's life, but took to fishing, the next of kin in occupation.

One day, as he was fishing in his small *Yani buni* (house-boat), there appeared alongside, his old and tried friend, the turtle, with a letter in his mouth, which was from Osohime, the Queen of Riugu, (a place supposed by the Japanese to exist far beneath the sea), inviting Urashima to her kingdom. Pleased with the idea of visiting this wonderful place, which no one before had ever visited, yet of which all had heard, Urashima mounted the turtle and away they went. Although Riugu was supposed to be many thousand *Ri* beneath the sea; the turtle went with such rapidity that Urashima arrived at Osohime's palace in a single day—at least it appeared to him so. When he reached Riugu; he was dumb at its beauty and grandeur. The palace in which Osohime resided was between two lofty rocks of red coral. All the buildings were of snow-white marble with pillars of red coral magnificently sculptured. In brief, language fails in the description. Urashima was, however treated so kindly by the Queen of Riugu that he thought not of the flight of time, nor of his magnificent surroundings. Thus he stayed, as he thought for some days, he knew not exactly how many. But he now began to think of his dear old mother, and of his friends at home, so he told Osohime of his desire to return. Osohime was very sorry to part with him, but raised no objection to his going. Previous to his leaving, she gave him a beautiful little box, ordering him not to open it till he should die.

After having bid farewell to Osohime, Urashima mounted the same turtle, now having the spread tail denoting its hundredth year of age, and soon reached Oosaka. Strange to say he hardly seemed to know the place, everything seemed so changed. After making inquiries, he went to the street where his old mother's house had been, but, sad to say, he hardly recognized the street, let alone the house. He could find neither mother, relations nor friends existing; and in despair, in spite of Osohime's warning, he opened the little box. He found nothing in the box, but perceived a column of purple cloud issue from it. No sooner had the cloud touched him than he became an old and gray-headed man, of more than a hundred years, bent as the lobster, and died immediately. M. M. SCOTT.

A great man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep. When he is pushed and disappointed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn some-

thing. He has been put on his wits, but he has gained facts; he has learned his ignorance, he is cured of the insanity of conceit, has got moderation and real skill.—Emerson.

WANTED.

About the time the present number of the MONTHLY reaches its readers, the Legislative Assembly of 1884 will be convened for business. The times are critical and the issues at stake are most important, not to say vital, to the future welfare and even the independent existence of this country. Not for many years, and perhaps never in our history, did so much depend upon the wisdom, patriotism and firmness of a legislature, as at the present time. There is no reason to suppose that a majority of the members have any realizing sense of the gravity of the situation, but we can at least hope that an intelligent minority, "the remnant," as Matthew Arnold would say, may be able to guide the deliberations of their more ignorant but generally well-meaning colleagues, to wise conclusions.

The first thing in order will be a scrutiny of the reports of the various departments, and a searching inquiry into the operations of the government for for the past two years. Complaints have been rife and the gravest charges against both the capacity and the integrity of the present administration have been made openly and repeatedly, and still remain unrefuted. Unless the legislature are entirely recreant to their duties, these matters must be investigated thoroughly. This is due alike to the public and to the accused officials as well. In view of the gravity of some of these charges and the circumstantial manner in which they have been made, any attempt to shirk inquiry will be a virtual confession of guilt. For ourselves, we make no charges, and express no opinion as to the truth of those which have been made. Let it suffice that these charges are of a nature and from such sources that they *must* be met, fully, fairly and without any appearance of equivocation, or judgment against the inculpated parties at the bar of public opinion, must go by default. We cannot go into these matters in detail. They are well known to all. We will however mention these two points: *first*, the management of the currency question, which appears on the surface to involve either downright malfeasance and corruption, or gross ignorance and stupidity, or both; and *second*, the financial statement put forth a year ago, in which the receipts and disbursements of the treasury and the balances reported cannot be made to agree within over forty-one thousand dollars. In other words, the government cash account according to the government's own statement is short so much, and no explanation of the apparent deficit has ever been made or attempted. We have no malice against any one and are actuated by no partizan spirit. It is proper to wish the defendants, in the benign language of the law, "a safe deliverance." But that deliverance must come not by suppression and evasion but by frankly meeting these charges, and fully explaining all the suspicious circumstances connected therewith.

These matters disposed of—and upon the manner of their disposal will depend the possibility of the present cabinet remaining in office—there are certain specific matters, legislation upon which cannot be avoided without the greatest danger to the state. The first of these is the question of the currency. The policy which has been pursued in this matter is so utterly stupid if not worse, is so squarely in defiance of all the teachings of experience in other countries, and involves if persisted in, such an amount of future trouble and loss, that we find it difficult to speak of it with any moderation. The remark of Hon. A. F. Judd, in his pamphlet on the currency, that "it betrays the grossest ignorance of political economy," is a moderate statement of the case. The next thing which the legislature should do is to put their foot down firmly against any further increase of debt. How much this government has run behind during the last two years, we do not know—we shall find out by-and-by. What we have got to show for it would be difficult to tell. One thing at all events is evident to our mind. In the present condition of our affairs and with the present discouraging outlook for the sugar business, to incur additional debt would be in the highest degree unwise and dangerous. The appropriations should be kept at the lowest point consistent with an efficient administration, all useless and purely ornamental matters should be lopped off without mercy and if this does not bring the expenditures within the estimated income, then let the latter be increased by additional taxation or otherwise; at any rate by some other means than borrowing.

These three things then; the investigation of the departments, the regulation of the currency and the bringing of the expenditure of the country within its income are the duties which press most imperatively upon the legislature, and to which other matters, however important, are subordinate and secondary.

The remark is frequently made and not without show of reason, that we have too much legislation and that much of what we have is crude and ill-considered; that not more laws, but the faithful and efficient execution of those we have, is what is wanted. However much truth there may be in this view, it is nevertheless true that there are various matters upon which legislation is required at the present time.

In the first place it would be well to see if something cannot be done to secure the better execution of the laws we have, by devising some more efficient system of official responsibility, and providing more effectually for the punishment of malfeasance in office, particularly the higher grades of office.

The question of Chinese immigration is one which cannot be longer avoided with safety. It is a matter which concerns natives and the majority of the

whites as well, and upon which their interests are identical. The fact that the present administration has just placed some apparent restrictions on the business, should be allowed to have no weight whatever. The same power which imposed the restrictions can remove them any moment and is quite likely to do so. The matter should be settled definitely by law, and not left to the uncertainties of executive caprice.

The liquor law demands attention. The present act was passed as an experiment and expires soon by its own limitation. A large proportion, we believe the great majority of intelligent observers, are convinced that the experiment has been a mistake and that the present policy is disastrous to the natives. What is wanted however, is not impressions and beliefs, but facts. A committee should be appointed who will investigate the matter thoroughly, taking testimony from all quarters whence any light can be shed upon the workings of the present law, until a solid body of indisputable fact has been collected on which to base intelligent action.

Our prison system calls for reform in several particulars. The whole subject, which is an important one, needs careful and conscientious study upon the lines indicated in the paper on PRISONS AND PRISON DISCIPLINE, by Hon. W. O. Smith, in the February number of the MONTHLY. The appointment of an independent board of visitors or inspectors, would, if proper men were selected for those positions, be a very valuable measure.

The police force needs improving. The work of the police can no longer be properly performed without the addition of a considerable number of white men to the force. Arrangements should be made for mounting a limited number of policemen for special duty when required, and this need not involve a very heavy expense. While speaking of prison management and police matters, we would remark that there should be some kind of house of detention or reformatory institution provided for young women and girls.

We think the time has come for our government to introduce some system of postal savings banks. The importance of having convenient places where mechanics, laborers and men of small means can deposit small sums of money with assurance of absolute safety, is very great. The benefit which would accrue to the country from encouraging habits of economy and thrift among the common people, cannot be estimated.

The Board of Health requires much attention. This is a large matter and cannot be discussed here. We hope to give our views on this subject elsewhere. We will say this however; that the stubborn and persistent refusal of the government to provide the lepers on Molokai with any medical attendance except a flying visit once a month from Dr. Fitch, is a piece of unpardonable inhumanity.

The property rights of married women is a question we touched upon in our last issue. We sin-

cerely hope that something will be done during the present session to put our laws on this subject more in harmony with natural justice and the spirit of the age.

The government schools of the kingdom should be made free. The schools taught in Hawaiian are already so, and those taught in English should be the same. This is a reform we have already advocated. The power to make the change resides in the Board of Education, but that body have concluded, perhaps wisely, to refer the matter to the decision of the legislature. We hear with great pleasure that the Inspector-General in his report, recommends that the change be made. We trust the legislature will concur.

A general act should be passed providing for the formation of corporations. The present system of granting special charters by the Privy Council was devised long ago and never was intended to meet the condition of things now existing. The rapid increase in the number of corporations and the marked tendency at the present time to put all kinds of business enterprises into the form of stock companies, has thrown an amount of business upon the Privy Council which they should not be asked to perform, and the practical effect of which is sometimes to work injury to the applicants. What is wanted is a general law under which any parties who comply with certain reasonable forms and conditions can incorporate themselves for any legitimate business, or charitable purpose. Such a law would require to be drawn with care, but there are plenty of foreign acts to serve as models, and this legislature contains an unusually large proportion of legal talent and experience.

There are questions connected with the public lands of this kingdom which need careful consideration, and which are of great importance to the future prosperity of the islands. To diversify our industries, and encourage farming enterprise by providing small holdings for actual settlers, would be statesmanship of a high order.

The last subject to which we shall allude is the necessity of some kind of local government for Honolulu. This is an old subject and has been much discussed in years past. The facts and arguments are mostly on the affirmative side of the question, but very powerful influences in the government have always been opposed to it and probably are so still. It is a question which will require both firmness and skill to deal with successfully, but the present legislature ought to be equal to the emergency.

The above are by no means all the questions which ought to receive attention during the present session, but they are the most important ones. There are other things we should like to see attended to, but if our legislators will act upon all these matters and act wisely, they will accomplish more than any of their predecessors and earn the gratitude of the nation both now and hereafter.

SUTTEE.

One morn I sat and watched my child at play,
 Alone he was, a wooden horse his only toy;
 With bamboo whip he urged his steed so gay,
 His little heart was bubbling o'er with joy,
 But as I watched, a cloud arose and dimmed
 His countenance so bright erstwhile and fair;
 The rod, he had before so neatly trimmed [care.
 Had snapped in twain, and caused him dreadful
 With streaming eyes and quivering lip he flew,
 His griefs, as is his wont, with me to share,
 The shivered stick in hand, his face so full of rue,
 And trembling with his infant passion "There!"

He cried,—and that was all he said just then,
 His golden head was hidden on my breast;
 "Another whip my darling boy—yea ten—
 I'll make for thee; then give thy heart sweet rest,"—
 Said I, and soon he raised his pretty head
 And smiling through the tears "Thank you"
 He gently took my willing hand and led
 Me to the place wherein the bamboo grew.
 While I the slender reed did cut for him,
 "What would you do, my love, were mother dead."
 He gazing lovingly with eye quite dim
 "Eat mangoes egren and die here too," he said.

THE AUTHOR OF "KAIULANI."

The hero of the above has reached the mature age of four years.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

About the close of the 15th Century, near the bend of one of the crooked streets in the city of Nuremberg, might have been seen one of those houses so common to the architecture of that period; its heavy copings and massive walls with deeply embrasured windows, giving a somewhat gloomy and repulsive aspect to an otherwise fine building. In this house lived Peitrio Castro, a renowned magician, chemist, alchymyst, according to the vulgar and ignorant notions of the times. This man was the exponent of a theory advanced and studied by many who had preceeded him; an acknowledged searcher for the elixir of life.

The study of this had filled his youth with visions of glory and power; this it was that had engrossed the strong mastering impulses of manhood; and now had become the necessity and vitality of his old age. For sixty long, long years, daily and nightly he had toiled and experimented in vain. He had expended all his ample patrimony on this, his life long dream, and was bankrupt in all save in life and hope. Hope had not departed with his youth and strength; her silver bow still arched his door, that the dark, shadowy forms of doubt and despair might not enter. She waited with him in his tremulous watchings, and stood by his side in the ruddy glow of the crackling furnace, and cheered him on to repeated trials. Amid the disappointments and failures of to-day, she painted with magical distinctness the expected successes of the morrow. She was his right arm, his shield and buckler, his good genius, she was his hope.

The somber folds of nights' dark mantle are gathered round the city, and save the occasional cry of the watchman, nothing breaks the midnight stillness. Here and there, one by one, the glimmering tapers disappear, yet still the alchymyst's lamp is trimmed and burning. There he stands with open book, beside the hissing retort, and as the forked tongues of yellow flame reflect their burning kisses

on his pale and thoughtful brow, you read the high resolve and trace the fortitude and hope which bear him on.

And now the promethean element begins its work; slowly and surely, drop by drop, the precious liquid oozes from the still, till nought but useless dregs remain. With trembling hand the old man seizes the ambrosial cup; a gleam of triumph like an electric flash passes o'er his care-worn visage, as he raises it to his lips. But why that hesitation? why that deathly paleness? Drink Peitrio Castro! Thou holdest life, power and immortality in thy hand. Drink man, drink! Oh God! it drops, he falls, the hand of death hath snatched it from his grasp.

The bright beams of the morning sun come warm and genial through the grated window, falling in broad streams across the room, tinting with golden hues the vials and retorts arranged along the shelves; a few sparks of fire still linger among the ashes of the furnace, but the lamp, emblem of study and toil is extinguished. The prostrate body of the old man lies extended upon the floor, his face still bearing the impress of enthusiasm stamped upon the features; his right hand grasping a fragment of the broken vial, his left, a torn and illegible parchment on which can only be deciphered the single word, SPERO—"I hope."

And after all has he not left us the secret? is not hope indeed the elixir of life? Let the aspiration of the child, the youth and the man be our only answer. Was it not the magic lantern of your childhood; your genius of the fairy tale, turning everything to gold? How well do you remember those long, long summer afternoons, as you lazily lay in the shadow of the broad maples, dreamily gazing on the drifting clouds far off in the clear blue sky. How quickly came and went those hopeful visions of your youth. How firmly and solidly did you build your castles, how hopefully you trusted in the future. Your dreams and musings in that noon-day twilight, your

picturings of the distant land of hope, like Christian's glimpse of the celestial city, giving you a fresh impulse to pursue with vigor the journey of life.

And when you had embarked upon the sea of life, as you drifted about amid the quicksands and shoals of this great ocean, as you saw ships stronger and better than your own, part anchor and go down, as you saw friends that you loved hopelessly stranded upon the inhospitable shores of a bleak world; what nerved your arm to strength, your heart to duty? When struggling against the ebbing tide of fortune you manfully fought despair; when the present was all gloom and shadow, and the future night, dark night; when not only misfortune had laid her heavy hand upon you, but death had stretched forth his arm and its shadow had fallen upon the sunny places of your hearthstone, when friends are gone and there are no old familiar faces to cheer you, what still pulses your heart with life blood, but hope, sweet hope?

Amidst the pomp and glitter of the world, surrounded by wealth and luxury, when the breezes come laden with rich perfume and the air with sweet music, when art and nature gather around you the treasures of their store-houses, and science heaps her jewels at your feet; when amid all these, you feel the icy chill of despondency wrapping its cold mantle around you, and despair like an eternal nightmare creeping on your soul, do you not breath the prayer of the poet?

"Chase them away sweet hope with visage bright
And fright them as the morning frightens night."

When through toil and tribulation you have reach-

ed the goal of your youth, when glory and honor are your portion, when by main force you have compelled the fickle maid, fortune to smile upon you, and the world looks approvingly on the successful man; when you have discovered how vain and empty is that self same honor, and that vanity of vanities, is all human glory; when your soul is surfeited with this worlds' toys; when it wanders on the face of the deep like Noah's dove, seeking but not finding a resting place, hope raises its golden ladder and points the way to God.

And when you stand solitary and alone like some old oak, the ivy of death creeping closer and closer to your heart strings; when time speeds by like a courier to a foreign land, reminding you that this weary pilgrimage of life is drawing to a close; when the dark waters of the river of death are in sight, and the atmosphere of the future is dreary darkness; when the silver cord is snapped and the golden bowl broken:

"Then, then the triumph and the trance begin
And all the phoenix spirit burns within;
Unfading hope; when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
Oh then thy kingdom comes, Almighty Power."

Learn strength by sorrow, suffer in the present for the gain and good of the future. Learn that love means nobleness, not pleasure; that life is striving hopefully, manfully, truthfully. And when you have learned this well enough to act it, you have neutralized the poison and extracted the ELIXIR OF LIFE.

J. L.

It is gratifying to ourselves and will no doubt be gratifying to Mr. Smith to know that his article on prison management has attracted notice as far away from home as New York, as will be seen from the following:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

DEAR SIR,—Inclosed I forward portions of a letter just received from one of the Atlantic states, which contains an allusion to the paper on "Prisons and Prison Discipline" in the February number of your magazine. In connection with this, a little incident is related, intended to illustrate some of the principles therein advocated.

Hoping you may give it a brief notice in the HAWAIIAN, especially in behalf of the temperance cause.

I am, yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Accompanying the above communication written by a lady in one of the interior towns of New York State giving an account of a man who through intemperance was led on by the usual downward course, including abuse of his family and general bad conduct, until his acts finally brought him to prison. The effect of enforced sobriety together with the discipline of the jail seems to have had a most salutary effect. Since his release he has given

every evidence of being thoroughly and permanently reformed. We think it is not too much to say that under a wiser management of our prisons, such results might become much more common.

Our California friends have doubtless their little failings, but excess of modesty is not usually reckoned as one of them. If any of our readers desire an illustration of this fact, we advise him to note the proposition recently submitted to our Board of Health by a California M. D. and set forth with a qualified endorsement in the *Gazette* of April 16th. This person, who is a stranger alike to our country, its people, their language and character as well as all the peculiar medical conditions existing here, modestly proposes that this government shall create for his benefit a new office at a salary of \$5,000 per annum, and shall appoint him thereto for the term of four years. We have no doubt there are a great many doctors in California and elsewhere, to say nothing of these islands, who would like to have five thousand dollar positions created for them and be guaranteed their occupancy for a term of years. Only one of these, however, has had, so far as we know, the assurance to seriously make such an application.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

When we published our article entitled "Wanted a Party," in the February number of the MONTHLY, we did not expect that our ideas would be endorsed by our cotemporaries or that they would find acceptance with what may be called the "ruling classes." We were therefore duly gratified of course, on reading the following editorial remarks in the *Gazette* of February 20th.

"This country, it is to be hoped, is rising to the dignity of having a government by parties, in the true sense of the term. * * * * * It has been found by long experience, especially in the 'Royal Republic' of England, that the theory of representative government, or as it may be termed parliamentary government, cannot be carried into effect except through the instrumentality of national parties and party administration."

Now that our esteemed neighbor has adopted and endorsed our idea, we hope to see him using his influence in having those ideas put into practice. Thus far, however, we hear of no steps being taken in that direction. Nor does this greatly surprise us. The existence and maintenance of anything like parties in the American or even in the English sense, involves such radical changes in established ways and methods and is so opposed to the habits and traditions of the "ruling classes" aforesaid, that we are hardly likely to see anything of the kind until the inexorable logic of events shall convince them of its necessity. This logic is being applied pretty freely in these latter days, and the pressure seems likely to continue. It is to be hoped that the result of the squeezing process will be to convince the very limited number of gentlemen who have been accustomed in past years to run the public affairs of this kingdom; that the old way of doing things will no longer serve its purpose, and that henceforth they must adopt more liberal and democratic methods. In other words they must recognize the fact that there are other people in this country besides themselves; they must learn to promote and encourage the formation and expression of a genuine and independent public opinion, and they must be willing to seek and accept the co-operation of those outside of their own little circle. Heretofore their policy has been directly the reverse of all this. The time has come for a change. The sooner these gentlemen learn the lesson of the times, the better it will be for themselves and for the country.

Right here we desire to protest against the policy which has become so common in this country, of bringing persons from abroad to fill public positions to the exclusion of permanent residents. Time and again during our residence here we have seen parties coming by invitation of the government to fill various official stations, when we had living among

us at the time, other gentlemen fully as well if not better qualified for those places. We have no desire to be personal or to say anything which might be construed into an attack upon gentlemen against whom we have no unkind feeling whatever. We will therefore mention no names. Our readers will have no difficulty in recalling cases in point. No one can be blamed for accepting such employment as is offered them, when by so doing they are to better their own condition. The fault is rather in the appointing powers, who pass over deserving and competent men, living right among us, to seek others whose only special recommendation seems to be that they are "far fetched." By such means, parties in power may be able to vent their spite on some deserving man who has incurred their displeasure; to carry some little political point or reap some temporary advantage, but the policy will be found in the end to be as foolish as it is unfair. In this, as in many other things, justice and fair dealing, will, in the long run, pay better than their opposites.

In pleasing contrast to the flood of rubbish which has been recently written and printed concerning this country, is the lecture on "The Hawaiian Islands and People," delivered in Washington, before the Smithsonian Institute and certain scientific societies, by Capt. C. E. Dutton, U. S. A. Those of our people who met Capt. Dutton during his visit to the Islands something over a year ago, and particularly those who had the pleasure of listening to his admirable lecture on the geology of rivers, delivered under the auspices of the Library and Reading Room Association, will recall him as a gentleman who to excellent perceptive and reasoning powers, united an unusual talent for clear and accurate statement. These qualities, together with a fair and candid temper, are all conspicuous in his Washington address. Lively and picturesque in style, without any semblance of gush or attempt at merely fine writing, genial and friendly in tone, but without flattery, conveying a large amount of accurate information in a pleasant way; it is quite a model of its kind. The first half of the lecture, which is devoted to the natural features of the country, particularly its volcanic phenomena, is one of the best pieces of descriptive writing we have met with for a long time. The second half, treating of the people, manners, customs, laws, character, social condition, etc., is equally excellent in its way. This community are under obligations to any gentleman who puts before the outside world an account of this country and its people which is at once so instructive, so trustworthy, so appreciative, and clothed in such admirable literary form as the paper under consideration.

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

Soft-finished satines, gingham, chintz, cottons, swiss, nainsook and other summer fabrics have made their appearance, and look fresh and tempting as ever. The gingham are in pretty checks and stripes; and nainsooks have sprigged patterns, and borders showing small and quaint designs; and the satines are more pronounced, exhibiting animals, birds and insects, as well as leaves and flowers, shaded and varied sizes. There are some very pretty satines, however, in very fine checks, which have been picked out and bought up as fast as they have made their appearance. The almost invisible bar is usually broken, and generally black upon peacock blue, old gold, terra-cotta red, or rose ground, and the effect is simple, stylish and good. The design and draping qualities of these soft-finished cottons fit them especially for over-dresses, polonaises, upper skirts, basques and the like, with black silk underskirts, or plain underskirts of satine.

The gathered bodice will be used as much as ever, both with and without a yoke; sometimes, instead of the fullness being distributed all over, as formerly, it will consist of moderate gatherings at the back and front. Some very pretty and springy looking costumes have been made of skirts pleated in a series of ruffles in front, two at the back, and finished with a polonaise draped off from a vest, and arranged with a rather bouffant drapery at the back. A raspberry red surah was made in this fashion over white nun's veiling, and a china-blue chintz with red bean flowers, over a white batiste. The polonaise forms part of most in-door and secondary costumes, and the whole, or princess form is always best for washing fabrics, unless the blouse, belted in, is preferred. The gathered, straight dress with ruffles is the simplest dressy form for morning wear.

Fashionable overskirts are now cut with some squareness, and often have a plain back breadth, gathered slightly, and formed into one pouf.

The princess dress, more or less elaborately trimmed, is a favorite style for girls under 13 years of age, and the simulated jacket with full pleating for skirt and bag vest, is also popular.

It is said that gray satin and gray velvet with steel will be as fashionable, or more so, in the spring as it has been during the winter.

Novelties in handkerchiefs are of delicate unbleached and coffee-tinted batiste, with fine embroidered borders in white and in colors.

The shapes for the small bonnets are in no sense outré; they are a little higher and broader in the front and come lower down on the head,—an innovation which will be a blessing to those who do not dress their hair elaborately, while for those who do, there is something entirely new in the openwork

unlined bonnet, which will be an ornament rather than an extinguisher to the coiffure.

The rich old shade of red, scarlet, will be worn again instead of the dull shades which have usurped its place for some seasons. The color for street wear, however, will be beyond a question green, which is becoming to almost every one. The particular shade of it shown mostly, is a dark shade of foliage green. The new light shade is the mushroom (*champignon*), which takes the place of the écu shades.

Flowers will be worn almost universally, and when not flowers, short tips and marabouts. In flowers the taste is for loose bunches of wild flowers, grasses, grains, etc. These flowers are marvels of French workmanship. Among the novelties are bunches of eidelweiss made up with leaves of the dusty miller; smart weed and plain grass; grasses and oats; combinations of buttercups, dandelions and daisies; sumach; exquisite ferns of velvet; cowslips; tulips; and exquisite bunches of nasturtiums, as natural as if grown out of doors. One of the new fancies is for butterflies and large moth millers, which are shown just settled with outspread wings on bunches of flowers.

Gilt is much used, both in beading and frosting illusions, and in edging bonnets.

Strings are put on a trifle differently from last season, being crossed at the back and held with an ornament.

The newest form of ballroom dress is known as the ballet. In spite of the name, it is of normal length, but over the principal skirt, which is perfectly straight, fall a series of others, each eight or nine inches shorter than its immediate neighbor.

The style of cutting the hair short in the back and shingling it on top to crimp is growing in popularity. The English actresses started the fashion, several of those at the Madison Square theatre followed suit, as it is a pretty and convenient style, and now society is preparing to adopt it.

Morning dresses of pale pink or blue cashmere embroidered with rosebuds form a part of brides' outfits.

A new game called "Hildegard," it is said, will soon appear and prove a formidable rival to lawn-tennis, as it, like that, combines athletics with amusement, but may be participated in by ladies. An advantage urged in favor of the new game is that it can be played anywhere. It requires no lawn or courts, or, indeed, any preparation of ground, and is equally at home on the grass of the meadow or the sands of the seashore.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

STUDY OF THE POETS.

Find the names of the authors of each of the following quotations:

1. I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
2. Were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through
all sins.
3. The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home.
4. O gie me the lass that hae acres of charms,
O gie me the lass wi the weel stockit farm.
5. I cannot live unless I love and am loved,
Unless I have the young and beautiful,
Bound up like pictures in my book of life.
6. Then let me get money, as bees lay up honey;
I'll build new hives, and store each cell;
The sight of my treasure shall yield me great
pleasure;
I'll count it, and clink it, and jingle it well.

SKELETON POETRY.

Ah, h-w-c-n I e'-r f-t t-e,
H-w-r-l t-e w-t p-n,
S-e-a-h f-r n-r me,
D-t s-l-d-t t-u r-n?

Behead the last word of the first line of each stanza to get the last word of the second line, and behead the last word of the second to get the last word of the third line.

He had lived long a hermit, quite sadly—,
But had oftentimes wearied of being thus—,
And for many long years had been looking for—.
"I have found," he exclaims, "what hath power
to—,"
And in frankly confessing he thought it no—,
So willingly offered his hand and his—.
He was strong, he was manly, and good in his—;
She prudent and wise, yet was caught in his—,
And for old Mother Grundy both cared not an—.
No captious old critics their feelings could—,
Yet she properly thought of herself and her—;
No obstacle here—and she thought of no—.
So at last they were happy as kine in the—,
And as time rolled along each was true as a—;
If you do not believe me—just go and look—.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

ACROSTIC.—1. J. G. Holland. 2. O. W. Holmes.
3. H. W. Longfellow. 4. N. P. Willis. 5. G. D.
Prentice. 6. W. C. Bryant. 7. Hannah More. 8.
Isaac McLellan. 9. T. Buchanan Read. 10. Thomas
More. 11. Isaac Watts. 12. Edward Everett. 13.
R. W. Emerson. Initials, John G. Whittier.

ONE WORD ANAGRAMS.

1. Insatiable. 2. Inspiration. 3. Ignoramus.

WORD SQUARE.

E D E N
D A N E
E N D S
N E S T

DIAMOND.

Z
H E W
Z E B R A
W R Y
A

WHIMSICALITIES.

The value of much current musical criticism is broadly but truthfully given in the following incident which is vouched for by a contemporary:

"In my opinion, Charley, she is a splendid singer."

So said a young man to his friend as they were listening to Sembrich.

"Indeed she is. I like her addobata tones best though, in the pestano passages."

"She seems to have perfect control of her voice."

"Yes; in that Ehi bottega, where she took the tempio degli and concluded on the sciagurato, it would be folly to suppose that any diva would equal such a trovato."

"Her voice is stronger than Patti's."

"But only in its legge reda. The lacio davanta quality is too rigore—too inutile."

"I never thought of that. But wasn't that a great balcony scene?"

"Oh, veramente. She is a veritable comare mia. He sou corsa piamba is pesta."

"Everything considered, I like Sembrich better than either."

"But not in the dobbiamo. No sarebbe can be stronger than Patti's, and when you consider the barca costoro toglieri of Nilsson, why terminiaro consultare."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the tones of a deep, rich bass voice belonging to a gentleman, who sat directly behind the alagazam idiot:

"Asinus, asini, asiniorum."

—When Clara was asked what she would do if a nice young man would ask her hand in marriage, she naively replied: "I don't think I'd no."

—A-Lum is the suggestive but destructive name of a washee-washee man in Boston.

—New Yorker (who has been "stuck" more than an hour with intellectual young lady from Boston): "You say you despise New York men. Then why do you come to New York, and why do you go to New York parties?" Young lady from Boston: "For a complete intellectual rest."

—"What is the worst things about riches?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "That they take unto themselves wings and fly away," promptly replied the boy at the foot of the class.

—"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

—"Is your wife acquainted with the dead languages?" asked the professor of a Newman man. "Maybe she is," was the reply, "but the language she uses is entirely too warm to have been dead very long."

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JUNE, 1884.

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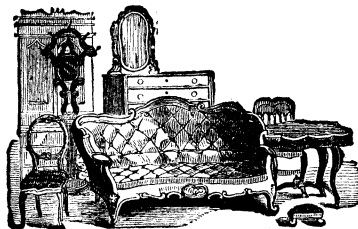
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OUR SANITARY STATISTICS.

It was our intention to prepare an article on the above subject for the present number of the MONTHLY, basing our remarks upon the figures presented in the report of the Board of Health for the two years ending March 31st. As the time approaches when the matter for the first part of the magazine must be in the hands of the printer, and as the report in question has not yet appeared, we are under the necessity of either postponing our article for another month or of using such material as may be available for the purpose. Believing the subject to be one which should be brought to the attention of the public without further delay, and the material at our disposal being sufficient for the purpose, we have chosen the latter alternative. We would note in passing that it is now seven weeks since the close of the biennial period and three weeks since the Legislative Assembly was convened, and yet the report has not yet been laid before that body. When the duties of secretary to the Board were performed by the chief clerk of the Interior Department for just one-sixth of the salary paid the present incumbent, such delays did not occur.

The sanitary statistics of Honolulu consist of monthly mortuary tables prepared by the Agent of the Board and generally but not always published in the public newspapers. We believe there has been no material change in the form of these tables for several years past, though there has recently been added a statement of the sickness for the month in each of the Government schools, and also of the number of deaths occurring outside of what is called the city limits. So far as we can remember, there has been no material change in either the substance of the information furnished nor the method of its arrangement during the eight years that the editor of the MONTHLY has been a resident of Honolulu. It will be understood therefor that what we have to say on this subject is written entirely in the interest of sanitary reform, and not for any political purpose whatever. We propose to discuss these reports simply on their merits, leaving whatever of praise or blame may be deducible therefrom to fall wherever it belongs. We have been able to compile pretty full

statistics for the years 1881 and 1883. The reports for 1882 were published so irregularly as to be of little or no value. For several consecutive months in that year they were not published at all.

We have devoted no small amount of time and attention to the study of the figures furnished, and we state no more than the simple and demonstrable truth when we say that the more carefully they are studied and the more thoroughly they are analyzed, the more unsatisfactory and even deceptive they are found to be.

It would be scarcely fair, however, to lay the blame for these defects entirely at the door of the Agent of the Board. It certainly seems as though by the exercise of due and reasonable diligence, fuller and more accurate information might be obtained. It is possible, however, that his other duties may not leave him the time necessary for this purpose, and so long as he does all that is required in this line by his official superiors, it is perhaps all that can be expected. We have prepared a carefully tabulated summary of these reports for the years named—1881 and 1883—which gives the following results.

	1881.	1883.
Abcess	3	2
Accident	4	5
Alcoholism		1
Aneurism	3	6
Apoplexy	2	4
Asthma	12	24
Beriberi		28
Bladder Disease.....	1	
Brain Disease.....	1	9
Bright's Disease.....	2	
Bronchitis.....	3	2
Cancer	1	4
Childbirth.....	4	6
Cholera	2	3
Collapse.....		4
Congestion	1	
Congestion of Brain.....		3
Congestion of Lungs.....		1
Congestion of Stomach.....		1
Consumption	73	81
Convulsions.....	32	37
Croup		4
Debility.....	26	22

	1881.	1883.
Diabetes		1
Dropsy	54	45
Dysentery.....	33	41
Erysipelas.....		1
Executed.....	2	
Exhaustion.....		5
Fatty Heart.....		1
Fever.....	15	42
Gangrene.....		3
Gastritis.....		1
Gastro-enteritis		1
Heart Disease.....	25	29
Hemorrhage.....	12	10
Indigestion.....		1
Inflammation	2	
Inflammation of Bowels.....		1
Inflammation of Stomach.....		1
Injuries.....	5	4
Jaundice		1
Leprosy.....	1	14
Leprous Decline.....		1
Leprous Dysentery.....		2
Leprous Exhaustion.....		3
Liver Disease.....		2
Lung Disease.....		8
Marasmus.....	3	
Meningitis		1
Old Age.....	73	73
Opium	4	2
Paralysis	18	28
Pleurisy.....	1	
Pneumonia.....		3
Rheumatism.....		2
Scrofula	1	
Small-pox	270	
Sore Throat.....	1	
Spine Disease.....	1	
Suffocation		1
Suicide	5	3
Syphilis.....	11	7
Tetanus.....	3	3
Unknown	106	47
Violence	2	1
Whooping Cough.....		1
	818	637

There is abundant reason for believing that these returns are far from being complete and that the actual number of deaths in this district is considerably in excess of the figures given. We cannot go into our reasons for this belief just now and will therefore assume for the present that the above figures are correct, and proceed to analyze them accordingly. We will however, first deduct from the returns for 1881, the 270 deaths from small-pox, and from 1883, the 28 deaths from beriberi. The number of deaths reported from small-pox we know from other reliable data to be nearly correct, and as the deaths from beriberi occurred among the Japanese sailors at the Queen's Hospital, the number reported under that head may be relied upon also. Deducting the deaths reported under these two heads, which form no part of our ordinary mortality, and which cannot be fairly taken into account in estimating the healthfulness or otherwise of Honolulu, we get the following result:

Deaths in 1881.....	548.
Deaths in 1883.....	609.

The first question which presents itself is this—what annual death rate do these figures represent. According to the last census the population of this district was as follows:

Natives and half-castes.....	10,583.
Chinese.....	1,299.
Other foreigners.....	2,232.

Total..... 14,114.

As it is nearly six years since the last census was taken, our present population can of course only be estimated. It is not likely that there has been much change in the number of natives, but there has undoubtedly been a considerable increase in Chinese and other foreigners. It should be remembered, however, that nearly all the Portuguese and the great majority of the Chinese go at once on their arrival, into the country districts. Taking all things into consideration we think it will be fair to estimate the average population of Honolulu for the year 1881, at 16,000, and for 1883, at 18,000. Upon this basis of population and assuming the returns of the Board of Health to be correct, we find the death rate for the year 1881, to have been 35.25 per thousand, and for 1883, to have been 33.83 per thousand. To those who have never given any attention to such matters, an annual death rate of thirty-five per thousand may seem nothing out of the way; but to those who have studied sanitary statistics and who are familiar with the death rate in foreign cities, these figures assume a startling significance.

The annual death rate of cities and towns of average healthfulness and under reasonably good sanitary control, ought not in the absence of epidemics, to be much, if any, over twenty to twenty-five per thousand. The city of New York has an annual death rate of about twenty-five or twenty-six per thousand, while London makes a considerably better showing, averaging some twenty-one or two per thousand. It appears, therefore, that Honolulu, with a magnificent climate, occupying a naturally healthy location and singularly free from endemic diseases, has an annual death rate fifty per cent. greater than London with its teeming millions, its crowded slums, its aggregation of poverty, squalor and vice, and one third greater than New York with its closely packed tenement house population, its intense midsummer heats and consequent frightful infant mortality.

In looking over medical journals for information bearing on these points, we find it recorded that during the months of the summer before last, the death rate of London reached the remarkably low figure of 13.45 per thousand. On the other hand, the smallest number of deaths exclusive of small-pox, reported by our Board of Health for any consecutive three months of 1881, was 111. This, on an estimated population of 16,000, gives an annual death rate of 27.77 per thousand, or double London's best showing. The smallest number reported here for any three consecutive months in 1883, was 139,

which, on an estimated population of 18,000, gives an annual death rate of 30.88—a comparison still more unfavorable. It must be remembered also that large and old cities like New York, and more especially London, have a much more elaborate and perfect system of administration than Honolulu can boast, and that returns are made with a fullness and completeness which we may admire but do not imitate. Were the real facts known; could our returns be made as full and reliable as is the case with the cities named, such a comparison as we have made above would be still more to our disadvantage. From investigations which we have made, we are convinced that the actual death rate of this district is more than double that of London and probably double that of New York.

Let us now institute a comparison with an American city nearer home. We have not at hand the official returns for San Francisco, but in an address on vaccination, by Dr. W. B. Carpenter of London, we find some incidental statements on the subject which are no doubt reliable. Dr. Carpenter says: "This great town has a population of 233,700; and although nearly one-tenth of this consists of Chinamen, yet the town is, on the whole, remarkably healthy; the general death rate per thousand being only 18.27, and of the nine-tenths constituting the non-Chinese population being only 17.20. The Chinese as is well known, occupy a particular quarter, into which very few outsiders ever penetrate, and here they crowd together in filth and squalor; the results making themselves obvious in a death rate of 21.20, although they are almost all adults." It appears therefore, that the ordinary, general death rate of Honolulu, including all races, classes and conditions of people, high and low, rich and poor, is certainly fifty and probably one hundred per cent. greater than that prevailing amidst the overcrowding, the filth and squalor of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco.

Leaving now the question of the general rate of mortality, and looking at the particular causes of death as given in these tables, we find a variety of matters which challenge attention, and some which severely tax our credulity. As we desire however to give credit wherever it is due, we notice two particulars in which the returns for 1883 seem to be an improvement on those of 1881. The first is a fuller and apparently better classification of the causes of death, and the second is the reduction in the number put down under the head of "unknown." The causes of death given in 1883 are fifty-six in number, while for 1881 they were only forty. Among the causes of death which appear in the tables for 1883 and which are not found in those for the former year, are: Alcoholism, congestion of the brain, croup, diabetes, gangrene, inflammation of the bowels, meningitis, pneumonia and whooping cough. This increased accuracy in classifying the causes of death is apparently an improvement, and an improvement was very much needed. Whether the

apparent reduction of the number of deaths from unknown causes from 106 in 1881, to 47 in 1883, is as much of an improvement as it appears, may well be doubted. It will be remembered that the number of deaths reported for 1883, exclusive of the 28 from beriberi, was 609. Of these, no less than 217, or about 36 per cent. are stated to have had no medical attendance. The deaths for that year from unknown causes are given by the same authority as only 47. How and from whom the cause of death of the other 170 was ascertained, must remain a matter of conjecture.

The first thing likely to strike the intelligent reader, in the reports as formerly presented, was the large number of deaths put down under the head of "unknown." It was certainly not a creditable state of things that right here in Honolulu, in the capital city of the Kingdom, one-fifth of our people should die and be buried, and our health authorities remain in confessed ignorance of the cause of their death, no inquest being held and no investigation being made. The real facts however are much worse than these figures would indicate. An examination of the official reports will convince any competent inquirer that in a large proportion of those cases where some cause of death is assigned, the results given are little better than guess work. In the absence of any law requiring a certificate from the attending physician, and with so large a proportion of our people dying without any medical attendance whatever, the registering officer is compelled to rely to a considerable extent upon mere hearsay; often from ignorant and incompetent observers. A certain amount of doubt and uncertainty was thus unavoidable. The truth however is that even when other and better information was attainable, it was not made use of. A striking illustration of this fact has come within the writer's own experience.

For about fourteen months, viz.: from June 5th, 1882, to July 31st, 1883, the editor of the MONTHLY held the position of assistant physician to the Government dispensary, Dr. Fitch being the physician in charge of that institution. Our readers are all aware of the extraordinary and unprecedented popularity of Dr. Fitch among the natives at that time, and of the almost incredible numbers, considering the size of the population, who applied to him for treatment, not only at the dispensary but also at their homes. It is certain that the great bulk of the sickness occurring among the native population in and around Honolulu during the period named, came under the personal observation of either Dr. Fitch or of the writer. Many of these people were suffering from chronic ailments; many were hopeless cases of incurable disease, never seen until in the last stages. As a necessary consequence, the number of deaths occurring in the dispensary practice was large. Under these circumstances our readers will be perhaps surprised to learn that never in so much as one solitary instance in the writer's dispensary practice, nor in that of Dr. Fitch, as stated

by that gentlemen, was any certificate required or any inquiry made as to the cause of death in any one of all these patients. Where these cases figure in the reports of the Board of Health; whether among those the cause of whose death is "unknown," or whether they go to swell the extraordinary number of deaths from consumption, dropsy, debility and old age, is more than we can tell.

The conclusion we have arrived at after a careful study of all the facts at our disposal, is: that in not more than half the cases of death reported, have the Board of Health any accurate or reliable information as to the disease of which the patient died. In fact we are not sure that one-half is not a very liberal estimate. If the experience of other physicians corresponds with that of the writer, it is certainly so. In view of all these facts we scarcely see why any deaths at all should be entered under the head of "unknown," unless it be for appearance sake only, an assumption of perfect knowledge being in the opinion of the Board, of itself suspicious. A reduction of 56 per cent. in two years, in the number of deaths attributed to unknown causes appears well on its face, but in view of the facts adduced, it is doubtful if it represents anything except an increased exercise of the guessing powers of the Board or its Agents.

We will now recur to the tabulated statement in the first part of this article and call attention to a few of the most peculiar items therein. We note first the extraordinary fact that in each of the two years for which the figures are given, no less than 73 persons are reported as dying of old age. This is scarcely credible, especially as regards the year 1881, when there were only 442 deaths in all for which any cause was assigned. The case as regards 1883 is not quite so glaring, inasmuch as the total number of deaths for which a cause was assigned was somewhat larger. No one however who is familiar with such matters would be likely to believe either statement. It would be difficult of belief anywhere, and is doubly so where the death rate is so abnormally high as it is here. A high death rate means of necessity a low average longevity and it would be difficult to find any country where reliable mortuary statistics are kept, in which such a percentage of people are recorded as dying of old age. How is it then in a place where the annual death rate is nearly or quite twice as high as in the largest cities of Europe and America. In addition to the deaths charged to old age, 33 deaths in 1881, and 41 in 1883 are put down under the very indefinite head of debility. In other words 106 persons in 1881 and 114 in 1883, or nearly one-fourth of the whole number for whose death any cause is assigned, are declared to have died of old age and debility. Further comment on these items seems unnecessary.

Again, 54 deaths in 1881 and 45 in 1883 are said to have occurred from dropsy. Now every physician knows that dropsy is not in any proper sense a disease at all, but only in most cases a symptom of

some organic lesion, generally of either the heart liver or kidneys, and the cause of the dropsy can generally be traced to one of these organs. To render the statistics of these 99 cases of any scientific value, they should specify whenever practicable, the organ whose diseased condition caused the death, and not merely give the most prominent symptom.

Worse still is the statement that 12 persons in 1881 and 10 in 1883 died of hemorrhage. What kind of hemorrhage and from where? It should have been practicable, in most cases at least, to ascertain whether the hemorrhage came from the lungs, bowels or elsewhere, and in the absence of any such information, how useless for any scientific purpose is the bald statement that so many people died of hemorrhage. Their last sickness may have been accompanied by hemorrhage, but we have no certain knowledge that the latter caused or even accelerated their death.

Looking a little further, we find that 73 persons in 1881, and 81 in 1883, died of consumption. We venture to doubt it. If these figures are correct, the deaths from consumption in Honolulu for these two years amounted to about 14 per cent. of all the deaths for which any cause is assigned, which is within about one per cent. of the mortality from the same disease in New York city, in a climate notorious for the prevalence of serious pulmonary affections. If we compare the relation which the deaths from consumption bear to the whole population, we find the percentage in Honolulu, according to these figures, higher than in New York. We find it difficult to believe that there were 154 deaths from consumption in these two years, and only five from bronchitis. We notice also that not a single death from pneumonia is reported during the entire year 1881. We are well aware that pneumonia is not a very common disease in Honolulu, but cases of it undoubtedly do occur, and some people die of it. There are three deaths from this disease reported in 1883, which is certainly small enough.

Who can tell what is meant by such items as 1 death from congestion and 2 from inflammation? Congestion and inflammation of what? The parties compiling these statistics could hardly have obtained information sufficient to justify the conclusion that these persons died of congestion and inflammation, without at the same time finding out what part of the body was affected.

A careful examination of these tables however, discloses nothing quite so astonishing as the statement that in this entire district, with an estimated population of 16,000, only one person died of leprosy during the year 1881. This is a great deal worse than asking us to believe that 106 persons died during the same year of old age and debility. We have no desire to discuss the subject of leprosy in our columns, but in view of facts which are well known to everyone, and in view also of the fact that this district contains nearly one-fourth of the entire native population of the islands, can anything be more preposterous than the statement that only one

person died here of leprosy for a whole year. The returns for 1883 give 20 deaths as due to leprosy and its effects. The reason of this change is simply that a leper hospital having been established in the mean time, it became impossible to ignore the deaths occurring therein. It is safe to assume from past experience that had these persons not been in the hospital or under government supervision, their deaths would have either never been reported, or have been entered under some other head.

We might go on in our analysis of these reports and point out more of their peculiarities, but we deem it superfluous. Enough has probably been said to show that they abound in exaggerations, omissions and general absurdities, and that owing to these defects they are calculated not only to mislead the public, but are nearly valueless as a basis for any scientific conclusions whatever. The question may be asked: how is it with a Board of Health possessing ample and in some respects even autocratic powers, and with abundant means at its command, nothing should be attempted in the way of sanitary statistics outside of this district, and that even here the returns should be so meager, unsatisfactory and incorrect? Many things might be said in partial answer

to this question. The whole case may be perhaps summed up thus: Each successive board has dropped passively into the rut wherein its predecessors travelled, the introduction of improvements required time and thought and involved interference with personal interests; it was easier and cheaper to do poor and inefficient work than to have the same work done thoroughly and well, and neither the legislature nor public opinion appeared to take any interest in the matter, or demand anything better than was already furnished.

The subject of our sanitary statistics is an important one. Our treatment of it has been, of necessity, imperfect and brief. We trust however, that we have succeeded in making clear the unsatisfactory character of those statistics as at present furnished, and the necessity for a radical reform in the methods of collecting, tabulating and publishing the same. We trust that we have also made clear the fact that even according to the imperfect data furnished by the Board of Health, the sanitary condition of Honolulu is bad; that the death rate is alarmingly high and that were full returns at our command, the actual condition of things would be much worse than these figures indicate.

CYRIL THE SULPICIAN.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,

I care no longer being all unblest:

Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time

And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie

Go by, go by.

--Tennyson.

CHAPTER I.

It was a glorious July afternoon as the London express ran rushing and puffing into the little station at Rowsley, Derbyshire, England. As it came creakingly to a standstill, to set down and take up passengers, two gentlemen jumped out of a first class carriage, and having collected their portmanteaux, carpet bags, fishing rods and baskets, gun cases and the rest of the almost endless and interminable load of "luggage" or baggage, without which no young Englishman ever travels, when he is going *out of town*, they ordered their belongings sent to the Peacock Inn in the village 'bus, and, leisurely strolling up to that well beloved home of fly fishers in Derbyshire on the river Wye, exuded from their lungs the foul metropolitan smoke the while they drank in eagerly great draughts of the pure air for which the neighbourhood is justly celebrated.

Both were Oxford men, but the smaller of the two, Bertie Vidal, had taken his degree a year before, while his broad-shouldered companion, Sir Annesley Tiverton, was hoping a twelvemonth hence to emulate the example of his friend, with whom he had come to "read" during the long vacation, for two months at Rowsley.

Reading means quiet study interspersed with

peaceful amusement and long rest—the great antithesis of compulsory lectures, chapels, cramming for "smalls," "moderations," the "great" and last the degree of B. A. which is the most anxious period in the lives of University men in the New World as well as the Old.

The two men had little in common inwardly, yet a friendship existed between them which it would be difficult to analyze. It probably grew out of the strong earnest nature of Bertie Vidal, which impressed itself on Sir Annesley in spite of himself, for the young baronet had lost his father when a boy, and had known little but habitual self-indulgence either at Eaton or Oxford.

Perhaps a further bond of sympathy lay in the fact that Bertie had never even seen his father to remember him distinctly, for he died abroad when the boy was only three years of age, leaving his wife with an infant—Bertie's brother, Cecil, who was now studying on the continent with the intention of devoting four years to work in the principal art centres of Germany, France and Italy. For Cecil had made up his mind to be an artist.

Sir Annesley's mother was a practical, far seeing woman, and endowed with a keen but loving foresight. Therefore little of the dangers which beset her son escaped her observation. The Vidals were the nearest neighbours of Lady Tiverton, and in Bertie, whom she had known from babyhood, Lady Tiverton thought she saw an element which would mould Sir Annesley's mind and in time wean it from the petty, hollow dissipations which were temporarily

engrafted on it, and so turn it into healthier and more practical pastures.

The two families, as stated, were neighbours in Northamptonshire, their estates adjoining. There was also a living in the gift of the Vidal family, the advowson of which had been immemorially annexed to the manor. Of this living Bertie was to be the incumbent as soon as he had taken holy orders. Indeed no fairer prospect ever loomed up before any graduate of Oxford than that which greeted Bertie Vidal, and with all that he was far from happy. If he asked himself why, his heart gave no answer, so he finally concluded that he had the meagrim or a disordered liver, and therefore was nothing loth to join Tiverton during the "long," and combine Aristophanes with fly-fishing at Rowsley for eight or nine weeks.

There were three or four other guests at the Peacock whose long slender fly-rods were carefully balanced on the porch, and, before dinner was announced the visitors had all been introduced in that inexplicable way which the quiet devotion to the art of Isaac Walton renders so easy. So when some pink fleshed, exquisitely cooked broiled trout and a superb rump steak fringed with a glorious selvage of honest fat had been washed down by liberal draughts of Gloucestershire ale, flanked by rich cheese and celery; the guests at the Peacock Inn were as content with themselves inwardly and the world outwardly, as only men, who have dined well; and who anticipate pleasure on the morrow, can be.

"We won't start in reading to-morrow, Bertie," said Sir Annesley, "I'm just dying to try my new rod and I could no more settle down to the "Batrachoi" or any infernal Greek chorus than an oyster could occupy his bivalvular mind with a *sanscrit* grammar."

I don't propose to begin reading for two or three days," replied Bertie quietly. "Take my word for it, you must feel at home and get used to the place before you can settle down to work; I won't unpack the books until Monday. That will give you four days healthy exercise before we begin.

At daylight on the following morning the two friends were on their way to Bakewell intending to fish two miles down stream toward the Peacock before breakfast. "Take all the grayling that rise, Tiverton," said Bertie as they parted, "even if they are only three inches long. You know we believe that they eat the trout spawn and that it is hard for the two fish to live in the same river, but kill no trout under nine inches. That is the law here and I know you are sportsman enough to obey it."

Three hours afterwards the two men were discussing a royal Derbyshire breakfast of chops, eggs, girdle-cake, tea and coffee, with a luscious Yorkshire ham and a cold round of beef on the sideboard. Vidal had taken four speckled beauties averaging three-quarters of a pound and a fine grayling, while Sir Annesley, with an empty creel, was abusing his new rod, the bushes and the stream, narrating as a

kind of *obligato* to his ill luck a chapter of accidents which had befallen him. They were just preparing for an after-breakfast smoke when mine hostess of the Peacock brought in a card on a salver and handed it to Sir Annesley. He glanced at it, and turning to Bertie cried: "By jove, Vidal! Herbert Senhouse of Oriel! What in the name of goodness has brought him here?"

"Why, his people live here at Bakewell. His father, Robert Senhouse, is agent to the Duke of Rutland, master of the harriers and chairman of the quarter sessions at Derby."

The two men rose at once and in another moment were cordially shaking hands with "Senhouse of Oriel."

"I'm awfully glad to see you fellows up here," said Herbert Senhouse, "you came up with the governor last night from London, and he saw your names on your luggage. He can always tell a 'varsity man somehow, and he mentioned the fact at dinner that Sir Annesley and you, Bertie, got out at Rowsley and asked me if I knew you. You may be sure that I lost no time in driving down after breakfast and the governor will call this afternoon. We've booked you for a week anyhow and you mustn't say no! for my father can get you some splendid fishing in the Duke's two private streams."

"But we are here to read during the "long," said Bertie, "and I am coaching Annesley. A week with you would mean a routine of anything but Greek roots."

"But you are not going to begin right away?"

"No, we start on Monday."

"Exactly! That settles it. Until Monday you are both mine, and you must explore the woods and our famous old Hadden Hall; see Chatsworth, kill some rabbits and do some fishing. You, Bertie, I suppose are just as High Church as ever, but you need not be afraid. I have a sister smitten with the same disease, and we have a ritualistic curate and all that sort of thing—candles and vestments, Gregorian chants and the entire outfit."

"Don't chaff Vidal," said Tiverton quickly, "you can see he doesn't like it. But if Bertie consents, and I am in his hands, I confess your kind invitation is irresistible."

Bertie only smiled and had no reason to say nay, so while Senhouse left them for half an hour to attend to some business in the village, he and Tiverton packed up enough things for their short visit to Bakewell and left the Peacock in a gig, preceded by their host in a basket carriage. So driving by the twisting, ever-curving Wye they were soon rattling over the quaint old Bakewell bridge and shortly quartered in the luxurious home of Herbert Senhouse.

It is useless to describe the home of an English country gentleman. It has been done over and over again. There was the spacious hall with the stained and polished floor; the antlers of many a noble deer on the walls, riding whips, umbrellas and quaint

walking-sticks, an *omnium gatherum* of soft hats, Scotch bonnets and wideawakes. Heavy rugs and deer skins were spread over the floor at irregular intervals, and the thousand and one incongruous articles which speak so plainly of a generous home and unlimited comfort and hospitality filled each niche in strong contrast to the cold, golden, marble magnificence of the halls of a *nouveau riche*.

And here at lunch on the first day of their visit, Bertie Vidal first met Alice Senhouse.

CHAPTER II.

How many thousand times have women been described, and yet the special style of beauty which Alice Senhouse might well have claimed as being peculiarly her own was not like any of the pen sketches of modern authors, however clearly drawn. She was tall, had sloping shoulders, was slim without being delicate, had plenty of color in her face, a wealth of brown hair and a voice which made one think of some soft organ stop swelling and falling at the will of a master hand.

After lunch they all took a stroll around the grounds Mr. and Mrs. Senhouse and Herbert pointing out many beautiful views of the river and of the old bridge. Then they took their guests through the conservatory, the orchard and the stables. Sir Annesley, however, excused himself shortly afterward, and, in company with Herbert, who acted as *cicerone*, went down to the river to try and redeem his ill success of the morning.

"You ride of course," said Mr. Senhouse, Sr. to Bertie, and receiving a reply that he was always in the saddle when at home, his host ordered the groom to bring the horses round. While Alice went into the house to don her habit, accompanied by her mother, who had some household matters to supervise, Bertie and Mr. Senhouse sauntered up and down the stable-yard looking at the poultry and admiring an exceedingly discordant peacock which was airing about four feet of its argus-eyed tail on the parapet of the garden wall.

"Herbert tells me that you are studying for holy orders Mr. Vidal, and that you succeed to the living of Ambrecoinbe," said Mr. Senhouse.

"Yes, I suppose so, but—"

"But what?"

"I hardly know. It is rather a grave subject to think about, far more so to talk about."

Why? I should think it was a very easy and comfortable one. I wish we had a living in the family worth eight hundred a year. I'm inclined to think it would not belong before Master Herbert found himself in possession and preaching his first sermon."

Bertie made no reply, but a weary look that had often settled on his face lately came there. His host saw that he had touched some tender vein, so calling to the groom to bring the horses round, the hale and hearty country gentleman had soon lifted his daughter into the saddle and the three cantered along the quiet road which leads to the superb park and grounds of Chatsworth,

"We can have a gallop in the park, Mr. Vidal," said Miss Senhouse, "and you must hold in Herbert's mare for she loses her head sometimes in the exuberance of her spirits."

Bertie laughed, for he had been a good rider from boyhood, but he replied with a slight tinge of sadness: "I am not afraid, Miss Senhouse; perhaps if her spirits are very exuberant, she may infuse some of them into me."

"Our air will soon do that I am sure, if you do not work too hard with Sir Annesley. You are studying for the priesthood are you not? Herbert told me you were a very strong Anglo-Catholic, and that when you come into your rectory that you would carry out the ritual of our church in all its beauty."

Mr. Senhouse had stopped behind to give some orders to a game-keeper, so they were walking their horses slowly.

"Miss Senhouse," Bertie answered, "I do not know that I shall ever be ordained, and, if I am, I doubt if I shall disturb the living of Ambrecoinbe. Succeeding to an income as a layman and becoming a priest to secure an income are two very different things, but your brother is perfectly right about my views."

Mr. Senhouse rode up at this moment and the subject was dropped. The ride was a long and delightful one, and the dressing bell was just ringing as they dismounted. Sir Annesley was on the lawn radiant with gratification. Herbert had shown him all the best lum-holes and favorite spots, so that he had five fine trout in his basket. He did not allude to this of course, nor to the fact that his college friend had also selected all his flies for him and had handled the landing net so skillfully that through his efforts the last two of the fish had been saved, but that was not necessary.

"How is this, Bertie?" cried Sir Annesley, "beats your work this morning all hollow!"

Bertie congratulated him, when Miss Senhouse, after inspecting the trout, turned to him and said quietly, "Why Mr. Vidal are you a Herbert too?"

"No, Miss Senhouse, I am not. My full name is Albert Cyril Vidal, but I have always been called Bertie from the time I could toddle I believe."

Half an hour afterwards they were all assembled in the drawing room with the exception of the two guests, for Sir Annesley was making a very careful toilet and Bertie was considerate enough to wait for him. Mr. Senhouse was keeping the fire warm with his back against the mantel, for even July nights are sometimes cold in the midland counties. Mrs. Senhouse was reading the local paper and Herbert and Alice were chatting cosily.

"By the by, Alice," he was saying, "I don't want to be irreverent, but you must be careful not to talk any High Church business to my friend Vidal. I got a letter from Streatfield of Oriel this week. He is Vidal's cousin and he says that Bertie is brooding about the sin, as he thinks it is of jumping into a living worth £800 per annum, and he is getting

mentally sick over his scruples ; talks about being a curate in a populous district and all that sort of thing."

"I'm afraid I have already broached the subject," said Alice, "of course I did not know."

"I fear I have too," added Mr. Senhouse ; but at this juncture Sir Annesley and Bertie, with an apology for being late, entered the room and the party shortly proceeded informally through the hall to the dining room.

The first evening at Bakewell was, like many which followed, a most delightful one. Sir Annesley had really a good tenor voice and knew how to use it fairly, so that it was not long before he and Alice Senhouse were at the piano, where they found a host of songs and duets with which both were familiar. Mr. and Mrs. Senhouse, Herbert and Bertie made up a rubber of whist and were in the middle of a hotly contested game when Sir Annesley's voice was heard saying :

"Oh do sing 'The Chorister' Miss Senhouse, I think it is the loveliest song Sullivan ever wrote for a mezzo-soprano."

"Certainly, Sir Annesley, if you wish it. I like it too, but I doubt if it is healthy. I know it always makes me sad and that is hardly desirable is it?"

She played a short prelude and in clear rich tones commenced the well known theme :

O sweet and dim the light and shade
Across the minster stealing,
I heard the grand old organ played
The anthem upward stealing.
One boy's sweet voice above the rest
I heard so clearly ringing,
The angels must his dreams have blest
To teach him such sweet singing.

The whist players had unconsciously dropped their cards, for as the song rose and fell it would have moved a heart of stone, and, when the passionate ending "The light of God is on his brow, for ever and for ever" died away, there was that stillness, that silence born of awe which one rarely meets except in the presence of death. Even Herbert had tears in his eyes, which he hastily brushed away. The silence was broken, however, at last by Sir Annesley who, turning to Alice, remarked : "Awfully jolly song that, Miss Senhouse, and beautifully rendered, makes a fellow think of death and all that sort of thing ; ever so much obliged."

The whist players had all turned in their chairs toward the singer except Bertie whose seat faced the piano. "Let's go on with our game mother," said Herbert. "Alice, those sad songs of yours always upset me. Hallo ! where's Vidal?"

His chair was empty and he had left the room unperceived.

"He can't stand a song like that" said Sir Annesley, "and he is far from well ; been sapping too hard at 'Paley's Evidences' and theology ; translating the lives of the saints and going without his breakfast. Enough to kill any man, but he'll be back in a minute."

"Yes," added Herbert, "I remember when I was a lower boy at Eton he was always going up on Sunday afternoons to St. George's Chapel at Windsor to hear Elvey play the organ, and afterwards the doctor gave him lessons, and he used to go out to Carter's church at Clewer with the High Church set and play the organ. There was a sisterhood there. He never would play for any one at Oxford though, and if you ask him he always declines and appears annoyed."

"Well he is not here to be annoyed," said Mrs. Senhouse, "so we will not ask him, but I should like to hear him once."

Just then Bertie entered and excused himself for leaving the drawing room, hoping he had not delayed the game. They finished the rubber, although he revoked twice before it was ended. Then he looked at his watch.

"It is half past ten Alice," said Mrs. Senhouse, "I wonder where Didah is."

"Nurse will be here directly mother," and then seeing Sir Annesley look puzzled Alice added : I suppose you and Mr. Vidal will have a good joke to relate when you go home about a Derbyshire young lady of nineteen with a nurse, but Didah which was presumably my baby name for Eliza, puts me to bed as regularly every night now as she did when I was a child. She has been with my mother ever since she was a little girl and she rules me with a rod of iron."

At this moment there was a tap on the drawing room door and as it opened half way, it revealed the figure of a prim little gray haired woman who looked as though she might never have smiled in her life or even have read anything less serious than a tract on sabbath breaking.

"Miss Alice!"

"I'm coming Didah," and then kissing her mother brother and father and wishing them all good night Alice disappeared with her old nurse as obediently as if she were still in short petticoats.

"After the ladies had disappeared there was the usual exchange of swallow-tails for smoking jackets, and that indescribably pleasant hour which only Englishmen appreciate before retiring. And so to bed. Thus passed the four happy days of the Oxonians' visit with a quiet Sunday intervening. On the Monday Bertie and Sir Annesley returned to Rowsley, the former with a sense of rest which he was utterly unable to define. Sir Annesley read restlessly and in an impatient, unsatisfactory way, but he made progress. His horses had arrived from Northamptonshire and he rode with Bertie nearly every afternoon. Like all self-indulgent men he was unstable and absorbed in himself, but Bertie had a knack of diverting the channels of his thoughts from himself to the half way house of impersonality, that forgetfulness of self which is the highway to charity. He humored Sir Annesley's instability and yet managed to hold his purposeless nature greatly in check. As may be supposed these relations were in

no outward or apparent sense those of Mentor and Telemachus. At least if they were, neither of the men were conscious of the fact. Indeed, in no way did they hold themselves bound to each other's society in the hours of their recreation, and so it happened that one afternoon while Sir Annesley took his gun and a keeper to shoot over the rabbit coverts back of Hadden Hall, Bertie rode into Bakewell to get a rod top spliced and some artificial flies for a fishing expedition on the morrow.

As he passed the old gothic church he noticed that the door was open, so tying his horse outside he entered. It was cold enough and blocked up with ugly family pews and hideous marble tablets on the walls, but there was a great deal in the latter which he found of historic interest. At last he entered the chancel and there fell into a reverie. He was aroused from it by the voice of a small boy: "Dost 'er want summat Meester? I be sexton's lad."

"You are, are you? Well yes! Ask your father to let me have the key of the organ, come and blow for me and I'll give you a shilling."

A few minutes afterwards and Bertie was happy. His troubles were oozing out at his fingers' ends, and, as he wandered aimlessly into the *Quando Corpus* from the *Stabat Mater*, thence drifting into an improvisation which the theme had suggested to him, he forgot that he was in Bakewell Church, forgot that there was any sorrow, any doubt, any perplexity in this world alike so troublesome to rich and poor. He was oblivious of all surroundings and happily cradled in the harmonious foretaste of heaven which is the heritage of so few.

Of a sudden he felt a hand on his shoulder which in a second recalled him to the world. By his side stood Didah whiter and icier than ever. He stopped playing mechanically, and as though translated from heaven to earth said: "What is the matter Nurse?"

"Do you want to kill my child?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Kill? Whose child? What do you mean?"

"See!"

He turned round, and there kneeling in a pew in the transept, sobbing convulsively, was Alice Senhouse. By her side was a basket of fresh cut flowers which she brought every week to adorn the communion table. Her head was bowed between her hands and her whole frame shook. A low muffled moan escaped her lips and Bertie utterly upset and shocked yet unconscious of what he had done, sprang from the organ-seat, and passing hastily through a side door, untied his horse, mounted and rode madly back to Rowsley.

Two days afterwards Sir Annesley and Bertie were again the guests of Mrs. Senhouse at dinner. Alice was as serene as the evening star which shone above them. The night was warm but pleasant. The drawing room windows facing the lawn were all open and while the gentlemen were sitting over their wine, Bertie, anxious to get away from the stale hunting and fishing stories, quietly left the room

and strolled around the grounds. From the open windows Alice saw him wandering among the trees, and, before she was conscious of what she was doing, she found herself tripping over the soft warm grass of the lawn until she reached the spot where he stood.

"Oh Mr. Vidal! is not this a lovely night? and I am so glad you left the gentlemen. Stay here while I get Didah and my shawl and I will show you our new verberna beds by moonlight."

"With pleasure, Miss Senhouse."

But she still stood there, and he, thinking suddenly what a thoughtless boor he was, added hastily: "A thousand pardons Miss Senhouse. Let me get Didah and your shawl, I will not be a minute away."

He hastened to go, but before he was half a dozen yards away he heard her drop heavily into a garden seat and the same low moan came from her lips that had so frightened him in Bakewell Church.

He turned back and stood all dumb before her. When she was still he said in low tones: Miss Senhouse, Didah told me in the church, while I was playing, that I was killing you. Indeed, I did not know that you were there. Had I not thought that I was alone, I would never have opened the organ. My music seems to bring nothing but pain and suffering just as your 'Chorister' which to me was on the first night of our visit here more agonizing than the cruel bars on which St. Lawrence lay could have been."

The ice was still unbroken, but Bertie took from the pendant of his watch chain a little gold cross and mustered up enough courage to say: Miss Senhouse, will you accept this little cross and wear it in remembrance of our mutual but foolish pain. We must both learn to be brighter and braver in this hard world."

She stretched forth her hand and took the little cross. Then loosening the bow of a tiny velvet ribbon which encircled her neck, she fastened it on and hid it beneath the snowy ruffles which clustered round her throat. Then they went into the house.

CHAPTER III.

October had already dawned and the long vacation was nearly over. Sir Annesley and Bertie were to leave the next day and they rode over to Bakewell to make their final call.

After lunch Mr. Senhouse and Bertie were strolling round the stables, much as they had done the first day of their visit, when the latter said to his host quietly but with apparent effort: "Can we go down and take a final look at the Wye? I want to talk to you and shall have no other opportunity." As they walked together Bertie continued, "I have hardly been here three months yet it seems I have known you all a life time. I need not say that I have neither abused your hospitality nor any confidence that you may have reposed in me, but I cannot leave here to-morrow without an avowal to you. It is made to you not to her. Do you understand?"

Yes? I have never yet uttered a word to your daughter which might even faintly be construed into one of love; but, before I go, I want to hear from your lips whether, if I prove worthy, I may return and plead my cause with Alice. I am willing to wait until she knows her own heart and that my own love may be, if it needs it, refined. All I ask is may I come again?"

The strong arms of the two men linked, as the noisy Wye circled round the shallows and rippled over the pebbles and ran on its way to the sea and Mr. Senhouse looking tenderly into Bertie's face said in broken tones: "Bertie my son that is to be! God be thanked for this, come again at Christmas. If Alice knows her own heart we shall gain a son and your mother a loving daughter." And so they went away.

Vacation was over. Sir Annesley returned to Christchurch and Bertie to his theological studies in Northamptonshire. He was perfectly happy now and his scruples about accepting the living of Ambrecoinbe had vanished into air. He even studied Welby Pugin to find out what improvements he could make in the church and he had already determined in the future on a new stone altar, if the Bishop would allow it, and a carved stone reredos. From the records he ascertained that the church had been originally dedicated to St. Cecilia the patron of music and he saw in his mind's eye a new statue of the patroness of the parish raised in the empty niche over the porch. The face he determined should be modeled after that of Alice. There were only two or three months to wait now and so Bertie built his castles in the air by the score. Christmas would indeed be a happy season if all his dreams came true.

It was the 2nd November, All Souls Day, the feast of the dead, and Bertie was reading up the story in Alban Butler of the loving way in which the early Christians used to remember those who had gone before them. Suddenly a horse came galloping up the avenue, and in another moment Sir Annesley Tiverton, all covered with mud and mire, and with an ugly cut over his head, ran into the library.

"Bertie," he cried, "for God's sake lend me the best horse you have and give me a change of linen and some brandy and let your man dress my head. He's after me!"

Sir Annesley was so terribly excited and exhausted that Bertie, dumbfounded and utterly unable to answer him, rushed his friend up to his room, ran down for some brandy and, while the butler washed and dressed his head, a hasty lunch flanked by a bottle of Burgundy was prepared and set before the exhausted baronet. Other servants brushed his clothes and in less than a quarter of an hour Sir Annesley was attacking the collation before him with the ferocity of a wolf, eating as though he had not partaken of food for three or four days and gulping down great draughts of generous wine, until he was unable to eat more.

"Now I must go," he said hoarsely, "take care of my horse; I'm afraid I have used him up. He has carried me all the way from Oxford and I'm tracked."

"For heaven's sake, Annesley, tell me what is the trouble, you have frightened me thoroughly now."

"Trouble? Oh, I got into a scrape near Oxford—a daughter of a farmer—three miles from college, and she told her father that I promised to marry her, so I went there last night with £100 to keep the matter quiet and the father accepted it, but the brother tore into the room and struck at me with a spade. If it had done its work as he intended, I should not be here to tell the tale, but I threw my arm up and only got this cut. Then I knocked him down and ran for my horse, but the low brute swore he'd follow me to the death, and he will. A thousand thanks old boy, but there's no more Oxford for me, I have to hide temporarily at all events." With that he ran down the stairs, mounted a noble black mare belonging to Bertie, and, putting spurs to her was soon lost to sight."

Two hours afterwards a haggard broad-shouldered young man was ushered into the library, where Bertie was sitting, his head bowed down upon his crossed arms. He looked up at his visitor and at once recognized in him a young farmer who lived near Oxford.

"Mr. Vidal," he shouted hoarsely, "he's been here; I can see it in your face. Tell me where he is!"

Anything to save Annesley, disgraced though he was, at all hazards and even at the expense of truth! So Bertie said quietly: "Yes, he was here early to-day and told me all. By this time he has caught the Northampton express and started for France. There is no other train to-day, therefore it is useless, Thornton, to follow him further. Put up your horse and stay here to-night and rest. Do as I tell you and don't stand there as if you were dazed."

"Dazed? Oh my God!" and the poor fellow sank down on a chair and wept passionately.

Bertie knew that this was good for him and when the pent up agony had exhausted itself, he took him by the hand and said: Thornton! God help you in your trouble, but remember that while His hand seems to lie so heavily upon you, other men have had to bear even worse than this and still face the world."

"But he was your friend, Mr. Vidal, and he has blighted by life and my home. God grant—I say—Mr. Vidal—may God grant—do you hear? *that—he—may—not—blight—your—life—too.*" He said these words with difficulty and with a strange light in his eyes.

Bertie turned pale for a moment, and then recovering himself, gave orders for the young fellow's care. So the chase was discontinued.

Tiverton *did* take the train at Northampton, and the man who led Bertie's mare back brought the following note: "Address me 47 Air St. Piccadilly,

London, and advise, T. To this Bertie replied by a telegram, "Your man here, but off the scent. Thinks you in Paris. Goes home to-morrow, V."

When Sir Annesley got this message it measurably set him at rest, but he at once wrote to Herbert Senhouse at Oxford and begged him not to let his family know the circumstances under which he had been compelled to run away from College. To this Herbert replied reassuring him and bidding him look on the whole thing as an unfortunate *contretemps* about which he should not be worried. He took the most lax view of the matter possible and concluded: "The whole thing is very unfortunate. Of course I shall say nothing about it old fellow, not a word, but you had better stay away from your own place for awhile until all this blows over. You have paid £100 pounds to the father, and he has accepted it. Go up to Rowsley and read. Your name may yet be restored. Knock the pheasants about and tell the Governor that you got caught in a town and gown row and that you hit a proctor and were sent down for six months."

Sir Annesley took his advice and a ticket on the Midland Railway for Rowsley. That night he slept at the Peacock and on the night following he dined with Mr. Senhouse at Bakewell. After dinner he regaled his host with a graphic description of the suppositious town and gown row, at which he laughed heartily.

"Of course," said Mr. Senhouse, over their port wine, "you don't want to stay round Northamptonshire and be gossipped about. I hope you hit the proctor hard, and I am glad you took Herbert's advice about coming over here. You will brighten us all up, for, to tell the truth, after you and Vidal left we were all very dull and Alice has been far from well. She has crying fits and goes down to the church playing *Stabat Mater* and the most melancholy music imaginable. Her favorite number, so her mother tells me, is

Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradis glorie.

Fancy a girl of nineteen always harping on death and eternity. She wants quinine, Sir Annesley, so the doctor says, and plenty of horseback exercise. "Well, if you make your headquarters at Rowsley, at least come over as often as you can and we'll see what we can do with the pheasants. The partridges are scarce and very wild, but hares are plenty and the harriers never worked better."

"Thanks a hundred times for your kindness, Mr. Senhouse. You understand, if I were to spend a month with you, the first thing I should see in the *Court Circular* would be, 'Sir Annesley Tiverton is in Derbyshire, the guest of Mr. Robert Senhouse, enjoying the hunting and shooting,' and that would be a deuce of a nuisance because I am supposed to be at Oxford." He knew he was lying, but, as usual, the first lie had to be backed up by a hundred others.

And Alice?

Poor child! she was indeed in trouble. It is true Bertie had given her a cross, but he had said nothing; only offered her a little sympathy and gone away. Perhaps he would never come again, and now that he was gone, she knew that from the night, the first night, when she sang the "Chorister" and he left the drawing-room she loved him with all her soul. It was the weakness of her nature which made her fret so, and the condition of her mind was daily becoming more and more unhealthy. On that first evening she had looked up once during the second verse of the song and caught sight of his face as he sat motionless at the whist table. She had seen him glide from the room with his head bowed down, and without him there was now no rest, no peace.

But Sir Annesley could tell her a great deal about him, and with that thought she brightened up again, and Didah, who had hitherto disliked the baronet, was pleased that he had come, for she suspected her darling's secret from the night when she put her to bed and found the cross beneath her dress. "Oh, no," Alice had said. "That must never come off, Didah. I will tell you why some day." And Didah looked at it and knew that she had seen it on Mr. Vidal's watch-chain.

So Alice and Sir Annesley rode together nearly every day now, sometimes with Mr. Senhouse and occasionally alone. "You must tell me, Sir Annesley," she said one day as they were coming home through the woods, "about your estates—I mean yours and Mr. Vidal's. Papa says they adjoin."

"Yes, Miss Senhouse, they do; but Tiverton Park, although larger than the Vidal manor, is by no means as good an estate. You see, my father was extravagant and he encumbered it heavily, and, although, during my minority the mortgages were all paid off, the estate has been set back a great deal and lost some of its finest timber. Vidal will be one of the wealthiest commoners in England some day, for in addition to a long accumulation of rents, when he takes holy orders he will have a further increase of income as rector of Ambrecoinbe. They say also," (and he spoke very slowly, watching her closely as he uttered the words), "that he is going to be married to Miss Ogilvie, who is an heiress and will inherit at least £50,000."

A sharp cry, and Alice reeled over in the saddle. If he had not caught her she would have fallen heavily, for she had fainted. It was the work of a moment to dismount, tie the horses to a tree, and lay her on the soft grass. Then he ran to a little brook near by, filled his hat with water, and with his handkerchief wetted her face as she lay there, all unconscious and white.

"My God! how beautiful she is," he thought, "and I have done my work surely and well."

At last she opened her large brown eyes and said, faintly: "Sir Annesley, I am not well, as you know, but I was foolish to swoon, only I got a terrible pain all at once in heart and I could not help it. I am better now. Will you give me your arm and we can walk home, if you will lead the horses. We are

quite close now." She rose feebly and he, supporting her and letting the horses follow gently, went with her through the gate of the woods and the fields which opened on the back of the stable.

The grooms looked surprised as Sir Annesley called them out and they saw their mistress looking so pale and ill. "Call Didah, somebody," cried the baronet. "Miss Alice was taken suddenly faint and almost fell from her mare."

Everything was confusion. Her mother and father and Didah rushed out and carried Alice into the house. "I can walk, papa," she said, "but I became suddenly faint just in a moment and Sir Annesley saved me from what might have been a very ugly fall."

They administered restoratives and laid her on the sofa. She insisted, however, that her illness was only temporary and that she now felt perfectly well. Indeed, she went so far as to say that she never felt better in her life. As to going to bed she would not hear of it, and she further insisted on Sir Annesley's staying to dinner after the fright she had given him.

During the evening she sang her merriest songs and duets with the baronet and even scolded him when he made mistakes. And he looked at her from

time to time with the greatest apparent reverence and tender solicitude. Only once during the evening, when opportunity offered, he said in a low voice: "Miss Senhouse, I do not see how you can laugh and be gay to-night. If you had been severely hurt it would have killed me."

When Didah came for her, she wished them all good-night merrily and skipped upstairs like a fairy who knew no trouble or sorrow; but when she had been undressed and laid in bed, and while Didah was preparing a hot drink for her child, she threw up her arms and, amid a shower of passionate sobs, cried in a broken voice: "Didah, you can take the cross off now; put it away and don't let me see it any more. Don't leave me to-night, nurse. Put your arms round me and let me sleep with you as though I were again your baby. Oh, Didah, I am so wretched and my heart is—is—is—Didah! and she almost screamed. Didah! (her voice sunk to a whisper) I have no heart."

So let us leave them together, the dear nurse's thin arms around her darling, wondering what it all meant as she mingled her tears with those of her child till they sobbed themselves to sleep.

D. W. C. NESFIELD.

To be continued.

A KISS AND A SMILE.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile,
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is velling the light—
And may be—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long 'ere you see them again,
And motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
Their spirits may slip from their moorings to-night.

D'ISRAELI IN HIS YOUTH.—It is always interesting to look back over the lives of eminent men, and compare their matured reputations with the impressions they have made upon intelligent contemporaries in the days of their youth. We have come across an entertaining instance of this, in the case of the man named above. There has been republished recently an interesting series of letters written by N. P. Willis, during a visit to Europe about fifty years ago. In the course of a call upon Lady Blessington, who was then a brilliant figure in the literary and social world, the question was asked: "Do you know the D'Israelis in America?"

I assured her ladyship that the "Curiosities of Literature," by the father, and "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Flemming," by the son, were universally known.

"I am much pleased at that, too, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him. He is very fond of him, and as he was going away, he patted him on the head, and said to me: 'Take care of him, Lady Blessington, for my sake. He is a clever lad, but he wants ballast. I am glad he has the honor to know you, for you will check him when I am away!'" D'Israeli the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from town, and seldom comes up to London. He is a very plain old man in his manners, as plain as his son is the reverse. D'Israeli the younger is quite his own character of "Vivian Grey," crowded with talent, but very soigne of his curls, and a bit of a coxcomb. *There is no reserve about him, however,* and he is the only joyous dandy I ever saw."

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AS A FIELD FOR SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION.

READ BEFORE THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

It will be the object of this paper to show the comparative value and interest attached to scientific observation in our limited area of country. Not only have we a limited area to belittle our work, but at first sight it seems devoid of variety.

The thermometer varies less here during the whole year than it does in many single days in those latitudes which are the more especial home of scientific research. The barometer has a tedious uniformity for a large portion of the year, and even when the winter storms affect us, it has not over one-half the range experienced in other latitudes. The trade winds are monotonous as they are agreeable. The tides have but a slight rise and fall. The formation of the country too, is either volcanic or of coral, and apparently unattractive to geologists. The botanist has not the interesting flora of temperate climates to deal with.

In point of fact, however, these Islands, situated just where they are, thousands of miles from other territory, and in the midst of a vast ocean, present many interesting features for investigation, quite disproportioned indeed, if one may say so, to their area in square miles. Some of the questions that are worthy of notice by the scientist may here be brought forward.

First, the meteorology of the Islands. A weather observer has the only *terra firma* that exists in this part of the world to work from. The effort is made now-a-days, to reduce the world to a weather unit. When it storms in England, what is it doing in America? and what, too, is it doing in Hawaii? Do storms ever travel from here to the continent?—or do they cease to be, as they move on. When the barometer is unusually low in San Francisco, is it so here or the contrary? Is a dry season there a dry season here? When an unusual average of cold is observed in the Northern States, is there any such unusual average here at the same time.

We also have our own local history of weather to deal with. "A" says, it is unusually warm this summer. "B" doubts it. Who is to know, unless regular observations are taken. "A" says, there is an unusual amount of South wind. "B" answers, it is only an "old-fashioned winter," as the phrase is. What causes one year to bring Southerly winds in majority—another year Northerly winds? There are Trade-wind winters, and Southerly-wind winters, and Westerly-wind winters. How often do these come around—and which is most provocative of sickness? would be questions both interesting and practical.

Then the geography of weather is of interest. Do the Southwest gales begin to the Eastward, and advance Westwardly, or *vice versa*? An observatory

on Hawaii, and another on Kauai, combined with Honolulu observations, would answer this question.

Then when the trades return in spring, do they advance gradually up from the South, *i. e.* does the Trade-wind belt gradually widen to the Northward, or is it irregular in its development? When South-west gales are prevalent here, how far South of here are theré regular trades blowing? Are these South-west gales all cyclones, or are they a general current of wind over a large area? There is a large sphere for research and record. The writer has often from elevations on the windward side of the island, seen the surface of the sea ruffled with a fair trade wind, while at the station occupied, say 2,000 feet high, there would be a calm, or a Westerly current would be blowing. Here is another matter of study. Of two flags observed on from the same point, one—the lower—would be blowing to the Westward, and the upper to the Eastward. It would appear, that as the season advances, the point of division between the upper and lower currents of air rises higher, so that in midsummer the trades are found blowing even on the very summits of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, while as winter approaches, the Westerly wind resumes its sway till it reaches the sea level. The smoke rising in huge column from a violent eruption on Mauna Loa furnishes a very interesting indicator of facts on this subject.

Our position on the Northern tropic makes this question one worthy of research. Practically, in the winter months we are in the temperate zone, and in the summer season we return to the torrid zone; the zones coming to us, and not we to the zones.

The remark has been made that we have nearly as many climates on these Islands as square miles of area. The breezy, showery tract, say of North Kohala, Hawaii, is contrasted with the arid tract of Kona on the one hand, with its regular land and sea breezes, and the calm of Hilo with its immense rainfall on the other. Or, nearer at hand, take Honolulu, and compare it climatically with the summit of Tantalus, for coolness and force of wind, or the rainy valleys for humidity—and on the other hand with Diamond Head for tonic freshness of air.

From elevated meteorological stations on Mauna Kea and Haleakala, note could be taken of the very diverse weather prevalent at different points. Areas of precipitation, and areas of complete evaporation could be studied; also the thickness of the cloud-belt. Doubtless the progress of advancing storms could be noted.

The botanical and agricultural results dependent upon these various climates, are good subjects for study. The native flora of the lee side presents quite a contrast to that of the weather side, es-

pecially on the larger islands; also of the lower lands compared to that of the higher elevations, and of the mountain sides. Such questions as the following are interesting: How high up will the *kukui* tree grow? How low down the *mamane* and the *kou*? Where grows best the *ohia ai* (so-called "mountain apple")? Many facts of this nature should be not only observed, but recorded in available form, instead of being only stored in the brains of a few walking encyclopedias.

In connection with this subject the writer expresses the hope that some day there will be a botany of the Hawaiian Islands, to which the already compiled strictly scientific manuals shall be but the stepping stone. One that shall perpetuate the native names, and the uses of native plants; that shall guide us as to what is native and what is exotic; that shall moreover be in the English language, to the encouragement of young students, and that would minister to something more than a mere craze for ferns, or for sea-mosses.

The agricultural questions to be scientifically studied are of practical interest. What are the laws of the decay of the forests? You say that the cattle kill them, and yet there are the whitened branches of dead trees where cattle cannot go. What is the soil fit to produce on those untried thousands of acres that were once the primeval forest of Hawaii? Where will coffee grow best? Where the cinchona? Are there, or are there not reasons why the spices and other products of the East Indies are not to be acclimatized and produced here?

Another subject of which little is known, is that of the time of flowering, and fruitage of our different plants. Do the cocoanut and banana, for instance, really bear equally well at all seasons? And the bread-fruit and the sweet potato also? Or is this never-ending production of the tropics a myth? What trees here have regular periods of shedding their leaves? What is really the orange season? And when fruit trees bear two crops in a year, what governs the time, and what determines the doubleness or the singleness of the crop? It would seem as if some source of information on such points, accessible to all, would be exceedingly prized by intelligent residents of these Islands.

Then there are the more recondite naturalists' questions; for instance, as to variations caused by climate. Doubtless the race of cattle introduced by Vancouver, breeding in and in, on the highlands of Hawaii, has developed its own peculiar characteristics from the environment. The Spanish breed of horses on Oahu, now called native, has certainly from short, hard feed, and from other causes, taken on its own features. On Hawaii, the wild horses of Mauna Kea seem to revert to the original color of that animal. Venomous reptiles here seem to lose much of the strength of their poison. These remarks may indicate what is to be studied in that direction.

In the line of geological investigation there is certainly very much in hand. Here in mid-ocean is a

vast and mostly submarine chain of mountains. Enough of deep-sea soundings have been already made to indicate this, but not its length or limits. It is in round numbers 30,000 feet high from the vast subaqueous level that extends either way from it. And there is no other chain near at hand parallel to it.

Now has this risen up, or has it been piled up? Is it a fold in the earth's surface—or has volcanic matter piled itself upon itself? Has there been any subsidence here? The submerged continent theory is practically abandoned by scientific men. But the numerous artesian well borings on this and other Islands must furnish valuable material to one studying in the above line of inquiry. Think of a thousand feet thickness of coral deposit, or even three hundred, and account for it, if you can. One thing certainly ought to be done—the results of these borings ought to be tabulated, and made a matter of public record.

In this immediate connection the writer would urge a faithful and intelligent study of the artesian supply of water, to be made at the public expense, as a matter of vital necessity.

The valleys and ravines of this country are exceedingly interesting to the geologist. From the stupendous chasms of Iao, Waimanu and Waipio, to the long thread-like lava-duets that wind from the far heights of Mauna Kea down to the sea, we have the variety and abundance of material that ought to shed light on the question of erosion *vs.* upheaval cracks. Captain Dutton thinks that erosion,—water, pure and simple, will account for Waipio and Waimanu. Some of us are inclined to doubt the truth of that theory.

On the vast black faces of rock that form some of our sea precipices are the edges of strata piled on strata of not only lava, but of earth intervening; interesting to the student as are the sides of a deep railroad cut. Around Pearl River is much to observe of ancient and upheaved coral reefs and shell-banks. Indeed, the bay itself, with its labyrinthine and abrupt channels, is a permanent interrogation mark.

The coast craters of Oahu, totally different from the cinder cones of Mauna Kea; and these in turn diverse from the lava cones of Mauna Loa, are suggestive of questions. Even the direction and force of the wind, at the time that these cones were formed, remains as built-up history in the present shape of these hills.

The daily life, so to say, of the volcano of the present time, ought to be observed and noted down, and would form a great addition to modern material for discussion. The subject of simultaneous volcanic activity in different parts of the world would then have more light shed upon it, and the fact once established would affect the theory of volcanic eruptions as caused by infiltration of water. Something analogous to the work of the Seismological Society of Japan might be done here to advantage. And it

may be remarked here that a set of charts of this Society are deposited in the Government Survey office.

This Survey in its progress finds matters of interest as well as practical value to deal with, outside of its strictly official sphere. One of old standing is that of magnetic declination, or, in common language, the deviation of the needle from true North. Authorities differ on the question of its increasing or diminishing. *Sub rosa*, the writer would say it is increasing, and ask at the same time—*why does it?* Then as to whether masses of land attract or repel the needle, and which end of it is attracted or repelled. Generally the north end of the needle moves toward the mass of earth, but sometimes curious exceptions occur to this rule.

The "deflection of the vertical," that is to say, the fact of the plumb-line not pointing to the exact centre of the earth, is a result of the immense mountain mass which has already been alluded to. The force of gravity draws the plumb-line toward the mass of matter, and the bubble of the spirit-level also. The observed altitudes of celestial bodies, upon which all astronomical positions depend, are based upon the movement of this bubble, and of course the positions are likewise affected. This country presents very marked phenomena of this kind.

Many other fields of research might be pointed out, but enough has been indicated to prove that the field is not exhausted.

CURTIS J. LYONS.

ROMANCE OF A COWBOY.

A favorite steamship of the White Star Line is in the act of leaving her wharf in New York for a summer trip across the Atlantic, with every berth engaged. The bell warning "all for the shore" has ceased. The irrepressible straggler—who answers on these occasions to the inevitable Derby dog—has been hustled along the gangway which the deck hands will have off in another moment, when the hand-kissing, handkerchief-waving crowd on the planks is parted as by a bomb-shell, and a man carrying a small valise rushes through with a loud "Hold on!" and just manages to scramble on board. He is a remarkable man—in that company—and immediately becomes an object of interest and wonder. His "butternut pants" are tucked into huge boots reaching almost up to his knees and bearing (to the initiated) a pictorial history of their own. They are red with the mud of the Sierras, white with the dust of travel, black with the dirt of New York long shore (the dirtiest dirt in the world), and polished to a bright bronze where they have gripped the saddle. He wears a rough-dried white shirt, without any collar, an old blue flannel Norfolk jacket and a slouch hat, the original color of which has long since ceased to be determinable. But he sings out that "Hold on!" in the tone of a commander-in-chief, and when he raises his sombrero in apology to some ladies who had been disturbed by his irregular entrance, a very remarkable head is disclosed. The passengers shrink from him right and left, as though he were some dangerous animal, and a steward rushes up with a "Ere now! second-class passengers."

For all answer this man hands him his valise (a brand new one) saying: "Take that to No. 142, and then come back and show me the way to the bathroom." He follows the wondering waiter a step or two, whispers something in his ear and (apparently) shakes hands with him.—Opinions differ as to whether he is a digger from Leadville, a Mormon Elder, an escaped convict, or a Texan "Cowboy," and the important question—what is to be done with him at table? being a first-class passenger—arises.

The Captain's cabin on deck is engaged by the lady and two children of Senator Hiram J. Nickerson and her bosom friend, Mrs. Plover—a young widow in her second year of colors, and one of the most accomplished flirts in the United States.—Hon. Hiram J. has a sleeping berth in another part of the ship.

Now, Mrs. Nickerson, though provided with a nurse, had, as usual, to take care of that person's charges in the supreme moment of departure, and so the sensational appearance of that picturesque but doubtful stranger was lost upon her. He had therefore to be described.

"My dear," said Cora Plover, "he is like McKee Rankin in 'The Danites,' but handsomer. He has lovely long brown hair passed behind his ears and rolling over his collar; a beautiful beard just a shade lighter, and violet eyes with a snap in them. If I could paint I'd take him as a model for the Archangel Gabriel. What is a 'cowboy?'" This to the Senator, who informed her that male persons of whatever age who tend cattle in Texas are called "cowboys," and are "a very rough crowd."

"We shall see at dinner," observed the widow. "I've told the purser to put him opposite us. He was so glad—poor man!"

"The cowboy?" exclaimed her friend.

"No, the purser. He was at his wits' end where to put him. Everybody had been declaring that they would not sit near him."

"You are perfectly incorrigible, Cora," said Mrs. Nickerson, "I do believe that if Jumbo were dressed up in top-boots and a slouch hat, you'd want to flirt with him."

With dinner came disenchantment. The lovely brown hair, the flowing beard, and the violet eyes with a snap in them, were indeed there, but the picturesque attire had been replaced by a suit of unmistakably ready-made clothes, which did not fit him, and made him look from the chin downward like a very common person.

"He is *not* a cowboy," Cora whispered to the

Senator. "He eats his soup like a well-bred man."
 "Hush! He'll hear you."

The warning came not a moment too soon, for the violet eyes were on her, and there was a snap in them.

Served with fish, he clutched his fork as though it were a dagger, plunged it into his portion of red snapper, tore off a morsel which he deliberately placed on the point of his knife, and so passed it to digestion. Having finished he mopped up the sauce with a bit of bread and ate it.—Then he looked at the beautiful widow again, and wiped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief.

"My test is a true one," she sighed as he left the table. "He is a cowboy."

The next morning, while going below to get a book out of the library, she tripped upon the slippery brass edging of the companion stairs, and fell headlong into the arms of a man who was just coming out of the smoking-room.

"Oh, thanks so much!" she gasped when he had placed her on a settee. "I should have been hurt awfully if—I cannot think what made me fall."

"I can," he replied. "It was the peg heels on your boots."

"Ah!" she exclaimed; "you are an Englishman then?"

"I am an Englishman," he replied; "but why the then?"

"We Americans (she said Americans) 'call these'—showing for an instant the point of a delicately shod little foot—"shoes."

"Nothing that comes above the instep is a shoe," he persisted.

"If you were to go into a store in New York and ask for boots they'd show you—well, things such as you wore yesterday."

"Ah! you noticed my boots?"

"Just as I noticed the funnel or the mainmast, or anything else one cannot *help* seeing," she replied carelessly.

"Were you going down for anything I can get you?"

"I wanted something to read."

"You can't read on board ship. Your eye runs over a lot of words, but it is not reading. If I could go to those people on deck who have books in their hands, and say, 'Stop right where you are and tell me what the last six lines were about,' not one in ten could answer. You seem to be a good sailor—come up and talk to me."

She looked at his *shoes*. The ends were three inches broad, and the instep was artificially wrinkled. The ends of his 'pants' were sprung out over the foot, and stiffened after a fashion that made her shudder.—His vest had hideous fancy buttons, and the cuffs of his coat bore a vulgar elaboration of braid.

Could she—accustomed to the homage of golden youth in its most strict tense—brush skirts with this most distressing suit? The butternut trowsers

and the slouch hat were the right things in their way. She could have been seen with him in them.—A queen might talk with a cowboy in cowboy's dress, because he did not pretend to be anything else than a cowboy, and was spoken to as such. But here was a pretense and a failure.

She hesitated.

"I think I understand," he said, noticing her embarrassment. "We have not been regularly introduced, and I don't see how we can be, as I know no one on board.—My name is Turner, and I was christened James. My father is a farmer in Hampshire, has rather a large place there, but I am a younger son and had to look out for myself. I've been silver-mining in Nevada and 'made' my pile, not a very lofty one, but enough—for me."

If in his dress some hideous errors fall,

Look in his face and you'll forgive them all.

Some such paraphrase of the famous couplet must have passed through Cora Plover's mind. She looked in his face as he spoke, and met the violet eyes (without any snap in them now), listened to the soft but well-toned voice, and—gave in.—He was an Englishman; that accounted for any amount of eccentricity. She was Cora Plover, and could lay down the law to everybody that was anybody on board the ship.

"If you wish it," she replied; and on deck they went arm in arm, a manifestation and a wonder.

"Now, tell me all about yourself," she said, when her chair had been found and placed where it couldn't roll over, and she was properly packed up in rugs against the spray. He told her little about himself, but much about the life he had been leading—its privations and adventures, its perils and its pleasures, and the splendors of nature in the land where it had been passed. And he told her all this well, in good English, and that low, musical voice.

"Do you know," she asked him, when the first bell rang for dinner, "that you are very interesting?" He smiled, and something like a veiled snap came over his violet eyes. "I must introduce you to my friends—I would so like, Mr. Turner; you have done me an immense service. Oh, yes, you have! I know I should have been horribly smashed up if you hadn't caught me. Will you let me do you a little one in return?"

A real snap came into his eyes now.

"One does not seek a return for such things."

"But if it is for your good?" pleadingly.

"Go on."

"And you will not be offended?"

"If there be no offense," he replied gravely.

"None is meant, I do assure you. You are so nice in many respects—perhaps it was thoughtlessness; or that you did not realize your return to civilization; but yesterday at dinner you—don't be angry—you ate with your knife."

"Why not?"

"Why not! Good gracious! It is the horror of horrors!"

"That is an assertion, not an answer. I repeat—why not?"

"In the first place, you made me so nervous I—"

"That is quite enough," he interrupted. "If it annoyed you my question is answered. I will not eat with my knife again."

Dressing for dinner, the widow had a great deal to tell Mrs. Nickerson about the so-called "cowboy," pitched with some adroitness in an apologetic key.

"A new paradoxus," said the Senator, when he also was told. "A male of the human race who looks an archangel, dresses like a cad, talks like an encyclopædia and wants to argue the question as to the propriety of eating with one's knife!"

"Ah, yes," Cora pleaded. "But how nicely he gave it up!"

The Senator smiled and asked: "Is he to join the ranks of your forlorn hope, Mrs. Plover?"

"Nonsense! I mean to civilize him—that's all."

"But if in the process he meets the common doom?"

"He is big enough to take care of himself. Besides"—with a laugh—"if I am the flirt you all pretend to think me, I must not get out of practice."

This conversation took place at the door of the Captain's cabin just as the dinner gong began its deafening din. As they went down Mr. Turner was formally introduced by the widow to her friends. He used his fork for its legitimate purpose, and in no way committed himself during the repast. At its conclusion he betook himself to the smoking-room and was seen no more that night.

"At any rate," observed Mrs. Nickerson, "he has the good taste not to force himself upon us."

"You scared him with your grand air," said Cora, petulantly. "That's just the way with you Washington women. Your husbands go spouting democracy all over the country to get you your position, and then you turn your backs upon every one who isn't in your set."

The speaker was one of those who do eccentric things to show their power. The male passengers (three parts American) consisted of the usual bagmen—loud and vulgar; the usual fathers of families about to travel in "Yurru," in watchful agony lest their wives and children should do something which other men's wives and children did not do, not get something which other men's wives and children got, or be bereft of what other men's wives and children had; the usual British officers from Canada going home on leave and speaking only to each other; the usual funny man who makes puns on the materials of his reports; the usual engineers from Newcastle, third-rate actors going to lose their savings in a summer theatre, Boston professionals and New York dudes.

In English society we know of no power equal to what a handsome, young and rich woman (who can compass the attendance at her parties of European celebrities) wields in New York, and out of it so far as her fame has spread. The moment she set her

foot on board, this one looked for a slave—a carrier of books and a tucker-in of wraps—to make himself generally useful and (if possible) amusing during the voyage, and to be thrown aside with her salt-stained gloves when it was ended. She thought she could score by appointing the "cowboy" to this post. There was dash, eccentricity, daring in the choice, and it scored. The cowboy became a personage. Even the callow subalterns made his acquaintance and offered him cigarettes.

The cowboy accepted these overtures with frank bluntness, but did not follow them up. He did not enter upon the duties of the high appointment which the fair widow had unmistakably bestowed; and this worried her. For any man to drop *her* was out of the question. It was all Mrs. Nickerson's fault, chilling him with her Washington ways. So one morning when the Senator had vacated the chair between these ladies, and the cowboy was pacing the deck, Cora gave him one of her best smiles and said, with her pretty hand on the unoccupied seat: "Oh, Mr. Turner, won't you come and tell my friend some of those charming stories about Nevada? She is dying to hear them." This was a fib.

The cowboy seated himself, and without a word of depreciation or preface did as he was told. Cora found herself listening like another Desdemona, and when he had done, and she wanted a glass of lemonade, she did not like to send him for it.

Afterward they took a turn on deck, and she cross-examined him on various subjects. Yes—he had passed most of his young days on his father's farm, but (impressively) he had been to school, and to London. Why, of course, he was going straight home. By-and-by he would go to London again, and this was his plan—propounded with business-like gravity. He would get hold of some young swell, pay his tailor's bill, get him to be his guide and introducer to the gaieties of the great Metropolis. Cora was shocked.

"And do you *really* think that any gentleman would do such a thing?" she asked.

"Lots," said the cowboy, decisively—"What's the harm? My fellow will want money. I want society. If he gives me good society for my money we shall both be satisfied. If a fellow can buy a wife, why can't he hire a pal?"

"You have certainly very odd ideas, Mr. Turner. I hope they will not be disappointed." The fair widow spoke sharply, for his premise about buying wives had been proved in her own case.

Perhaps he saw that he had offended her. Perhaps his confidence in the means proposed for getting into society was shaken.

"Of course, you know better than I do," he observed, apologetically. "Won't you advise me what to do? Won't you just help me a little?"

This was a poser, for she had not the least intention of knowing him on shore; but her woman's wit was equal to the occasion.

"My dear Mr. Turner," she said, "with all your

natural good qualities, you will be under no necessity to *buy* friends. You will *make* them."

"I dare say you wonder," he went on, "why a rough fellow like me should want to go into society. If you knew what it is to live for years without the sight of a woman's face, or worse—in the sight of faces which disgrace womanhood, you'd understand. When you got over your high—well, when you smiled at me that day and let me talk to you, it was like a draught of cool water after a day's ride in the hot dust of the canyons."

They were leaning over the ship's side—he gazing at the blue waves, laced with finest traceries of foam, that swirled past; she furtively watching him. She knew what it meant when a man's voice falls and falters, and when he cannot look the woman to whom he is speaking in the face; and a thrill of triumph ran through her. This was big game. She felt as a man accustomed to slay pigeons and partridges feels when his first stag rolls over on the rocks.

The usual concert for the benefit of the Liverpool Orphanage came off in the usual way, with the usual sotto-voice rehearsals at the cabin piano. It leaked out that the cowboy could sing—could sing "My Queen, and Cora agreed to accompany him, but with some reluctance. The end of the voyage was fast approaching and it was almost time to wean him. Besides, if he should break down, or vulgarize the sweet song, part of the discredit would fall on her.

It was the triumph of the evening.

He sang it with a power and tenderness she had never heard excelled. His voice rang in triumph, and broke with tears. He was a conqueror crowning his queen with victory. He was the slave of her love, kissing the hem of her pure white robe.

"I am proud of you," she whispered—and her voice was just a little broken—as she rose, declining at his bidding the second encore, loudly as it was demanded.

The song rang in her ears all that night and held her sleepless. Of course he had sung it *at* her; *of* her; *for* her. She was his queen! The melodious, passionate worship filled her with delight, and then she cried in sheer vexation to think that a man who could sing with such exquisite taste should have to be told not to eat with his knife. It was most unscrupulous of fortune to give him the voice of a troubadour and the externals of a shop-boy. It was all very well for him to sing:

Whether her birth be noble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above,
And I'll give my heart to the lady's keeping
And ever her strength on mine shall lean.
And the stars shall fall and the angels be weeping
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!

But for her, Cora Plover? What would Fifth avenue say if this human paradox were to be photographed and exhibited as one for whom she had lain awake a whole summer night?

At Queenstown she received several letters, and among them the following:

"Dearest Cora: All our deeply-laid traveling plans are scattered to the winds, and brand-new ones must be made. It is all my fault, and you shall scold me as much as you can find it in your heart to do when you see my excuse. He is Lord Marden, eldest son of the Earl of Ticehurst, and a darling. We are to be married on the 15th, so you must hurry up. Papa has taken this house for the occasion, and your room is waiting you. Jack has some mysterious business at Liverpool, so I have ordered him to meet you, and pass your baggage, and all that sort of thing, and be your escort up to town. As we shall meet so soon, and I am half crazy with trousseau fiends, no more at present, from your loving

JESSIE.

"P. S.—Jack is Lord Marden.

J."

Inquiry was made for a Mr. Turner when the tug came alongside for the Mails.

Cora read her letters and consulted her peerage (no properly-minded American woman will travel without a peerage), and looked out Ticehurst—thus:

"Ticehurst, 8th Earl. John Stephens Mayne, only son of 7th Earl, born at Chillington Royal, 1830; married 1852, Ellen Violet, 2d daughter of Admiral Sir Claudius Turnour, K. C. B.; has issue; 1, John Ashton, Lord Marden, born 1853; 2, James Claudius, born 1854; late Scotts Guards; J. Violet Alexander, born 1857. Seats—Chillington Royal; Killpeg, N. B.; No. 189 Grosvenor place. Clubs—Carlton, Travellers."

So "Jack" had a brother, who would be—speaking formally—the, Honorable James Mayne. Mayne? The name seemed familiar to her somehow. Where had she heard it, or who had written about it? Could he be that unprincipled but delightful "Jim" Mayne about whom a gushing friend of her girlhood, married in London, had written such shocking stories some four or five years ago?

There was a fog in the Mersey, of course, when the big ship floated up with the tide, and the tender with Custom House people, clerks from the company's office, and favored friends of the passengers came fussing up. Cora got up in her shore-going clothes, with just an extra frill on for Jack or Jessie's benefit, stood at the head of the companion stairs looking in vain for the cowboy. It would never do for him and "Jack" to meet; so the plan was to wish him good-bye in the most decisive manner before the other came on board, and thus be rid of him. How tiresome he was! Why did he not appear, and take his dismissal in this convenient way

Looking dimly on the tender's bridge appeared a handsome man of about 30, fresh-faced, close-cropped, dapper, speckless! dressed from his pointed shoes to his curly head as though he had just been picked up in St. James street and dropped where he stood. He was the first on board, and "to him"—as the old dramatists say—went rushing another handsome man of about the same age, fresh-faced, close-cropped, dapper, speckless! costumed as though he also had been spirited direct from the same

"celebrated eminence"—only he had no flower on his coat. They grasped each other by the hand, set their teeth, breathed hard and fought down their feelings as only Britishers can. They couldn't speak just then to save that ship from going straight to the bottom. The first articulate words that came were something about "the mother" and Queenie.

In a few minutes the one without a flower took the other up to where Cora stood, and said:

"Mrs. Plover, this is Lord Marden, whom I think you expect."

The usual questioning followed, with the most contradictory answerings.

Yes, she had a most delightful voyage, and been very sick, and the weather had been dreadful, and she had enjoyed herself so much! She did not know what she was saying. She never had suffered from sea-sickness, but something very like the first admonition of it came over her. Things heaved and swam around her and the bones of her knees melted. In the midst of quite another subject she broke in with:

"But who—*who*—was the gentleman that introduced you?"

"Why, my brother, of course! He came over with you. Surely—"

"Oh, impossible! gasped Cora, and if she had not clung to the rail she might have made another header down the companion. The flowerless one came up at this moment, and noticing her tribulation and the appealing look she gave him, said:

"Let me take you out of this crowd. There is no hurry. We shall not anchor for another half hour." Aft they went alone to the rail over which they had so often leaned, and then he began:

"I don't like to tell you what an idiot I made of myself before I went to America. Let me begin at the mines, where I was known by my mother's name, spelled *Turnour*. There I heard something about my brother Jack which worried me. I left at five minutes' notice, just as I stood. In New York I only had time to buy some ready-made clothes and scramble on board as you saw. My brother, dear old fellow, who remembers everything, made my tailor send me some things to Queenstown. I have had my hair cut and sacrificed my beard in the barber's shop this morning, and am Jim Mayne again. That's all."

"You—you said your father was a farmer," Cora faltered.

"So he is. Good tenants are scarce in these hard times, so he farms most of his own land."

"But you ate with your knife!"

"My dear Mrs. Plover, you kindly took an interest in me as the Wild Man of the Sierras, and I had to keep up the character. I used to be a great hand at theatricals, and" (very markedly) "must not get out of practice."

Misery! shame! and utter discomfiture! He had overheard her conversation with the Senator! It would be told as a good story how she had mistaken

"Jim" Mayne for a cowboy and set herself to civilize him! Her shame would be all over the clubs before the week was out. London correspondents of American papers would get hold of it, spice it up, and send it over for friends and rivals to make merry about. She would be pointed out as the Yankee woman who crossed wits with Jim Mayne and got hurt. It was unbearable! She was ruined, disgraced, undone on both sides. It was as much as she could do to save herself from bursting into tears.

The relief came.

"But," continued the whilom cowboy, carelessly, "I'm not at all proud of the part. It was low comedy in every sense of the words. Please to forget it all as I shall. If you could imagine that our acquaintance began five minutes ago, and allow me to cultivate it in my proper person, you would do me an immense favor. Promise me you will.

She ventured to look in his face, and it told her that her secret was safe. "I do promise," she murmured, "and more—I understand and thank you."

They had two hours to wait for the train, and spent it at the station hotel. There the Nickersons had taken rooms, and Mrs. Plover retired with her friend. The brothers could talk now, and did.

"So," said Jim, "it's come to this. You are going to marry a rich wife whose money will pay off the mortgages. The dear old governor's anxiety about keeping up the title and providing for Violet's marriage is relieved; and so he will pay my debts and start me afresh. Now, then, what does all this cost you?"

"I have proposed to give you five hundred a year," replied Jack, cheerily. "I can do it without turning a hair."

"Pshaw! I'm not thinking of money. Jack, old boy, you deserve to be happy, and I've come like a letter from the Pacific slope to see that you *are*. Most women would love you if you wanted them to, but you must marry one *you* love. If you think you're going to make a sacrifice of your life for the title, or for Violet, or for me—"

Jack laughed. "Oh, you're there, are you? Wait till you see Jessie. Why, Jim, if she hadn't a penny she—"

He was over head and ears in love and going to be married in three days; so let those who have been in his place fill up the list of adjectives which he expended on his bride.

When he had done, Jim took a slip of paper out of his waist coat pocket and handed it to his brother. "That's yours," he said. "Awfully good of you, but I didn't want it."

It was a check for £200, signed Marden.

"Didn't want it?"

"No. I've my little pile. The mortgages would have been all right anyhow, and Violet, too, Jack. If fellows who go on as I did ever get to think that they rob their sisters like thieves, and can't make it up, I pity them."

"Why, Jim!"

"I've three hundred shares in a silver mine, which brings in five dollars each a month; and they're rising. I've left orders to sell when they get to seven and a half. That will pay my debts, put back Violet's money, and give me about five thousand a year."

"Dollars?"

"No; guineas—about. So if Queenie, God bless her!" Here Jim pretended that his leg had gone to sleep, and stamped.

"I didn't know you thought so much about her," mused Jack.

"Thought! why, I loved the very dust under her feet, but she would not believe me—or any one else either—because I had made such an ass of myself with—well, that's all over. So, if Queenie will have me, I'll settle down. Take one of the governor's

farms, perhaps, and bully him about improvements. Become a squire and hunt the hounds. I've had enough of London life as I led it, and I'd just as soon dip my wife in the main sewer as let her enter it."

Mrs. Plover—exquisitely dressed, and looking as happy as though she had never heard of cowboys—attended her Jessie's wedding. When the last handful of rice and the last slipper had been flung at the happily released pair, first man Jim, leading one of the bridesmaids, a lady not humble in her aspect or proud, but of "that sweet color that is just between," approached her and said:

"Let me introduce—my Queen! I think, perhaps, there may be another wedding soon."

"My dear," Cora told the blushing girl with American frankness, "if he can make love as he sings love songs, there is no perhaps about it."

HELIOTROPE.

Beautiful flower, robed from the sky,
In the soft blue of a maiden's eye—
Pouring your perfume out on the air,
Scattering fragrance everywhere.
Delicate petals emerald kissed,
Daintily fringed with amethyst—
In your low cups the trembling dew lies,
Sparkling in jewels fresh from the skies.
When the white frost-work silvers the pane,
And the white daisy's iced on the plain,
Then the grace of perpetual bloom,
And the sweet fragrance garnish my room.
As my life service, long since begun,
Neareth the west of its setting sun,
Place by me then, this emblem of Hope—
Soul-gifted flower—Heliotrope.

—S. M. W.

Boston, Feby. 27, 1884.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The absorbing topic in American affairs just now is the pending presidential nominations. The politicians, by which we mean the men who more or less make a business of politics, and look to public office as a means of livelihood, are in a serious predicament. Naturally, these men as a class, irrespective of party, desire the perpetuation of what has come to be generally known as the "spoils" system. Moreover, the party machinery and thereby the selection of delegates to the nominating conventions, is largely in their hands. But—and here is the rub—this same "spoils" system is one of the things which the American people are setting their faces against in a way which is not to be mistaken. They are sick of the rule of the "bosses" and of the corrupt methods which have become so largely dominant in party management. They want a purification of their politics and a reform in the administrative service of the country, and what the Ameri-

can people really desire and once set themselves in earnest to obtain, they generally get. Whichever party marches to the coming contest pledged either avowedly or by the implication of its candidate's antecedents and record, to the old style of political management, marches to almost certain defeat. The time has passed when either political party was strong enough to make its nomination equivalent to an election. Between the two great parties of the present day, the country is pretty evenly divided. Undoubtedly, in our opinion, on a full party vote, with a fair election, free alike from fraud and intimidation, north and south, the Republicans can command a majority of votes. But the margin is a small one, a full and fair vote at the south cannot be had, the old issues between the two parties have become less sharply defined, and a large and increasing body of voters hold themselves free from any strict party allegiance. As a consequence,

the result of the election will depend very much upon the personal character and record of the candidates. The Republicans nominate first. Just now the "boom" in the republican ranks is for Blaine. But that does not of necessity make a nomination, much less an election. We have seen such "booms" before and we have seen that the subjects thereof did not always attain to the presidential chair. No one disputes Blaine's ability, his energy, or his experience, but when the convention meets, the managers will be compelled to face the question of who can be elected. The only candidate who will stand any reasonable chance at the polls will be one who can command the support of the independent voters and those who are opposed to the supremacy of machine politics. The probability is that some man who is supposed to fulfill this condition will be nominated, all "booms" to the contrary notwithstanding. What the class of voters we refer to can do when they turn their strength against the republican party, was shown in 1882 in New York and other states. The chastisement of that year has not been forgotten, either by those who administered or those who received it. The consequence will probably be that considerations similar to those which secured the nomination of Garfield in 1880, will finally control the coming convention, and that some man will be nominated whom no republican can have any reasonable excuse for not supporting.

During something over eight years that we have resided in this country, we have had an opportunity of seeing five legislatures in session, including the present one. It affords us great pleasure therefore to testify what is no more than the simple truth, that the present is decidedly the best of the five. A Hawaiian legislature is almost certain to be an orderly and well-behaved body. Good manners and good order seem natural to the native race. Unfortunately, the wisdom of our legislative proceedings is not always in proportion to the measure of outward propriety. It is possible, as we have frequently seen, to do very foolish, not to say iniquitous things in a perfectly dignified and orderly manner. Honorable members may and sometimes do speak with great fluency of utterance and grace of manner while talking the most arrant nonsense. Blatherskite does not cease to be such by being confined within the recognized limits of orderly debate. It must be admitted however, that the present assembly contains a larger proportion of ability, character and education than has been seen in any similar body here for at least a dozen years. It is also true that the members have attended more strictly to business and indulged in far less nonsense and buncombe than usual. The presence of a considerable body of men who take a serious and thoughtful view of the situation, the unusual clearness with which party lines are drawn, and the comparatively even balance of the opposing forces have all tended to prudence of

speech and action, and have had the effect of holding the more gushing and rattle-brained portion of the members in check. For all this let us be thankful. What the practical outcome of the session may be, it is now too soon to determine. The general disposition to go slow, and the evident determination of the committees to do their work thoroughly and to make investigations which shall be something more than a mere form, furnish two substantial grounds for encouragement. It is perhaps too much to expect that all the subjects mentioned in our last issue as requiring legislative action should be wisely dealt with, or even dealt with at all. We do expect however, to see a considerable body of honest, intelligent work accomplished for the good of the country. But though expecting much, we are prepared to be thankful for a little. The duty lies much more in the direction of bad things to be avoided than of good things to be accomplished. If this legislature, in addition to settling the question of the currency on a sound basis, will keep the appropriation bill within reasonable limits, prevent the further increase of the public debt and head off the flood of unwise and corrupt legislation which is ready to be forced upon the country, it will not have met in vain.

It is evident that the people of this country are about to be called upon to face the same class of questions which are now agitating other communities. Foremost among these is the question of the rights and interests of the people against the schemes of monopolists, individual and corporate. The Act for incorporating the Hawaiian National Bank has thrust this question upon the Legislature in a way which admits of no evasion. We have just received a printed copy of the bill and find on examination that its provisions are even worse than the general statements made concerning it had led us to suppose. We are unable at this late hour to recapitulate the objectionable points of this measure or to comment upon it as it deserves. If there is need of more banking facilities than we now have, let the Legislature pass a general law similar to that of the United States, under which any persons who comply with the terms of the law and deposit the required security can open a bank and engage in a general banking business, subject to such governmental supervision as may be necessary to guard the solvency of the bank and protect its customers.

The liberality of our people and their willingness to give a generous support to enterprises and institutions for the public good, has received a fresh illustration in the support given to the fair for the Library Association. The net proceeds of the three days were a trifle over three thousand dollars. This sum with the amounts previously subscribed will enable the Association to complete the new building, finish it off and furnish it in somewhat better style

than had been contemplated, and probably leave something over for the purchase of books or the other purposes of the Association. The completion of the building has been somewhat delayed by the non-arrival of material which had been ordered from San Francisco. We are informed that this material, comprising doors, sashes, skylights, iron work, &c., is now on the way and due here any day. As soon as these things arrive the work will be pushed forward to completion without further delay.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the remarkable career of General Gordon need not be told that he is pre-eminently a religious man, and that much of his success is due to that serene and impregnable faith in Divine guidance and protection which renders him alike indifferent to bodily peril or the opinion of men. The following from the *Pall Mall Budget* gives some light on his theological opinions and sentiments. He believes—it would seem—in pre-existence; in the divine foreordination; in the love of God as able, and in some way sure, to save every man; in the entire absence of

human merit, and in the Christian life as a life submissive to, and entirely dominated by, the Supreme Will. Moreover, what General Gordon believes, he believes.

The present number completes the first half year of the HAWAIIAN MONTHLY. As we progressed with our work we have been led to make some slight changes in our original plans. We believe, however, that in the main we have fulfilled the promises contained in our prospectus. At the outset there were those among our friends who doubted the possibility of securing the necessary contributors and of keeping up the quantity and quality of matter with which we originally set out. We think we have shown that such parties were mistaken. We have made arrangements by which we hope to make the literary quality and general interest of the MONTHLY superior to what they have heretofore been. The quantity of matter will be the same, but it will be our aim to make our periodical of greater local interest and to provide a larger proportion of editorial comment than has been found in the last two or three numbers.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Few countries have been more talked about during the last few years, or been more extensively written about in the newspapers, than Russia. And yet how little do most of us really know about the Russian people, their true character and inner life. The political history of the empire has been of such a melodramatic character, and has offered such opportunities and temptations for sensational writers, that the attention of the outside world has been concentrated almost exclusively upon what may be called the "blood and thunder" element in Russian affairs. It is well for us, therefore, to remember that Russian life is not made up exclusively or mainly of the monstrous or the terrific—that there is something else in that great empire besides grinding oppression, barbaric splendor, abject poverty or desperate and blood-thirsty conspiracy. Especially that there is a social, an intellectual and a religious life, of which we are apt to take but little account, and of the practical operations and effects of which we are comparatively ignorant. A semi-oriental despotism on the one hand and nihilist conspiracies on the other, are not the only or the main factors in Russian existence, however large a place they may occupy in the columns of our newspapers whenever Russian affairs are under consideration. In illustration of these thoughts we call attention to the following account of a visit to one of the great charitable institutions of the Russian capital:

The Foundling Asylum of St. Petersburg is the largest and finest in the world. It was founded in 1772 by Catherine II., the Great. Since then each Czarina has been called the Mother of the Found-

lings. The buildings, of cream colored stucco, cover twenty-eight acres, and have an annual revenue from private sources and the government of nearly \$5,000,000. As we entered the marble hall an official in a red cloak reaching to his feet, and his hat trimmed with yellow braid, made us welcome. While we waited to be shown over the institution, a poor girl came with her baby. The only question asked was, "Has the child been baptized?" A cord was clasped about its neck by a metal seal, with a number on it, and a similar one given to the mother that she might come to visit it, or claim it at any time before it is ten years old.

We were first shown into a room where the babies are washed in little copper tubs, flannel lined. Some cried and several went to sleep in the warm water. Instead of a cloth for washing, a piece of hemp is used, on account of its softness. They are then laid on down pillows, on a table in the centre of the room, a flannel blanket wrapped around them up to their necks, their little arms being held down by their sides, their feet folded in, and the whole bundle tied about with a cord. A white cap is put on the head, and the only part visible is a wee face. I expressed surprise, and said an American baby would die if it could not use its hands or feet; but they assured me that the Russian babies liked the confinement better! They are then placed in iron cots about a foot and a half wide and two long, and each covered with a green blanket.

In the next room, scores upon scores of babies were being cared for by the attendants, who wear red or green caps, white waists and dark skirts.

One mother had come from the country to see her baby, and was holding it to her cheek, with a pitiful look, a bundle lying behind her in the chair. Our guide said she had walked many miles. Each nurse cares for two children, and receives as compensation her board and about eighteen cents a day. A poor woman who comes and nurses her own babe daily, and thus saves the board of a wet nurse, receives, about thirty-seven cents a day. Married people may, if they are poor, bring their children for one year. If, at the end of that time, they cannot take it home, it belongs to the State. Infants prematurely born are kept alive and developed in hollow copper baskets, the sides and bottom being filled with hot water.

In another room we saw six pine coffins, containing the little ones who had died that day. Their shrouds were cotton cloth, scooped by scissors at the sleeves and wrists, with a pink bow in the cap if a girl, and blue if a boy. For a first name they usually receive that of the saint who happens to preside over the day on which they are brought; for the last, that of the priest who baptizes them. The medical room is a storehouse for physicians, and most remarkable for its physiological specimens. In a lower room we saw three calves, kept for purposes of vaccination, asleep on beds of hay. During the last six months, over 4,000 babies have been brought to

the asylum, of whom more than 1,000 have died. Most of the mothers are poor girls, overworked often and broken hearted, and the mortality is not strange. Thirteen thousand are sometimes brought in one year, who, but for this blessed charity, would largely have been put out of the way. In Russia, infanticide and abortion are said to be almost unknown, while the percentage of illegitimate children in St. Petersburg falls below many cities of its size.

After the children have remained in the asylum for four weeks, they are usually sent to the home of the nurse in some country village. Here they remain till they are six years old, half dying the first year. The rest come back to be educated, this alone costing about \$1,000,000, annually. More than 500 teachers are employed, 700 nurses, and others to the number of 6,000. About 25,000 foundlings are constantly enrolled. The girls in the schools, in their plaid dresses and white handkerchiefs folded about their necks, look very attractive. Many prepare themselves for governesses, some for medical work in the asylum, or the large lying-in hospital adjoining, while the boys become mechanics, or enter the army and navy. Those who show special ability are fitted for the professions. The property devoted to this work in Russia is estimated at five hundred millions of dollars (\$500,000,000.)

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

In the fashion of our dress, says *Jennie June* in the New York World, it is not desirable to have it all alike, or all of one grade, or all low in tone and strictly harmonious. Think how many have been starved for color without knowing it, for beauty that is only attainable to them in fifty-cent jewelry or artificial flowers at twenty-five cents per spray. Shall we deprive them of it? Shall we deride it? Shall we not be glad of it and treat it as respectfully as big diamonds worn with a woolen dress at a theatre? And, speaking of diamonds, can anything be imagined more vulgar than the display that is made of these looking glass gems at all times and upon all occasions? Glitter can be bought very cheap nowadays, heaven be praised, for those will have it who have been dwelling in sackcloth, and never dreamed of wearing shining raiment. Think of being beaded "all over" for \$5! And beads are not such bad substitutes for diamonds. They glitter as bravely, and nobody cuts your throat in order to get them. Beading and machine embroidery have blossomed out in all the colors of the rainbow and become the 'chromo' of fashions; but must we all be reduced to the magpie black and white on that account? Color, in its relation to health and cheerful life, is not half understood. The rich woman cherishes the coveted black silk of her youth, but she arrays herself in the delicate white and joyous pink, blue and growing green

The thrifty, hardworking woman makes a funeral procession of herself from her youth to the grave, and never knows why life became so sad a thing to her. Dark colors and atmospheric shades that do not intrude themselves upon the orbits of others are good for the street, but in-doors and upon all social occasions let us have color and individuality, and try, above all, to rid ourselves of the snobbery that stamps whatever is not in exact accordance with our canons of taste as "common and unclean."

The Empress of Austria, who is considered the most beautiful of royal women, sets type with the grace and skill which characterises an intelligent compositor. She is reported to have recently purchased a full plant for a printing office with the intention of publishing some of her own literary productions.

President Arthur seldom wears the same necktie two days in succession.

Fashion has changed color again. Elephant's breath has yielded to condor brown. Let not the rest of the menagerie be jealous; their turn will come all in proper time.

If you want to be real "fetching," have all your stationery marked with your initials across one corner in fac simile of your stub pen penmanship in violet ink, and the same thing in small should adorn your seal.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

STUDY OF THE POETS.

Find the names of the authors of the following quotations:

1. Give me but something
Whereunto I may bind my heart, something
To clasp affection's tendrils round.
2. Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green.
3. It is the miller's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That thou wouldst be the jewel
That trembles in her ear.
4. A pretty girl, and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green
We sometimes see in evening skies.
5. High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentrates all in self.

ONE WORD ANAGRAMS.

- 1—Great Helps. 2—House Rats.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a kitchen utensil, and get a puzzle.
2. A weight, and leave an animal.
3. A small animal and leave a bird.
4. A principal part, and leave a cinder.
5. Frolicsome, and leave venturesome.
6. To spot, and leave a fruit.

CHARADE.

Legless and armless is my first,
Yet travels on with rapid pace,
And eyeless looks on best and worst,
Of all the tribes of earthly race.

My second, small and mean to view,
Yet holds a world of wealth untold,
Of color, form and beauty true,
And value more than mines of gold.

My whole a twining plant appears,
Quite modest 'mid the the beauteous band,
Whose glories grace the passing years
With glory over all our land.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

STUDY OF THE POETS.

1. Bryant.
2. Mrs. Osgood.
3. Bryant.
4. Willis.
5. Pope.
6. Young.

1. The mother of Napoleon I, who was also the mother of Jerome, king of Westphalia; Joseph, king of Spain; Louis, king of Holland and Caroline, queen of Naples.

2. Alexander the Great.

SKELETON POETRY.

The good are better made by ill,
As roses crushed are sweeter still.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Spout, pout.
2. Sport, port.
3. Spout, eat.
4. Rasp, asp.
5. Pluck, luck.
6. Fox, ox.
7. Ewe, we.

WHIMSICALITIES.

—A poet hath remarked that "all paths lead to the grave." He undoubtedly referred to allopaths and homœopaths and hydropaths and the rest of the M. D. paths.

—A refreshment-bar on a certain railway is kept by a veteran baker. A sprightly young traveler complained of one of his pies the other day. The old man became angry. "Young man," he said severely, "I made pies before you were born." "Yes," responded the traveler, "I fancy this must be one of those pies!"

—"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," he said; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."

—What is it has a mouth and never speaks, and a bed and never sleeps? A river.

For examples of the perfection of superciliousness we must look to that department of life where superciliousness reigns supreme, namely, fashionable society. Thus it is reported that two high-bred women, one from New York, the other from Boston, happened to meet in what is ironically called a "social" circle. Both were rich and accomplished, and both claimed to have ancestors. Boston, in the course of a little conversation between the two, alluded, in the most seemingly unpretending way, to the trivial circumstance that her ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. "Ah!" replied New York, with a little lift of the eyebrows expressive of innocent surprise, "I did not know before that the *Mayflower* brought over any steerage passengers."

People who always appear well and happy are the most popular. When anybody asks about your health, make a favorable reply if at all possible. It doesn't make you feel any worse, and your interlocutor will go away in a great deal better frame of mind than if you had given him a full and detailed account of your many aches and pains. If you must tell your internal troubles go to the doctor, who is paid for listening to such things.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it.—*Madame Roland*.

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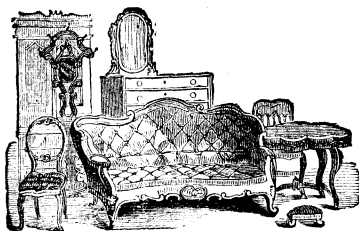
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OUR SANITARY STATISTICS.

In resuming the discussion of the above topic, commenced in the last number of the MONTHLY, we venture to express the hope that the importance of statistics in general and sanitary statistics in particular need not be urged upon any of our readers. For what are statistics? They are simply collections of facts, classified and arranged in such orderly and systematic manner as shall best enable us to draw therefrom those practical lessons which facts only, carefully studied and wisely interpreted, can teach us. The three elements of value therefore in statistics are: *first*, accuracy; *second*, system; and *third*, fullness.

First and foremost by all means, we place accuracy. Statistics to be of any value must be reliable. Unless we can be sure that the matters set forth therein as facts, really are facts, a table of so-called statistics is no better than a delusion and a snare. Pretending to be a lamp to guide us in our search for truth, it is only an *ignis fatuus* to lead us into the ditch.

Convenience and perspicuity of arrangement are also essential elements in the make-up of any statistics worthy of the name. An undigested mass of facts, however important and however accurate in themselves, do not constitute statistics—they are only the raw material out of which statistics are made. Before they can claim that title, they must be classified and arranged in due order and upon some definite system, that those who wish to use them may know where to look for the information they need, and how to find it.

Again, the value of any statistics depends greatly upon their fullness. The larger the array of facts bearing upon any point, the clearer and more reliable will be the conclusions which may be drawn therefrom. Sources of error arising from local or temporary variations are avoided and a foundation can be laid for broad and solid generalizations. We would not underrate the value of statistics however imperfect and incomplete, provided they are reliable so far as they go, and that their incompleteness is frankly acknowledged. But there is no pitfall more dangerous to the unwary seeker after truth,

than partial and imperfect data which profess to be full and complete. It is much better to remain in a state of conscious and acknowledged ignorance, than to pin our faith to statisticians, official or otherwise, who record probabilities and surmises as though they were absolute verities, or who draw on their imaginations for their facts. To be aware of our ignorance is the first step towards acquiring wisdom, while he who dwells in a fools' paradise may never emerge therefrom.

If the above general ideas on the subject of statistics are sound—and we think they are too axiomatic to be disputed—they furnish a standard by which we may in some degree at least, measure the merit or demerit of the particular statistics we are now considering.

In the matter of scientific accuracy, we have already shown that the statements put forth by the Board of Health leave very much to be desired. The facts set forth in our last issue prove that in a considerable percentage of cases the Board do not even pretend to know the cause of death, and that in a much larger number of cases the cause of death assigned is no better than guess-work. It was also shown that when reliable information from the attending physicians can be had for the asking, it is not even asked for, and that while neglecting information of this kind which was at their service, they have undertaken by some unknown process to classify and assign causes of death for a large number of cases which according to the Board's own statement, had no medical attendance whatever.

It will be remembered that the above conclusions are based almost exclusively upon the contents of the official statements themselves. When we go however to such sources of information as are available outside of the records of the Board of Health, the case becomes considerably more unfavorable, not only as regards the intelligence and accuracy displayed in arranging and classifying such cases as are reported, but also as regards the sum total of the mortality. If it is discreditable for our health authorities to be in ignorance of the cause of death in half

or even one-third of the cases in their report; it is surely still more discreditable if there are a considerable proportion of the deaths occurring which are never reported at all. If the five or six hundred deaths per annum which appear in our monthly mortuary tables represent a mortality considerably greater than that prevailing in the most crowded centres of population in both the old and new worlds, the matter becomes much more serious still, if, instead of five or six hundred deaths, there is good reason to suppose that the actual number is eight or nine hundred. We think it can be shown that there is good reason for such a supposition, and that the official reports are as incomplete in their totals as they are inaccurate and inconsistent in their details and classifications.

It is worthy of note that the incompleteness of these reports is nowhere acknowledged or even hinted at in the reports themselves. We have been able however to discover and verify it by means of the figures collected by another branch of the Government. For a number of years past it has been the custom of the Board of Education to collect statistics of births and deaths throughout all the islands of the group, the school teachers in the different districts being constituted agents of the Board for that purpose and having their diligence stimulated by the payment of a small fee (five cents we believe) for each case discovered and reported. The biennial summary of births and deaths for the whole country, which may be found in the ministerial reports prepared for successive legislatures, are always made up from these figures of the Board of Education, and not from the figures of the Board of Health, the latter keeping no record of births and deaths, so far as we can learn, outside of Honolulu and the leper settlement at Molokai. Of course it is not claimed that these Board of Education figures are complete and perfect; far from it. They are however, so far as they go, the most reliable of any data obtainable. The name and residence of every case reported is on record at the educational office, and can be verified by any one who chooses to take that trouble. Whatever errors exist in these returns are almost certain therefore to be in the way of omissions, and whenever the figures of the Board of Health fall short of those of the Board of Education, it may be safely assumed that the difference represents cases which the former body has failed to record.

Let us now go back to the figures of the Board of Education for 1881 and see what is the story which they tell. They tell us that the total number of deaths in this district for that year, excluding small-pox, instead of being 548 as reported by the Board of Health, was no less than 990, a difference 442, or *over eighty per cent.* If we accept these figures as correct—and we know of no ground on which they can be successfully disputed—we are compelled to face the rather startling conclusion that the death-rate of this district for the year named was, exclusive of small-pox, 61.87 per thousand upon the estimated

population of 16,000. Such a death-rate as this is simply frightful. It is, as will be noticed, three times as great as that of the City of London, more than three times that of San Francisco, and two and a half times that of New York. If we include the 270 deaths from small-pox which occurred during that year, we get a death-rate of nearly eighty per thousand, and a mortality four times as great as that of San Francisco and more than three times as great as that of New York.

To appreciate the full significance of these figures it is necessary to understand the unsanitary conditions under which a large proportion of dwellers in great cities constantly exist. It appears from official figures that the population of the fourth ward of the city of New York is packed at the rate of 240,000 to the square mile, and that the condition of several other wards, notably the eleventh and seventeenth, is not much, if any better. It is difficult for persons who have never lived in a large city to realize the degree of overcrowding expressed by these figures. It is the same as if a number of persons equal to three times the entire population of this Kingdom were living in a space one mile square. Nor is it any insignificant fraction of the inhabitants of that great city who live under these unfavorable conditions. On the contrary, they number several hundred thousands of her million and a quarter people, and embrace the great bulk of those who labor with their hands for a livelihood. And yet notwithstanding all this, the death-rate of Honolulu is overwhelmingly in excess of that of New York.

There are only two possible ways of avoiding the conclusions we have drawn, viz; to prove either that the year 1881 was, outside of the small-pox epidemic, an exceptionally unhealthy year, or else that the returns of the Board of Education for that year are grossly exaggerated and unreliable. As for the figures of the education office being in excess of the truth, the manner of collecting and making up those figures as already described, renders any such idea entirely untenable. These figures may be and probably are somewhat under the truth; it is scarcely possible that they can be anything above it. It is also within the knowledge of every physician and of every intelligent observer as well, that the year 1881, was not, outside of the small-pox, a particularly unhealthy year. There was no epidemic prevailing and no unusual sickness of any kind to carry the death-rate much, if any, above the average of other years. According to the report of the Board of Health, which has come to hand since our former article was published, the deaths for the last three years have been quite uniform, viz:

1881 (excluding small-pox).....	548.
1882.....	542.
1883 (excluding beriberi).....	609.

How then is this enormous discrepancy between the returns of the health and educational departments to be explained? It is to be explained in one way and in one way only; and that is by admitting that

somewhere between one-third and one-half of all the deaths occurring in this district escape registration at the hands of our sanitary authorities.

There is one fact which might at first sight seem to favor the idea that the mortality for 1881 was either unusually high, or else greatly exaggerated by the Board of Education. This one fact is that the deaths for 1882 and 1883, as given by that body, show a great falling off from those of 1881, coming down in fact to about the same figures as those reported by the Board of Health. The explanation of this fact, however, is quite simple. The machinery of the Board of Education for collecting the statistics of births and deaths is gradually breaking down and no longer does its work with anything like the completeness of former times. This is due chiefly to the increase in our population and the change in its character and composition. With the large influx of foreigners, particularly Portuguese, which we have experienced within the last two or three years, the school teachers, a large proportion of whom are natives, no longer furnish a reliable agency for the collection of vital statistics. A little reflection will show that such must be the case. So long as the population consisted mostly of natives and a comparatively small number of foreigners, many of whom he personally knew, the school teacher could do this work with tolerable efficiency. But every one who is familiar with Hawaiians knows that they will not force themselves into the premises of Portuguese and others who are entire strangers to them, and whose language they do not understand, to verify births and deaths of which they may have heard through scholars or otherwise. On the other hand, these ignorant new comers, not knowing the agents of the board, and not understanding either their language or their business, are apt to regard them as myrmidons of the tax-collector, government spies, or unauthorized interlopers of some kind, and so extend to them but scant welcome or courtesy.

This state of things is by no means confined to Honolulu. From other districts, even where the school agents are foreigners of unquestionable intelligence and long-time residents of the country, there come reports of vital statistics whose deficiencies

are so glaring as to be self-evident. This is due, not to any falling off in the capacity or fidelity of those officials, but to changes in the conditions and material with which they have to deal. That this explanation is the true one is shown by the fact that the falling off is not confined to the deaths alone, but occurs in the case of the births as well. This is conclusive. With such an increase of population as we have had for the last two or three years, with the foreign element constantly gaining on the native, as we all know to be the case, and with so large a proportion of the new comers belonging to a people as prolific as the Portuguese, the idea of there having been a large falling off in the number of births is simply absurd. We scarcely think that any one can be found who will attempt to defend a proposition so utterly indefensible. In view then of what has been shown, we are forced to conclude:

First—That the mortuary tables published by the Board of Health are entirely unreliable.

Second—That the deaths in this district for the year 1881 were nearly if not quite one thousand, outside of those due to small pox.

Third—That this mortality, large as it seems to be, is probably not far from the general yearly average.

Fourth—That the machinery of the Board of Health has been for years past, if not always, inadequate to securing anything like full or correct vital statistics.

Fifth—That the machinery employed by the Board of Education, for the same purpose, has also become incapable of performing the functions intended.

And as a necessary consequence of the above, we are compelled to admit the unpleasant fact that the death rate of Honolulu is at least double that of any city or town having any claim to be considered even tolerably healthy.

The facts herein disclosed are certainly not a pleasant subject of contemplation. They are calculated not only to chasten our self-esteem but to affect unfavorably the opinion which others have of us. They nevertheless are facts which cannot be successfully disputed or evaded. It is better that they should be frankly acknowledged, however much our local pride and self-esteem may suffer in the process.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM COPPERHEAD.—When the war first broke out, there were secret societies formed by men living in States which bordered on the South, to give such aid and comfort as they could to the Southern forces, with whom they were in sympathy. Among the first (if not the first) of these societies was one which was first formed in Southern Indiana, called the "Sons of Liberty." The members of this society for their badge wore a pin which was made from the head of "Liberty," which was cut out by a die made for that purpose from the old fashioned *copper* cent. This copper pin or badge

was soon called a "copperhead," and the name at once attached to those who wore them. At first the name was not considered opprobrious, but soon it became connected with the copperhead snake, which is said to be sneaking follower of the rattlesnake, and which unlike the rattlesnake gives no warning, but hiding in the grass bites the unsuspecting victim upon the heel. It was this very appropriate application which made the word a reproach. These badges were altogether too common throughout the Southwest during the early part of the war.

CYRIL THE SULPICIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a week, however, before the doctor allowed her to ride again, although Alice was anxious to accompany her father the following day. Her case puzzled him, for he could find no traces of organic disease, so at last he concluded that she had outgrown her strength and he continued tonics and advised occupation for the mind of a light and cheerful kind. Sir Annesley came every day, remaining generally about an hour and always expressing himself as being very anxious about her health, at which Alice laughed and would ask him in turn how he thought she would look if she got well if she was sick now. She had given up going to the church and playing the organ, was generally bright and gay, so that it almost seemed that the fainting fit had been the climax of her indisposition and the turning point of her ill health.

A month rolled by and they were within ten days of Christmas. One morning at breakfast Mr. Senhouse announced that he had received a letter from Mr. Vidal who was promising himself a fortnight's visit to Bakewell as soon as the Christmas festivities of his tenants were over. He did not like, he said, to be away from his mother and the tenants at that time as there was always a dinner and a ball. "One of my duties," he added jestingly, "is to dance with the cook. It insures a year's good dinners."

Alice laughed heartily when she heard the letter read and when her father spoke of having a ball on Twelfth night she seemed delighted.

That afternoon Sir Annesley called. Though the weather was frosty it was fine and bright. Alice proposed a walk, but her father had an appointment with the bailiff and her mother was deep in the preparations for Christmas, superintending mince pies, plum puddings and ever so many other good things.

"Well then you come Sir Annesley," cried Alice. "Let us go through the upper wood where you saved me from having that ugly fall. I have never been there since. Let us first go up and give Didah her cough medicine. You didn't know she was sick? No! The dear old soul has quite a painful cough and fever at night. No, it is not serious but we have to keep her warm and nurse her so as to have her well for Christmas. She always arranges the evergreens and holly. Christmas would be nothing without Didah."

She departed on her mission and soon returned well muffled up ready for the walk. It was indeed a lovely afternoon and Alice never looked brighter as she tripped across the hard ground and pointed out the bleak beauty of the leafless trees, the cold hills in the back ground and the many other charms of English winter scenery.

When they came to the spot where she had fainted Alice said, "Why, Sir Annesley, if I had fallen and struck my head against that stump it might have killed me. Wasn't it dreadful?"

He looked into the deep large eyes which had filled with tears and then suddenly drawing her towards him and holding both her hands in his he said in passionate tones: "Then we should both have died. Oh Miss Senhouse, Oh Alice; do you not understand, have you not seen how I love you. If I would so willingly have died for you, could you not live for me?"

A torrent of blinding tears was her only answer, but her head was on his breast now, and he was pouring out wild, delirious protestations of his love.

"Is this really love?" she moaned, "for I want love so much. I thought once that I loved and *he* was so cold and I so mistaken. Would you always love me so and hold me close to you and never chide me or be unkind, or forget, but give me the heart I once dreamed of?"

He rained hot passionate kisses on her upturned face and bending down over it he said, "Alice, by this kiss on lips that never were kissed by lover before, I swear that I will love, cherish, care for and protect you until death."

She had found love at last, so she thought, and the strong arms that she believed so honest were around her.

Then she told him her story, adding: "I can meet him now, when he comes, ever so bravely, can I not? He was always your friend you know and I suppose when you were both here in the summer I was really out of health without being aware of it. I must have been," she added, "for one day in the church while he was playing the organ, I nearly got hysterical and Didah had to go and stop him; what do you think of that?"

"I think of nothing Alice except of you. We will wait till after the New Year and then I will speak to your father. Do you think, my own, that you can keep our secret for such a very, very, very long time?"

She answered him with a quiet little nod, and then he told her that he had to go up to London the next day on business which would detain him for three days after which he would visit his mother in Northamptonshire and return to Rowsley two days before Christmas. She yielded tearfully to another passionate kiss and Sir Annesley Tiverton and his betrothed strolled quietly back to the house again.

He did go to London the next day where he raised £5,000 on mortgage on his estate, drew out some £3,000 which was lying to his credit in the bank and bought two tickets for Arthur Selby and sister on a steamer which was to sail for Antwerp on the morning of the 24th December. Then he took the Northampton train and returned home staying there until the 20th December. He was playing a desperate game. If he won it it would be through the mathematical precision with which he had planned every move. If he lost it, at least he was prepared for immediate departure. If he won it, he

would be in Antwerp with Alice as his bride on the 26th December. If he lost it he would be there alone. He employed his time at home in packing all his valuables and most of his effects, and on the 20th he told his mother that he was going to run over to Paris for Christmas and might be away a month. Then kissing her he gave her a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets for her Christmas present and told her he must leave that afternoon.

"I am sorry I cannot be with you mother for the holidays, but I have a pressing invitation which I cannot resist accepting, but I shall be with you all in spirit.

"Annesley, you do such strange and such unkind things," replied his mother. "You don't seem to care whom you disappoint as long as you gratify your love of self-indulgence. Everyone expects to see you here at Christmas and they will all feel neglected. You are so wayward and inconsiderate; of course I can do nothing if you are determined to go. You are taking an immense amount of luggage too for a month's trip.

He made excuse after excuse, and that afternoon, after embracing the mother he was never to see again, he was driven to the station and returned to London.

On the 21st December he caused to be posted an anonymous letter to Mr. Senhouse which read: "The story of Sir Annesley Tiverton being rusticated from Oxford for a town and gown row is all false. He has taken his name off the books because he dare not return there, having deceived a young girl named Bessie Thornton under promise of marriage. If you doubt, telegraph to your son Herbert.—One who knows."

"This will culminate matters," he said to himself, "but I imagine it is the first instance of a man ever volunteering similar information about his own peccadilloes to his prospective father-in-law." His next step was to write to Mr. Senhouse stating that he would be in Rowsley next day in time to accept his invitation to spend Christmas with his family. He chuckled as he posted both letters together and then saw to it that all his effects were sent to the steamship company for shipment. They were marked simply "Mr. Selby, Cologne, via Antwerp."

On the morning of the 22nd he coolly took the train to Rowsley. On arriving there he found one of the game-keepers awaiting him. "Sir Annesley," he said, "Miss Alice begged me with tears to come down and meet you and give you this note, and I was not to say a word to man, woman or child."

"All right Peter, you have executed your commission faithfully. Here's a sovereign. Come up to the Peacock in about an hour and take back an answer. Manage that your mistress gets it without the knowledge of any one."

"That is arranged Sir. I am to leave it in a hollow stump near the laundry door."

The baronet put the note in his pocket and strolled up to the Peacock. He left a couple of portmanteaux

to follow him, and sauntering into the sitting room ordered some lunch. There was a letter for him in the rack beside the little bar, where the guests took their sherry and bitters before dinner, and he smiled as he recognized the hand writing and opened it. It was very brief—merely the regrets of Mr. and Mrs. Senhouse that facts had come to light since his visit to London which would prevent them from having the pleasure of receiving him in future. He tore it up with a wicked smile and then he opened poor Alice's pink missive, all tear stained and uneven, conjuring him to meet her at once at their old trysting place in the woods. Her father, she said, had no suspicion of their mutual love, but he had received some dreadful letter and was furious against him. The poor child ended with wild protestations of her love and begged him to come the next morning at eleven o'clock to the old stump where she had plighted her troth.

He answered her letter in terms which only an accomplished villain knows how to use. He told her that he was utterly ignorant of what he might have been charged with, and that he was innocent of any crime or offense that could be laid at his door unless it consisted in his undying love for her. He gave the letter, with another "tip," to Peter, and then going upstairs commenced leisurely to pack his things. Next he paid his bill up to the 24th December, and telling his landlady that he should leave on the morning of that day, he went to the stables and found his groom. Him he instructed to go to a neighbouring livery stable keeper and send him to the Peacock. Before dinner he had sold his three horses, reserving the use of one of them until he left. He got about two-thirds of their value for them, and both buyer and seller were satisfied. Then he instructed his groom to take all his luggage that was at Rowsley, excepting a valise to London, by the early train on the following morning, to give a note to a minister who lived near Euston Square and to meet him without fail at the terminus on the arrival of the night express on the morning of the 24th. He trebled his usual holiday douter, told him to obey instructions and above all things to keep sober. After that he ate his dinner, drank brandy and water, played billiards, smoked a cigar and went to sleep.

He rose early on the morning of the 23rd, shaved himself carefully, saw that his groom departed with all his belongings, and after a hearty breakfast, ordered his horse saddled and rode leisurely up towards the woods at the back of Haddon Hall. He entered them by a bridle path which was seldom used and opening the gate with the crook of his hunting crop, walked his horse slowly down the main ride of the covert towards Bakewell. When at last he reached the old stump, he carefully fastened the reins round a young sapling, sat down and awaited her coming. His heart fluttered terribly in spite of his efforts to master his agitation. Every leaf that fell seemed to unnerve him. At last he heard the gate which was 150 yards away swing

open and close. It might have been Mr. Senhouse, or a keeper or Herbert, and his heart thumped more heavily than ever. He need not have feared. It was only Alice—poor Alice wan from suffering and want of sleep; timid and doubting, yet bold and trusting, yearning for the love of the man who had so solemnly sworn to cherish and protect her and to whom she had plighted her troth. In another minute she was in his arms sobbing as if her heart would break, while he caressed her fair head and soothed her as best he knew how.

"My own Alice," he murmured, "you do not believe them?"

"No, I believe—I believe nothing except that you love me."

And you? do you really love *me*? Will you dare to leave them all and marry me now? We are married in the sight of heaven (and the hypocrite did not even wince.) Alice darling! be my wife before daybreak to-morrow. Alice leave them all, cleave to me.

But she only moaned and sighed and wept and at last she said: "My own, I think I am losing my reason, I think that my poor brain is going. All this is so sudden, and if they part us, what is left to me but the cold, cold Wye?"

Alas, poor Alice! you were not the first to yield to this man's subtle fascination. As he held you in his arms so he has clasped many another innocent heart and broken it as he will try to break yours! He caressed her and persuaded her and bade her only be brave for one day and her troubles would all be over. He told her to pack all her valuables and enough changes of clothing in a portmanteau to last for four days; to retire early under a plea of headache and to asked to be allowed to sleep late in the morning. Then at eleven o'clock he told her to slip out at the door of the laundry by the back stairs where he would meet her and drive three stations below to catch the midnight express. Further that he would telegraph to an Episcopal clergyman to meet them at five o'clock at the terminus, who would marry them at the hotel near the station, and that at seven o'clock they would sail for Antwerp as brother and sister. For the rest she need not fear. He had about £9,000 in circular notes (and for once he spoke the truth) and at Antwerp she could buy her trousseau.

Poor Alice shivered and moaned, "Oh mother, father, Herbert, D'adah! will they ever forgive me?"

He answered her by a long and fervent embrace, and she, looking up into his face with tear-stained eyes said, "Annesley, my young life is in your hands, do with it as you will."

CHAPTER V.

At eleven o'clock, shivering and trembling in every limb, on that cold December night, Alice crept down the back stairs and went out at the laundry door swaying under the weight of two heavy valises. Sir Annesley was waiting, and taking her burdens

from her led her without a word to the road. Then lifting her into the gig, half fainting with fright, he covered her tenderly with wraps, put his left arm around her and drove as fast as he dared to a little station ten miles below Rowsley where the express stopped for water. He caught it with three minutes to spare, turned the gig over to a man who was evidently waiting for it, and hurried Alice into a first class carriage. She was so muffled that the sleepy porters could not have recognized her even had they known her. A sharp whistle and the train was off.

She never spoke during the journey, but he made her eat a sandwich and take some *stew* which he provided. In a frightened way she nestled against him oblivious of whistles, jolts, and stoppages, until they reached the terminus, where they were met by Sir Annesley's groom and the minister to whom he had telegraphed.

Sir Annesley had forgotten nothing from the license to the wedding ring and a handsome diamond guard, the size of which he had guessed from a glove belonging to Alice. The ceremony was performed in the hotel witnessed by the groom and the head steward of the house, and in less than five minutes Alice Senhouse was Lady Tiverton of Tiverton. The minister prepared the certificate and promised to register it that morning; a hasty breakfast was improvised, and by half-past six o'clock Mr. Selby and sister were on board the steamer "*Scheldt*" bound for Antwerp.

Alice went straight to her cabin prostrated by long continued excitement, fear and fatigue. Her wedding ring lay in a little purse under her pillow, and while the good stewardess rubbed her hands, undressed her and ministered to her comfort in a hundred ways the good ship steamed out of the Thames and by ten o'clock was well on her way to Antwerp.

At that hour Alice was still supposed to be resting at Bakewell, and according to her instructions had been left undisturbed. Indeed, there was no Miss Alice to disturb now, for come what might, for weal or woe, the maiden bride was now Lady Annesley Tiverton.

The passage was a smooth one for the time of year and the "*Scheldt*" was a steady old boat. Every half hour Sir Annesley visited his wife and sat with her for a few minutes, bringing ice or some little delicacy which he recommended, until the stewardess and her little daughter set him down as the most devoted brother whom they had ever seen. At night the daughter occupied the upper berth and ministered to Alice, and by eight o'clock the next morning they were safely in Antwerp.

She dared not think of home yet, only so far that she trusted all would be forgiven and come right, and her husband was so gentle and tender, seeming to know how to forestall every want, that she forced herself to allow no other thought to creep into her heart except the all absorbing one of his love.

On their arrival they were at once driven to the Hotel St. Antoine where Alice found half heart to

enjoy her first little French breakfast. Then she made her toilet, and before going out she put on her wedding ring and guard, drew on her gloves and felt comfort in the thought that the rings need never come off again.

The morning and afternoon were spent in shopping, and in the whirl of that excitement Alice was partially able to drown thoughts of home. Only once she said: "But if they should come after us!" and Sir Annesley smiled and produced the pocket-book containing a copy of their marriage certificate and bade her be of good cheer.

From Antwerp they went to Cologne and thence up the Rhine to Mayence, Darmstadt and Bruchsal. From there they went by Stuttgart to the frontier of Wurtemberg, and the honeymoon was spent in the quiet town of Friedrichshafen by the borders of the lovely lake of Constance.

From the hotel there Alice wrote home her first appeal for forgiveness to Bakewell, for Sir Annesley, although he telegraphed from Antwerp the fact of their marriage and had since written himself in plausible terms regretting the circumstances under which he said an elopement had been forced upon him, was too much of a coward to let Alice write until he could no longer prevent her. The letter was returned unopened in an enveloped directed to the *Poste Restante* in her father's handwriting. So was another and still a third. And Alice was in mute despair with only a broken reed to lean upon.

There let us leave her for a time.

It was eleven o'clock on the morning of the 24th December and all was dumb desolation in the home at Bakewell. An hour before Didah had gone up with some toast and hot tea to her child's room, and, to her surprise, found the door locked. She looked through the key-hole and saw that the pillows were unruffled and the bed smooth. "The child must be going daft," she said half aloud, "to make her own bed and go out on such a morning as this. She will be wearing hair shirts next or going into a nasty nunnery and die of a broken heart."

So soliloquizing, the old nurse drew from her pocket a large bunch of keys and selecting one from among the number turned the lock and opened the door.

As she stood at the threshold and her eyes fell upon the scene that greeted them, her knees shook, her face blanched with terror, and she would have fallen to the floor had she not clutched the heavy arm chair in which her darling had so often sat while she dressed her hair or helped her to make her toilet. The bureau drawers were all open, the jewel case empty, the floor strewn with dresses and wearing apparel, while on the looking glass traced in palsied and trembling letters with a small piece of soap were the words: "Forgive me, forgive me, I could not help it."

Didah uttered a piercing shriek and then rushed to the head of the stairs in the upper hall. The tea tray had fallen from her hands, and the little china

cup and plates lay shivered on the floor. At the foot of the stairs she met Mr. Senhouse and others of the household who heard the noise and Didah's scream.

"What is the matter," cried the master, "speak woman, speak!"

"Gone!"

"Who?"

"Our darling!" Then nature gave way and the old nurse swooned.

High and low the distracted mother and father searched vainly for evidences of her flight. The servants scoured the grounds and woods but at noon no trace or clue of the missing daughter had been discovered. One by one the searchers came in with the same news. Then as Mr. Senhouse was hastily preparing telegrams to be sent to all points, Didah came to him showing no signs of suffering except that the pale face was whiter than ever and said huskily, slowly and with difficulty: "Sir Annesley has taken our child, I feel it here!"

"At this moment Herbert drove up, and with a hearty "Hurrah! home again, Merry Christmas to you all!" entered the hall. Then he paused as his eye wandered round among the groups of servants sobbing and all powerless to act, and in startled tones he shouted "Merciful heavens what is this?"

There sat his father trembling and writing at a side table in the hall mute with despair. Didah was by his side looking stonily into his face. Crouched in an arm chair and moaning lay his mother, while the servants with averted eyes shrank from his gaze.

"Where is my sister," he whispered hoarsely, "Dead?"

And Didah the bravest of them all went steadily up to the young master and said quietly, "Worse than that; she is gone and we know not whither."

For a moment he stood there stunned as the thick drops of sweat which are only born of agony started out upon his forehead.

Only for a moment. For from the group of servants stepped Peter the game-keeper and faced him.

"Master Heabert! I have done this. Kill me where I stand. I took a letter from Miss Alice to Sir Annesley to the Rowsley station the day before yesterday and I brought his answer back. I promised not to tell and he gave me these two sovereigns, God's curses on his soul!" and the poor fellow sobbing as though his heart would burst, drew the money from his pocket and flung it with all his might through the open door.

Herbert did not even look at him, but in stifled tones and trembling with passion he cried wildly, "Kneel down all of you, and as you hope for salvation say Amen to the curse I pronounce." They all knelt except Didah, who gave a little run forward and putting her hands on his mouth stoppe him—"No! no! my own boy not now! for all our sakes, for the love you bear us all, for your old nurse's sake, don't curse him. Go and find our darling and bring her back to us before it is too late. Don't curse him, Master Herbert!"

His throat seemed as if it would burst with suppressed emotion, but he wavered and Didah was not slow to follow up her vantage, "go to Rowsley Master Herbert," she continued, and find out all you can. *I will manage here.*" Without resistance he suffered himself to be led to the porch, where she bade him order his mare to be saddled at once and to come to her before she started. Then she dismissed the servants and told them if they wanted to really be of use to go on with their duties as if nothing had happened. This done she saw to it that Mrs. Senhouse, whose condition caused her most alarm, from the fact that she had given way to a stupor more dangerous than grief which finds expression in tears and sobs, was taken to her room and put to bed. Then turning to Mr. Senhouse she asked him to come to the library and draw a check for five hundred pounds payable to Herbert. He wrote one mechanically as if he, for the present, were so stunned by the blow that he could be ruled like a child.

Herbert came round by the front door ready to start. "Not before you have eaten this sandwich" said Didah, "and taken this wine. Now go as fast as you can. If you get news of our darling follow her up and telegraph as often as possible." And then with a quiver in the brave old frame she added, "and oh Master Herbert, think if your old nurse who is so weak can be so strong and think at such a time as this, what should not you be?"

He did not answer her, but he put his strong arms around her and kissed her forehead as though he were doing her reverence. Then he started. It was wonderful to see her move around everywhere as if nothing was amiss. She ordered soup to be taken up to her mistress and saw that she ate it; carried lunch to her master with her own hands and forced him to take it. Then she called the butler and told him to see that the servants had some wine with their dinner, "for," said she, "they must be all worn out," and she asked him to impress upon them all the great necessity of shielding the honor of the house and of keeping perfectly silent regarding the disappearance of the young mistress. When they brought her a carefully prepared lunch she partook of it mechanically as something that had to be done, and while she did so she asked the butler to write down the following directions and see them carried out: 1—Let all the Christmas decorations be taken down and burnt; 2—Let the shutters be closed and the blinds drawn down all over the front of the house; 3—To all callers Mr. and Mrs. Senhouse are not at home; 4—Bring all telegraphic dispatches to me; 5—Send for Dr. Bluxom at once and let me see him when he arrives.

When Didah had done this she felt frightened at her own temerity. It did not seem possible that she had really taken all this on her own shoulders. Had any one yesterday suggested that she could have dared to do all this in the last two hours she would have deemed them crazy.

Herbert galloped into Rowsley without drawing rein and dismounting at the Peacock, which was full of young farmers and others preparing for their Christmas jollification, he ran up the steps, entered the sitting room, rang the bell and said to the landlady who had answered the summons with as much steadiness of voice as he could command, "Where is Sir Annesley Tiverton? Is he here?"

"No, Mr. Herbert! I do not know where he is. He dined here last night and was to have left this morning. He sold all his horses two days ago and sent his effects yesterday morning to London by his groom. He paid his bill up to to-day and hired a gig, so some one said last night, which was retained this morning by some boy from down the line, so some of them said. His room is empty and he did not sleep here last night. We had a nice chicken lunch ready for him too to take along, and I must say, after being here so long and being so friendly, that I aint the only one as feels hurt at his going off so mysterious like."

There was no longer any doubt in Herbert's mind now, but in the last half hour it seemed to him that he had lived a life-time and come face to face with the sorrow of his life. Didah's last words were ringing in his ears. She was right. He must be brave, cool and act like a man, so he merely replied to the landlady, "Sorry I missed him, he must have been called away suddenly. Bring me a glass of sherry and a biscuit please." Then he mounted his horse and rode to the railway station. There had been no passengers from Rowsley to meet the night express, but there was a dispatch for Mr. Senhouse. Would Mr. Herbert take it? The telegraph operator looked grave as he saw the young squire's face at the window and he handed him the envelope. Herbert tore it open and read: "We could not help it. I was forbidden the house by you, but you could not part us in this way. Forgive us both for I love her better than my life. We were married this morning at the Midland Railway Station by an Episcopal clergyman and I send this just before leaving for the continent. The marriage will be duly recorded with the Registrar at once. Again we both beg you to forgive us and to send us word to that effect. We shall return in eight weeks. A. will write you all particulars when she is rested. ANNESLEY."

The scoundrel had indeed perfected all his arrangements with a mathematical precision worthy of being employed for fairer uses. He had given the above dispatch to his groom with strict instructions not to send it until one o'clock in the afternoon, rightly calculating that he would then have had about seven hours start and that it would be next to impossible to trace the part of the continent to which he had gone until it pleased him to let them know. For he rightly judged that if Herbert followed him and came up with him in the first heat of passion and smarting under his fell treachery, that he would have little mercy to expect.

D. W. C. NESFIELD.

(To be continued.)

JOE AND HANNAH.

The friend who sends us the following, assures us that it is the record of an actual occurrence, and that the log mentioned was removed from the well about twelve years ago.—Ed.

At an old farm near Haverhill one hundred years ago,
A band of Christian brothers met, to see and hear and know
The news of all things going on around about the place,
Who richer grown and who was poor, who honored or disgraced.
The sisters came, among the rest one Hannah, whose delight
Was just to tease her lover, Joe, whene're he came in sight.
He very oft had tried in vain to gain the final yes,
To all his efforts she would say no more than "Well, I guess."
At last poor Joe disgusted quite, resolved to end the strife,
And said "Farewell, my Hannah dear, I'll go and end my life.
It's vain for me to try to live, since you my suit deny,
I can no longer happy be, and so will go and die."
"Ha, ha!" said Hannah, "You may go, but die you do not dare,
And what is more, you foolish man, for you I do not care!"
Then Joe rushed out into the dark with one wild eager dash,
And in the well beside the door was heard the final splash.
Then out she rushed and loudly called for ladder, rope and light,
"Oh, Joseph, dear, come back again! self-murder is not right.
I know 'twas wrong to treat you so, to say one-half I said,
I only did it just to see if you would really wed,
O Joseph, dear, come back again, come back again to life,
And I will always try to be a truly loving wife!"
Just then some one came bounding out from underneath the shed,
"The red men come!" they loudly cried, and in the house they fled.
But no, 'twas nothing of the kind, it was the selfsame Joe,
He gave his Hannah just one hug, and she cried out "My Joe!"
The defunct Joe was taken out a dozen years ago;
'Twas nothing but a log of wood went down instead of Joe.—B.

NOTES ON THE PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The reflections which are embodied in the following paper were incited by the perusal of the published report of a lecture given here last year by Professor Hitchcock, in which he speaks of these Islands as a new country, and describes them as sharp cones rising from a very deep sea-bottom. These views are very different from those I had been led to adopt, and I propose to state briefly the grounds on which they appear to be controvertible.

Both these views seem to rest on one theory, viz.: that the Hawaiian Islands have been built up from a permanently depressed seabed. Whilst no one will perhaps venture to say that such an origin for the islands is impossible, several trains of evidence seem to support so strongly a very different theory, that I think this one must be rejected.

It has in late years been argued with much skill and earnestness, by Professor Geikie, Mr. Wallace and others, that, in the main, the present continents and great oceans have a character of permanence, and as a corollary it is contended that there never was a continental area, at least since the date of the earliest palaeozoic rocks, within the limits of what is now the Pacific Ocean. The argument is mainly founded on the fact that stratified rocks show everywhere evidence of having been, for the most part, deposited in comparatively shallow water and there-

fore near the shore. A narrow series of facts is thus made much of, and relied on as determining the truth of a hypothesis of great generality. Meanwhile no account is taken of the grand phenomena of upheaval of which all continental areas offer such stupendous examples.

One of the facts on which Prof. Geikie appears most emphatically to rely in support of his theory is thus stated: "Among the thickest masses of sedimentary rock—those of the ancient palaeozoic systems—no features recur more continually than the alternations of different sediments, and the recurrence of surfaces covered with well-preserved ripple marks, trails and burrows of annelides, polygonal and irregular dessication marks, like the cracks at the bottom of a sun-dried muddy pool. These phenomena unequivocally point to shallow and even littoral waters. They occur from bottom to top of formations which reach to a thickness of several thousand feet. They can," he says, "be interpreted only in one way, viz.: that the formations in question began to be laid down in shallow water; that during their formation the area of deposit gradually subsided for thousands of feet; yet that the rate of accumulation of sediment kept pace on the whole with this depression; and hence that the original shallow water character of the deposits re-

mained even after the original sea bottom had been buried under a vast mass of sedimentary matter." He concludes from facts of this class that "the more attentively the stratified rocks of the earth are studied, the more striking becomes the absence of any formations among them which can be considered those of a deep-sea." From this he argues that the present deep-sea areas are permanent; that the area of dry land has always been confined to something approximating to its present position; and that such a state of things must continue. This seems to me, as I have already said, to be generalizing widely from very narrow premises. He leaves out of consideration the facts that are known as to vast areas of the present land, including some of its most elevated portions. These were from time to time and simultaneously far below the present sea level, and some compensating extension of land now covered by the sea must almost certainly have been contemporaneous with such widespread depressions. He assumes also that our acquaintance with the deep-sea formations now being deposited is of such a character as to enable us to speak with some certainty about them, whereas in fact we have only scratched up at isolated points small samples of their surfaces. The ripple marks and dessication marks he speaks of are indications of shallow water and of areas lying at the time of deposition between high and low water; but may they not be imitated under the direction of other causes in deep-sea deposits. The recent disclosures as to the prolific life which exists even at enormous depths on the ocean floor show that these deep-sea deposits are just as likely to be traversed, and bored into, by annelides and mollusca as our littoral deposits. Moreover it always remains to be considered that if the ocean bottom be brought to the surface all its characteristic red clays and grey ooze would be the first to suffer denudation, and from their very nature would resist it badly, and might either be wholly swept away or rearranged and mingled with other deposits during the slow process of emergence. I cannot, however, venture to occupy your time with an argument so technical as would be needed in attempting to refute in detail the theory of the permanence of continents and of oceans. I shall confine myself to the consideration of one point in the contrary argument, a point which has a local bearing and interest for us as residents in the Hawaiian Islands.

No one has yet been able to offer a fair account of the fauna and flora of New Zealand without assuming that there was at one time a Pacific continent or at least a group of what we may call continental islands divided by straits or seas of narrow dimensions. Numerous considerations fix the date of this extension of land in what is now the Pacific at the dawn of the Tertiary period. The area usually mapped out for this ancient land does not extend so far as the Sandwich Islands, being bounded northwards by the supposed margin of comparatively shallow soundings

round the Marshall Group. Mr. Wallace himself admits that a continent or number of large islands *may* have extended as far as the Tonga and Fiji Islands, but influenced by his theory he expresses scepticism on the subject. Those best acquainted with the natural history of New Zealand consider that this extension of land included the New Hebrides (but probably not the Solomon Islands and New Caledonia), extended to the Carolines and far towards what is now the coast of China and took in the Marshall, Gilbert, Samoan, and Fijian Islands, and probably the Society Islands. So far as palaeontological evidence is available it supports this theory of large extension of land surface in the Pacific in Eocene times.

It may be noted that none of those who have given this subject close attention are personally acquainted with the Hawaiian Islands. Such information as I have been able to gather during my short residence here has led me to the conclusion that what we see here is amenable to the same explanation as that which is considered necessary for the peculiarities presented by New Zealand. Certain characteristics are found to be common to New Zealand and to these Islands and to the whole of Polynesia proper. Chief among these is an unusual degree of speciality in certain classes of the fauna, notable not less among lower forms than among the birds, which constitute the highest form of life that has been developed anywhere throughout what are claimed to be the remnants of the old Pacific continent. It has, I think, been reasonably contended that the existence anywhere of a distinct family of such highly organized beings as birds, a family containing several genera and many species is proof that we have there the relics of an older fauna which once had ample room to spread and differentiate. Such is the case here as well as in New Zealand. Indeed the proportion of isolated forms to the total fauna is, in these Islands, so far as we yet know, greater than anywhere else in the world.

In Central Polynesia there are also a number of peculiar genera of birds, though these are not so highly distinct from other known forms as are the Drepanidae of the Hawaiian Islands and certain groups of New Zealand birds.

There are, as it appears to me, also certain indications in the flora and fauna of New Zealand and of these islands, that a land communication (though possibly not altogether unbroken) existed between them since the date when the former was isolated from all other lands. The absence of any museum collection here illustrating the natural history of the islands, renders what I have to offer on this subject meagre and too general in its character, and I put forward my notes with diffidence, for what they are worth.

There exist in these islands certain genera of plants which otherwise are entirely confined to New Zealand; as *Coprosma*, *Acaena*, and *Ascarina*. To this it may be added that in other genera such as

Melicope and Pittosporum, the Hawaiian species are more nearly allied to New Zealand forms than to those of Australia, these trees having apparently passed into the latter continent from New Zealand at an earlier date, and been there modified by great changes of condition.

Among birds the Hawaiian Honey Eaters agree in general appearance and coloration more with those of New Zealand than with Australian genera. The grey duck of New Zealand is said to range all through Polynesia to these islands and is unknown elsewhere.

The reptiles of Polynesia show affinities with those of New Zealand, but not with those of any other country. Our common lizzard (*Ablepharus*) is found throughout Polynesia, a significant fact when we consider how limited are its capabilities of spreading through such an area in its present oceanic condition. The little gecko, (*Dactyloperus*) which has been described as belonging to these islands, has close affinities with *Nautilinus*, a genus containing four species, all peculiar to New Zealand.

The paucity of forms of fresh-water fish is also a peculiarity common to these islands and to Polynesia and New Zealand. The mere fact of the islands being small and their streams of little volume, has no bearing on this barrenness in fish forms. New Zealand has an ample supply of rivers, streamlets and lakes to form the habitat of fresh-water fish, but the condition of things is the same there, whilst insignificant islets in other regions abound with fish in great variety of forms. It is evidently a regional peculiarity. Of the marine fish I cannot speak, but as collections of these are about to be made, both for our own museum and to send abroad, I hope to be able hereafter to supplement my argument by an analysis of the species.

Terrestrial univalves are highly characteristic of these islands, where some genera have received an altogether abnormal development. Those of New Zealand are found to show a stronger affinity with Polynesian forms than with those of any other region. Nearly half the genera recorded as existing on these islands are also found in central Polynesia.

Speaking of the insect fauna of New Zealand, an acute observer has said: "No naturalist who has collected insects, on however small a scale, in Europe, can fail to be struck with the paucity in New Zealand, not only of species, but in some orders of individuals also." To a very great extent, I believe the same remark is applicable to these islands. There is abundant food in many parts of the islands for insects, and in almost all parts of New Zealand, and I think it not unreasonable to assume that the meagre development of forms and paucity of some groups is due to the same cause in both countries. Butterflies among the Lepidoptera and the whole order of Heteroptera are generally held to be among the latest developed forms of insect life. Both here and in New Zealand they are scarce in proportion to the average of other forms. Now so far as geological

evidence is able to help us, it may be said that the date that I have mentioned as that of the probable extension of land areas in the Pacific is earlier than that at which these two forms appear to have been developed in the existing continents.

Of the spiders I can scarcely speak from personal observation, which leads me to say that almost every form familiar to me in New Zealand finds a representative here in some closely similar species. Many appear to be so nearly alike that they might pass for the same, though no doubt if specimens could be brought together, specific or even generic differences might be recognized. Coupled with this similarity of Hawaiian to New Zealand forms is a striking absence of prominent Australian and Asiatic forms from both countries.

The Crustaceans provoke a similar remark. So far as my limited knowledge of the subject serves me, I should say that tropical Asiatic and American forms are barely represented here, whilst those we have include many species which to the ordinary observer seem identical with those of New Zealand.

Of lower forms of life I cannot say anything, except that the sea urchins (*Echinidae*) of the two countries appear to be very much alike.

These similarities in the general aspect of the fauna of the two countries are not conclusive of former land contact, but they go to show that both belong to the same natural region.

To pass to considerations of a purely geological character, I desire first to draw attention to the condition in which existing great continental areas must have been found at the time to which the zoological and botanical evidence seems to point, as that of the last Pacific continent. Vast formations of limestone, extending from southern Europe to China, point to the existence at that era of what is sometimes called by geologists "the great nummulitic sea," named from the characteristics of the limestone deposited in it. A large part of central Europe was probably about the same time submerged. Let us contrast that state of things with what exists now. The area in which these great beds of limestone were then being deposited now includes a vast table land lying at a great elevation above sea level. The expanse of the great Asiatic continent is in that region wholly unbroken save by a few inland seas, and there is plenty of evidence that this has been the characteristic feature of the central portion of that continent for a long period. Here we have an enormously extended and no doubt enormously prolonged work of upheaval. The central high land alone extends from the 70th to the 103d meridian east longitude, and over several degrees of latitude, even in its narrowest dimensions. It is estimated that the average elevation of this great area is not less than 15,000 feet. Is it unreasonable to believe that while this large earth-bubble was being blown out from where the sea itself had been flowing, a long continued compensating depression has been going on. We cannot, I think, look anywhere

else in tertiary times than to the Pacific for such compensatory subsidence. Both geological and zoological evidence gathered in South America, New Zealand and Australia point to a far earlier period for the last great extension of the Antarctic continent and the subsequent submergence of that area. Mr Scater's dream of Lemuria, if it ever had a physical realization, would probably belong to this epoch, but geologists seem loth to accept the theory which calls for it, and most naturalists are agreed that the facts of distribution and evolution do not need its aid to interpret them. On the other hand, the facts of natural history which I have so imperfectly endeavored to set forth, seem to demand at this very epoch a land region in the Pacific almost or wholly co-extensive with that area which is now studded with islands.

How does what we see at the present day agree with the hypothesis that a long protracted subsidence has carried to great depths what was once a fair continent, filled with animal and vegetable life, whose aspects were as different from those of any other region of the earth as those of Australia are now. Over the greater part of the area we have islands which, when they are not purely coralline, appear to be wholly volcanic. Is this not exactly the result that we ought to expect from so tremendous a subsidence, going on for ages at the slow pace at which we see nature working elsewhere. If the islands of New Zealand were now to subside, somewhat irregularly, they would in the end be reduced to a group of volcanic islands, and it might be said of them as of the Hawaiian Islands, that no palæozoic or secondary or even tertiary strata could be found among them. They would present an appearance somewhat like what occurs in the group of islands, reefs and shoals which stretches from Hawaii so far to the west. What might have thus happened in New Zealand, if subsidence had not there been checked, is precisely what I conceive to have been the fate of the land which has left behind it only this group of volcanic islands. While such a subsidence was progressing the volcanic fires beneath would be more and more pent in, and therefore ever more and more ready to find weak places from which to break forth. Experience of other lands shows that these are most often found high up in the mountain ranges, where excessive and irregular upheaval has previously created innumerable faults and fractures. That the outpourings from well established centres of volcanic action should have kept pace with the slow subsidence of the general mass of the land is not to be wondered at. That it should be so is surely more probable, more like the results of nature's operations elsewhere, than the building up of great cones by volcanic eruptions from depths of 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms of sea. Where these fires have continued their action with sufficient persistence we have volcanic islands. Where their force has been earlier spent the continued subsidence has

carried down their creations also, and we find here a wholly sunken peak, or there a coral reef or atoll formed upon the sunken island, last remnant of the ancient land. Where those low coral islands are found we may believe that subsidence is still going on. In New Zealand, as we have seen, it came to a stand long ago, and there has since been elevation, and again depression, whilst now it seems probable that the land is slowly rising. Here in these islands the subsidence may have ceased, or such evidence as we think we see of this may only be proof of the oscillations which always occur either in subsidence or upheaval.

I submit then that beneath these volcanic islands which we see lies an ancient land which once extended from beyond Hawaii far away to the westward, with probably a slight northerly trend. This suggestion may be more easy to accept than the further one that this ancient land was in early eocene times either connecting with a continent stretching at least as far west as the Carolines, and probably to China, and as far south as New Zealand; or that if never joined to such a continent, the latter existed contemporaneously with it, and was near enough to form with it one great natural region in which a distinctive fauna and flora were developed, and over which these forms of life were largely interchanged.

Summing up the zoological and botanical evidence for a former Pacific continent, we have:

1. The fact that its existence in early tertiary (eocene) times is needed to account for certain important characteristics of the fauna and flora of New Zealand. The natural history of New Zealand is now well known, and the affinities of both animals and plants have been long a subject of study. Deductions from so large a mass of facts as has been collected cannot be held of light account.

2. The hypothesis of such a continent at the assigned epoch is needed to account for a number of forms now spread over widely distant islands in central Polynesia and to explain the intimate connection between many groups of living forms in Polynesia with New Zealand on the one hand and with the Hawaiian Islands on the other.

Turning to the geological evidence we see that besides the local geology of New Zealand which is in accord with the hypothesis we have a condition of submergence existing over a very wide area of the present continents, precisely at the epoch determined by the zoological and other evidence as that of the last Pacific continent—a submergence which naturally leads us to look for a large extension of dry land in some other quarter. There is no evidence leading to the belief that any other area than that of the Western Pacific was the seat of such compensatory upheaval, whilst in regard to that area we have a multiplicity of facts leading to the belief that it was at that time occupied by dry land, a belief which is corroborated by its island-studded condition at the present day.

HOW THE CHINESE DISCOVERED PRINTING.

One day, several thousand years ago, a sudden shower came, while the little Prince, Ho Ling, was playing in the garden of the palace of his father, the Emperor Hwang Ti, at the great city of Hang Chan. Before his attendants discovered him, he ran into the front door of the palace and scraping his feet on the golden scraper, did not wipe them upon the angora door-mat, but boldly marched through the main hall of the palace, called the Hall of the Full Moon, leaving faint muddy tracks upon the damascened floor of the hall. At this moment his attendants discovered him, and as they followed him through the hall, they noticed that each of his footsteps left marked on the floor as he walked, an unintelligible character, but evidently in the Chinese language, so that there was an irregular row of these mysterious signs from the front door to the rear part of the hall where they overtook the Prince, and bore him off to change his clothes. In the meantime one of the courtiers informed the learned mandarin, who had charge of Ho Ling's education, of the prodigy which had taken place in the Hall of the Full Moon. This dignitary immediately examined the foot marks and finding himself unable to decipher them, gave out that a miracle had taken place and ordered the servants not to scrub the floor of the Hall of the Full Moon and to let no one tread upon the sacred tracks of the Prince. So guards were placed at the doors and the hall was strictly quarantined against general use. Only wise men, scholars, mandarins and officials were allowed to enter. A week passed away; the excitement in the capital was intense. What was the divine message which had been given to the world through the footsteps of the little prince? Day after day the learned men puzzled their heads over the hieroglyphics without making any progress in their interpretation. Hwang Ti, the emperor, at last became impatient and issued a decree that if the marks should not be read in the next five days, the Prince's tutor should be beheaded; and all the others who had made the attempt should be bastinadoed and have their ears pinched with an instrument something like a lemon squeezer. This decree produced increased activity among the wise men and additional excitement in the city of Hang Chan; but it deterred any new expert from trying to solve the problem.

At last, on the fourth day, a young man came to the palace and asked if he might examine the sacred hieroglyphics. He was warned of his danger, but still insisting, was permitted to enter the hall of the Full Moon. One hundred and eighty-three scholars and mandarins were on their hands and knees studying the fatal foot-prints. The new comer examined them until dark, without discovering any clue. Before leaving for the night he copied the characters upon a piece of paper, wishing to study them at his lodgings. As this young man, who by the way was

a rising scholar named Ne Kew, was passing through the bronze gates of the palace, a veiled figure stole up to him in the dusk from the adjacent shrubbery and placed a parcel in his hands, exclaiming hurriedly at the same time, that it contained Ho Ling's pajamas which he wore on the day of the miracle, that the garment was marked in a similar way to the marks on the floor of the hall, that she knew nothing about letters but thought perhaps it might somehow help him in his efforts to solve the riddle as she thought he must have fallen down on his own fresh tracks and so printed his clothes with the mark, whatever it was, and then the figure vanished. It was the Princess Lip Joy, the clever elder sister of Ho Ling. Once before she had seen Ne Kew when he called at the palace to see his relative, the tutor of the Prince. Ne Kew carried the parcel home, and although all the night before and part of that day he had been very busy upon the sacred foot-prints, and was very tired, he never thought of sleep. Was not his uncle's head at stake and were not the rest of the wise men to be bastinadoed and have their ears pinched if the matter was not settled within another twenty-four hours. So after drinking sixteen cups of tea and eating a handful of watermelon seeds he began work.

Placing numerous learned manuscripts on a large table with a light and writing materials, he tied the end of his cue to one of the beams of the ceiling at just the right tension to fetch him up with a sharp pull in case he should nod his head; then he unfolded his copy of the characters and opened the parcel given him by Her Royal Highness Lip Joy and proceeded to the investigation.

Next morning when the great silver gong of the Palace sounded and the gates were opened Ne Kew entered with the other wise men. He was pale but wore a confident, almost joyous expression. The excitement was intense; the streets were full of people and business was at a standstill. The emperor sat in his throne room with his attendants about him and his guards within call. All of the other wise men had tried and failed; could Ne Kew help them out? At any rate, he was their last hope. The Hall of the Full Moon was filled with an anxious crowd—scholars, mandarins, officials and palace attendants. Lip Joy and Ho Ling peeped in unobserved through a latticed window connecting with an outer balcony. Through the middle of the splendid hall ran the dirty irregular row of faint, but baffling and mysterious characters dividing the crowd into two unequal sections.

Ne Kew asked for some water which was brought to him in a cup of gold profusely mounted with jewels; it was Ho Ling's birthday drinking cup. Ne Kew looked along the tracks until he found one more distinct than the rest, and taking some water into his mouth he blew a cloud of spray over the

track, as a Chinese laundryman moistens the clothes he is ironing. Then he took from one of his sleeves a clean sheet of soft bamboo paper and placing it upon the moistened character rubbed it with the hand as we rub blotting paper in drying fresh writing. He then carefully raised the paper and there on its under side was a faint but perfect reproduction of the hitherto puzzling character, but of course reversed, and it read "The sovereign serves all;" and all who could read at all could read it without difficulty. Then a great shout went forth from the Hall of the Full Moon, which was caught up by the people outside the palace gates and borne along by the ecstatic populace through the streets of the city and fireworks were set off and the day was given up to revelry. But in the palace the Prince's tutor fell upon his knees and with clasped hands and bowed head, spoke as soon as he could be heard and said: "behold, that is the sacred verse that is carved upon the soles of the Prince's shoes which were given to him at his birth by the three pure ones." The shoes were brought and deeply cut into the bottom of each sole was the sentence "The sovereign serves all." Then the wise men looked at each other and with

a peculiar expression on their faces went quietly home; but the Emperor dismissed the Prince's tutor, who was happy to get off without further punishment, and gave the position to Ne Kew.

From this incident the art of printing developed naturally, and before the year was out the Chinese characters began to be printed from carved surfaces; at first the letters were cut into the wood, the depressed lines receiving and holding the ink; but afterwards they improved upon this and printed from projecting letters; and so the divine message which had come to men by the footsteps of the little child was better than any of the wise men had hoped for or imagined, and gave a far-reaching impetus to the literature of the oldest nation.

I am sorry that history does not allow me to construct a romance between Ne Kew who was afterwards known and revered as Confucius and the princess, who furnished the clue to the whole matter without getting the credit of it, as often happens with women the world over.

Why it did not occur to anyone to examine Ho Ling's shoes, history saith not.

THE LITTLE FOX BLADE.

A JAPANESE LEGEND—BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

His Imperial Majesty ICHJO, the Mikado of Japan, ruler of all the land within the four seas, awoke one morning, in the year 1647 of the empire, from his slumbers calm and happy. He had dreamed a dream of such good omen that he sent for his favorite noble, Tachibana Michinari, and thus spake to him:

"I had a dream last night, which I deem of so good portent to the empire that I wish to commemorate it by having a sword of finest temper forged for me. Do you command one of the best smiths in the capital to make it? Spare not gold or pains."

Three times did Tachibana, on his hands and knees, rap the brocade-bordered matting of the palace and then withdraw.

At this time the most noted sword-maker in the empire was one Munechika, who lived in Sanjo street in Kioto. He had already made a famous blade, "The Butterfly." It was so named because a figure of this insect was carved into the steel of the blade, wrought in silver and bronze in the scabbard, and cast in solid gold, was wrapped between the shark-skin and twisted silk braid which covered the handle. Its edge was so keen that a skillful swordsman could cut in halves a bean tossed up in the air, or divide a sheet of wet paper lying on the water. Other blades of like reputation had been forged by Munechika, who honored his trade as though it were the highest profession known. When about to beat out the steel he was accustomed to put on ceremonial garments, don a cap like a nobleman's, and, plaiting the sacred rice-straw festoons, hang them around his

forge and anvil, just as the people at a festival of the gods deck the sacred shrines.

When Munechika was summoned to appear before the noble, he was highly excited, not knowing what was to come to pass. He first took a hot bath, shaved his jaws, put on his best white mitten socks and prostrated himself before the Dai Jo Dai Jin (the great minister of the great government).

"The Son of Heaven commands that you, Munechika; forge a blade of tried temper for him, and that it be made speedily."

Alas, alas!" groaned the sword-maker in spirit, "what shall I do? My assistant has left me, and I have no one of sufficient skill to assist, and I cannot forge a blade alone. I shall fail I know."

All this Munechika told the noble, in politest phrase, with many and many a gozarimasu—bowing of the head and sucking in of the breath. He begged to be excused from a task which seemed to promise nothing but shameful failure. But the noble was inexorable, and finally the smith promised to make the attempt.

With a heavy heart Munechika wended his way home. "I have heard," thought he to himself, "that when Shinsoku, of Buzen, forged a blade for the emperor's son, nigh three cycles (one hundred and eighty years ago), Kai Riu O (the king of the world under the sea) came to help him. Now, I don't serve at his shrine, but I shall ask Inari Sama (the god of rice and husbandry) to help me. He is the patron of our family."

So he worshipped before the shrine of Inari.

"Deck your forge and anvil, provide the metal, put on your robes, and I shall help you beat out the blade," spoke the voice of Inari. "You shall produce a sword which even he who dwells above the clouds (the Mikado) shall praise."

So Munechika cleansed his anvil, kindled the fire, and prepared the metals; iron for the backing, and steel for the edge. Around and above he hung the plaited rice-straw and white gohei of paper stripe to keep off all malign influence. All being ready, he uttered a hope that not for his own honor or gain, but for the glory of the Mikado, the true temper might be born in the forging of the blade.

Then he seated himself on the ground. Seizing the pincers and grasping the hammer, he pulled out the scintillating rod of metal from the glowing charcoal.

As yet no one appeared. He was all alone, but he lifted his hammer and struck the first blow.

Instantly, a second blow fell from an unseen hand, and hammer and sledge made a chorus, until the cold metal required heating again. After plunging the black mass into the fire and heaping on more charcoal of finest quality, Munechika wiped his brow while he pulled the bellows with his foot.

Having a moment of leisure, his eyes being no longer dazzled, he looked respectfully at his visitor.

In the form of a lovely woman, arrayed in silken dress, such as only the court ladies of highest rank wear, the visitor stood leaning on the long-handled

sledge without a trace of weariness or spot of sweat, with her silken robes unruffled. On her head was a round cap, secured by a fillet of silk under her chin, such as only heavenly beings have on, but on the centre of this head-dress sat a tiny white fox. Its body was like a pearl and transparent, and its eyes shot out rays of light. Munechika knew it was Inari Sama in disguise, and bowed his head very low.

Then began the second forging of the blade. Holding the hilt end in his trusty pincers, the mortal smith and the heavenly being rained a shower of blows on the steel that made the anvil resound to the skies and over all the land. Many, many times was this repeated, until the beating was finished. Munechika thanked his helper, who rose from the ground and disappeared, floating away on a purple cloud.

When, with untiring skill and patience Munechika had ground the blade to a razor edge, he engraved his name on one side, and on the other Ko-Kitsune (the Little Fox) which was the name of the sword. He also cut deep into the metal a pearly figure of the fox as a sign of gratitude, and dedication to his Inari Sama. Thus the sword of finest workmanship was finished and presented to the emperor, who declared it equal to the blades of the gods. This is the story of the little Fox Blade, which is renowned through all the centuries, in the Mikado's empire, the land of brave warriors and the country ruled by a slender sword.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Hope dwells within me still,
Although those days are long gone past;
Too fair, too bright by far to last,
When naught of life was ill.

Soft memory I love thy name,
As it recalls those sunny hours
When life was decked with perfumed flowers,
With love, ever the same.

Sweet memory, I'll cling to thee,
And bide thee as a comrade, friend;
But hope I'll cherish to the end;
So shall it be with me. M.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The following estimate of probabilities in the coming presidential election has been prepared with care and is believed to present a fair and candid view of the situation, uninfluenced by our own personal feelings or preferences.

The number of States is 38, casting in all 401 electoral votes as follows:—

Alabama	10	Mississippi	9
Arkansas	7	Missouri.....	16
California.....	8	Nebraska.....	5
Colorado.....	3	Nevada	3
Connecticut.....	6	New Hampshire	4
Delaware	3	New Jersey.....	9

Florida	4	New York.....	36
Georgia	12	North Carolina.....	11
Illinois	22	Ohio	23
Indiana	15	Oregon.....	3
Iowa.....	13	Pennsylvania	30
Kansas	9	Rhode Island	4
Kentucky	13	South Carolina.....	9
Louisiana.....	8	Tennessee.....	12
Maine.....	6	Texas	13
Maryland.....	8	Vermont	4
Massachusetts.....	14	Virginia	12
Michigan	13	West Virginia	6
Minnesota	7	Wisconsin	11

Of these 401 votes, 201 or a majority of all are necessary to a choice. How a considerable majority of these votes will be cast can be predicted with a probability so strong as to amount almost to certainty. That is to say, the political complexion of more than two-thirds of the states is so decided that nothing short of a general break up of parties and an entire re-arrangement of political elements is likely to change it. The electoral votes, however, on which the two parties can count with reasonable certainty are so evenly balanced as to leave the final result almost entirely dependent upon the votes of a few states which may be classed as doubtful. The states which may be classified as reasonably sure for the Republicans are :—

Colorado.....	3	Nevada	3
Connecticut	6	Nebraska	5
Illinois	22	New Hampshire.....	4
Iowa	13	Oregon	3
Kansas	9	Pennsylvania	30
Maine.....	6	Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts.....	14	Vermont	4
Michigan	13	Wisconsin.....	11
Minnesota	7		

Total.....157

If from these we deduct Colorado 3, Connecticut 6, and Nevada 3, there remain 145 votes to be cast by states which have gone Republican for three or more presidential elections in succession.

The states which are almost certain to be carried by the Democrats are :—

Alabama	10	Mississippi	9
Arkansas	7	Missouri.....	16
Delaware	3	N. Carolina	11
Florida	4	S. Carolina	9
Georgia	12	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	13
Louisiana.....	8	W. Virginia	6
Maryland.....	8		

Total.....141

If, therefore, from the Republican column we deduct the three states mentioned above, in which there may be some doubt of the result, we have 145 votes as sure for the Republicans and 141 as sure for the Democrats. This leaves the result to be decided by the following nine states :—

Colorado.....	3	New York	36
California.....	8	Nevada	3
Connecticut	6	Ohio	23
Indiana	15	Virginia.....	12
New Jersey.....	9		

Total.....115

According to this calculation the Republicans would need 56 votes from these doubtful States, and the Democrats 60 votes in order to win. At the last presidential election the Republicans carried five of these States, viz: Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, New York and Ohio, and lost California by a very narrow margin. These five States will this year cast 83 electoral votes, which, added to the 145 votes reckoned as certainly Republican, would insure the victory and leave a very handsome margin. There are some enthusiastic Republicans who think they

have a fair chance of carrying Virginia; we do not however share their anticipations. We also consider the chances in New Jersey to be decidedly against them. On the other hand the nomination of Blaine, who was the choice of the Pacific Coast delegates, will probably secure the vote of California, Colorado and Nevada. Allowing New Jersey and Virginia to the Democrats, and California, Colorado and Nevada to the Republicans, gives the former 162 votes and the latter 159, and leaves Connecticut, Indiana, New York and Ohio, with an aggregate of 80 votes to decide the contest.

Should the Democrats carry these four States, they would have 41 majority. Should the Republicans carry them all they would have a majority of 38. For the Democrats to carry them all is not to be expected. Indiana and Ohio on a full vote and a square party issue are certainly Republican, and New York and Connecticut probably so. Indiana has gone Republican at every presidential election but one since the Republican party was organized; and the same is true of Connecticut. Ohio has been Republican in six presidential elections in succession, and New York four times out of six. Though Indiana is generally classed as rather a close State, the nomination of an Indiana man as Vice-President ought to secure its vote for the Republican ticket. Ohio is a State where side issues have had an unusually potent effect in breaking up party lines and rendering results uncertain. The Republicans of Ohio have experienced one or two pretty bad defeats on "off years," but have never failed thus far in bringing their State into line on a presidential contest. Connecticut, as already shown, is a doubtful State, with the chances in favor of the Republicans. We come now to New York, the largest State in the Union, casting 36 electoral votes, or about one-eleventh of of the whole number. New York, as already stated, has given a Republican majority in four out of the last six presidential elections. But the so-called "Independent" Republicans are very strong in this State, and also very determined. The nomination of Blaine is not acceptable to this element, and the addition of Logan to the ticket, so far from in any way conciliating, is likely to still further alienate them. The result, of course, will depend somewhat on the action of the Democratic convention which has not yet met. Unless the Democrats are guilty of some egregious folly—of which they are quite capable—their chance of carrying New York is a very fair one.

New York alone, however, will not save them; they would still lack three votes of the required number. New York and Connecticut together would give them three majority. Should they carry Indiana, Ohio and Connecticut and lose New York, they would have five majority. But if the Republicans can carry New York, they can almost certainly carry two and perhaps all of the other states we have reckoned as doubtful. If our estimate of of probabilities is correct, the Republicans have

somewhat the best chance, insomuch as there is a fair prospect of their being able to do without New York, while as things now look, the Democrats, without New York, will have a very slim chance indeed. Our view of the situation may be tabulated therefore as follows:—

REPUBLICAN STATES SURE.

Illinois.....22	Nebraska.....5
Iowa.....13	New Hampshire.....4
Kansas.....9	Oregon.....3
Maine.....6	Pennsylvania.....30
Massachusetts.....14	Rhode Island.....4
Michigan.....13	Vermont.....4
Minnesota.....7	Wisconsin.....11
Total.....145	

REPUBLICAN STATES PROBABLE.

California.....8	Indiana.....15
Colorado.....3	Nevada.....3
Connecticut.....6	Ohio.....23
Total.....58	

DEMOCRATIC STATES SURE.

Alabama.....10	Mississippi.....9
Arkansas.....7	Missouri.....16
Delaware.....3	N. Carolina.....11
Florida.....4	S. Carolina.....9
Georgia.....12	Tennessee.....12
Kentucky.....13	Texas.....13
Louisiana.....8	W. Virginia.....6
Maryland.....8	
Total.....141	

DEMOCRATIC STATES PROBABLE.

New Jersey.....9	Virginia.....12
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VERY UNCERTAIN.

New York.....36

The editor of the MONTHLY is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. The result of a close presidential election is a difficult thing to forecast, particularly when the field is so distant and one of the nominations is still to be made. We suppose, however, that our guess is as good as that of any one else who does not know any more about it than we do. Such as it is, we put it forth, and ask our readers to examine it closely and note how nearly the result tallies with our calculations.

SONNET.

If you should ever reach Oahu's shore,
I pray you journey thence to Diamond Head.
It lies beyond Waikiki, where the dead
Of long forgotten wars lie scattered o'er
The beach. The cliff uprises grim before
Moa-alii's den, where lurks, 'tis said,
The dread sea-god beneath the coral bed,
O'er which the breakers fall with sullen roar
And swoon within the peaceful bay beyond.
The mighty goddess Pele, she who drew
Destruction thro' the mountain's rocky seams,
And waved upon its crest her fiery wand,
Hath disappear'd; forlorn, thro' Time's review,
Her sentry stands, as one who waits and dreams.
Honolulu, May 5, 1884. ARTHUR JOHNSTONE.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The recent financial cyclone in New York does not seem to have differed materially from other tempests of the same kind which from time to time have visited the vicinity of Wall street. There is one phase of human nature however, which though always manifesting itself more or less at such times, has on this latter occasion come out with a prominence entirely unprecedented. We allude to the almost incredible folly and credulity exhibited by persons ordinarily supposed to be shrewd and practical. Men occupying prominent positions in the business world and enjoying the reputation of being capable financiers have parted with large amounts of their own and other people's money in a way which seems little short of idiotic. We ask our-

selves in astonishment how men with wit enough to accumulate wealth could have acted so insanely, or how anyone capable of losing money in such an absurd fashion should ever have had any to lose. Under the head of "The Clarksville Panic," the New York Times has parodied the operations of Grant and Ward in so happy a manner that though our rule is to publish no selected matter in this department of the MONTHLY, we cannot refrain from reproducing the article in question nearly entire.

The panic in the Clarksville school was distinctly due to overtrading in marbles. An immense business was done with insufficient capital; and a shrinkage in the value of rabbits or other securities would have precipitated a panic at any time during

the last three months. The failure of James Smith was, of course, the immediate origin of the panic, but the firm could not, in any event, have kept itself above water more than a week or two longer.

Master James Smith is not only a skillful marble-player, but he is a financial genius. At the beginning of the present school term he conceived a grand scheme for enriching himself and all the boys who had confidence in him. He proposed that he should borrow marbles at a high rate of interest, and pay both this interest and large dividends out of his winnings as a marble-player. To every boy who should lend him six marbles he offered to repay nine marbles within two days, and in case the lender should reinvest both principal and profits he undertook to repay him at any moment with profits at the rate of 50 per cent. every two days.

The offer was so tempting that there was a general anxiety on the part of the boys to lend their marbles to James Smith, and in the course of the week every boy in the school had invested in the marble pool. It was understood that James Smith was to win marbles from boys unconnected with the school; but, curiously enough, no one inquired where these boys were to be found, or at what hour in the night James Smith was in the habit of secretly getting out of bed and going off to play with his unknown adversaries. The boys were, however, perfectly satisfied with his method of conducting business. He never failed to tender large quantities of marbles to his patrons whenever, by the terms of his contracts, they were entitled to dividends, and they never failed to reinvest the whole amount with him. Each of them had decided to make at least a million of marbles before closing their accounts with James Smith, and they were eager not to draw marbles but to add to their investments.

The local storekeeper who sold marbles consented, after the boys had spent all their money, to sell them marbles on credit, provided they would place securities in his hands. Most of the boys kept rabbits, and they pledged their rabbits, their tops, their jack-knives, and other negotiable securities with the utmost recklessness. Last Thursday night the books of James Smith showed that twenty-eight millions of marbles were due to the sixty-four boys of the Clarksville school. On Friday night James Smith announced his insolvency, and assigned two hundred and three marbles to the Greek Professor in trust for his creditors.

The disaster was precipitated by a shrinkage in the value of rabbits, caused by the breaking out of a distemper among the rabbits hypothecated with the storekeeper. The latter, not knowing at what moment all the rabbits might die, demanded that they should be redeemed. In order to redeem them their owners were compelled to call in the marbles that they had invested with James Smith. The latter was unable to respond to the call; a panic followed, and the unfortunate boys lost both their marbles and their hypothecated securities.

The Principal of the school investigated the affairs of James Smith on Saturday afternoon with three consecutive apple-tree switches of the largest size. He found no assets worth mentioning. James Smith had played marbles with the son of the janitor of the female seminary on two or three occasions and had lost heavily. The dividends which he tendered to his victims were simply the investments made by other victims. He had not won a single legitimate marble during his entire career as a marble financier, and, as the Principal coldly remarked whenever he stopped to select a new switch, his conduct had been no better than that of a professional pickpocket.

At present the Clarksville school boys have neither pocket money, marbles, rabbits, or any other negotiable property. No one can palliate their folly or feel much sympathy with them in their losses. Nevertheless, although no grown person would for an instant be guilty of like folly, it should be mentioned that James Smith informed the boys that he conducted his business strictly in accordance with Wall-street methods, and that they actually believed that he spoke the truth.

When we wrote our article on "Chinese Immigration" we did not expect it to meet the approval of everybody. Had we supposed that everyone in this community thought just as we did and was prepared to act accordingly, the article would never have been written. Our ambition is to be useful so far as our intelligence and ability permit. Such being the case, we endeavor always to so conduct our editorial department as to impart information and stimulate thought, and not merely to say Amen! to the conclusions of other people. We seek to do our duty not only to "the cause which lacks assistance," but also to "the wrong which needs resistance," and this compels us sometimes to differ with those whom we in many respects admire and esteem.

Although the above remarks were suggested by the leading article in the last number of the *Church Chronicle*, they are not after all quite applicable to our position with reference to that periodical, inasmuch as there is not, so far as we can discern, much of any difference of opinion between us. Our Anglican neighbor misunderstands our position with reference to the Chinese, and in reading our article has in some way read "into" it some things which we did not—consciously at least—put there. For instance, we drew no comparison between the Chinese in California and those in this country, nor did we allude to the former in any way, directly or indirectly. We spoke of the Chinese here as we find them, and of their influence upon the community as we believed it to be, and we fail to see that the fact of their being better or worse than their countrymen in California, has anything to do with the matter.

Neither did we make any statements concerning the general law-abiding qualities of the Chinese, either absolutely or in comparison with other races or peoples. We admit willingly that they are gen-

erally disposed to be peaceable and to conform, at least outwardly, to the restraints of law. But that "greater law-abiding people do not exist anywhere," is a statement considerably broader than the facts will warrant. We call to mind at this moment at least three willful and atrocious murders which have been committed here by Chinamen within the last two or three years, the occasion in each instance being a dispute over a matter of a few dollars.

We recognize and deplore the harm which has been done in many instances by white foreigners, but in writing on the evils of unrestricted Chinese immigration, we did not and could not stop to recount and consider all the evils which might have been wrought in other ways and by other people. Nor was such a course called for. It is no answer to an argument showing that the influence of certain people is bad, to tell us that the influence of some other people is bad also. We understand the weakness of the Hawaiian character fully. No one has better opportunities of understanding it than the man who practices medicine among them. And it is this very weakness which makes the presence of the large number of Chinese, in the circumstances under which we have them here, so peculiarly disastrous. Upon this point, which is vital to the whole matter under discussion, we understand the *Chronicle* and ourselves to be substantially agreed. Our position is simply this: that taking the natives as they are, the presence among them of twenty thousand or more Chinese, consisting almost exclusively of adult males, is highly deleterious, and that an indefinite increase of their numbers would be still more so. On this point we believe the *Chronicle* thinks just as we do.

Another point on which our critic may be right is that the presence of an equal number of male immigrants of any other nation might have an influence equally bad, or worse. But this is entirely irrelevant. The Chinamen come here in thousands and tens of thousands, unaccompanied by their families, while foreigners of other nationalities do not. We have to deal with what is, and not with what under other circumstances, might or could be. The one question is practical and has to be met. The other is a mere matter of opinion and theory, having no practical value for us at the present time.

A more careful reading of our former article will show that we did not say that "Hawaiians do not like the conditions under which they are now living." What we did say was this: "Notwithstanding all that has been done for him by well-meaning, but not always judicious friends, he is still placed in circumstances which are in many respects very unfavorable to his success and permanence. He is living under conditions for which his natural temperament and disposition do not fit him. He is subject to a political and social system which is alien alike to his inherited tendencies and to all the traditions of his race. He is required to conform to a condition of things to which he has not come by any

natural process of growth and for which he is imperfectly prepared. In other words, he is not in harmony with his "environment," but is rather in one of those transition states which are dangerous alike to individuals and nations."

This we are prepared to stand by, for it is the sober truth, nor do we think the *Church Chronicle* will deny it. Whether the Hawaiian realizes his condition in this respect is another matter. If he does not so much the worse for him. People, particularly of immature character like our natives, are apt to "like" things which are not in keeping with their condition and not for their good. A child suddenly invested with the liberty and authority belonging to mature years might "like" his new position exceeding well, but he would be nevertheless in "a condition of things to which he has not come by any natural process of growth and for which he is imperfectly prepared." He would not be "in harmony with his environment." Just in proportion to his failure to realize these facts would be the damage he would be likely to do to himself and others.

As we said on a former occasion, it is the imperative duty of the Legislature to deal with this question in a comprehensive way. The present administration profess to have set their faces against the policy pursued by their predecessors (and hitherto by themselves) in flooding the country with Chinese coolies. But no one can tell what day the ministry may change their minds, neither can anyone tell what day another ministry may take their places. So important a matter should not be left dependent upon the varying phases of ministerial whim or supposed political expediency, but should be provided for by statute.

Within the last few weeks there have been two public meetings held in Honolulu, both of which have been large, enthusiastic and orderly. Aside from any question as to the objects of these meetings, we consider the fact of such gatherings having been held, as an important and encouraging one with reference to the political life of this community. We have felt called upon on several occasions to comment on the lack of public spirit in the mass of our intelligent residents as well as the disposition on the part of those who have hitherto been prominent in public affairs, to ignore those outside of a limited circle, and to show a general distrust of the people. This may have answered very well in times past but it will not answer any longer, and we are glad to see that this fact is being recognized. To those of our leading citizens who desire good government and purity in politics, we say most emphatically: don't be afraid to trust the people. The public heart is sound and the public conscience is in favor of what is right, and this fact will be made evident whenever a suitable opportunity is offered. Therefore we say again to those who by education and experience are fitted to act as leaders: trust the

people. Invite and welcome their co-operation; show them a leadership worthy of being followed and they will not fail you when the time of trial comes.

When our political affairs shall have further crystallized, and party lines have been drawn somewhat as they are in other places, one advantage of such a state of things will be that we can oftener know where public men stand and which side of the fence they belong on. As a necessary consequence of this, political aspirants will be compelled to abide more strictly by their professions and pledges. A great deal has been said and written concerning the corruption of American politics, and much of it doubtless is true. But corrupt as American politics may be in some respects, it is one of the rarest of events for a legislator elected by one party to betray his constituents and political associates by selling out to the opposite party, at least in that perfectly barefaced and shameless way which we see exemplified at every session of our legislature. There are several members of the present assembly who, although elected on a distinct basis of opposition to the present ministry, having run against the government candidates and beaten them, are now, notwithstanding this fact, thick and thin supporters of the administration. An American politician who should do such a thing would be likely to dig for himself a grave from which there would be no resurrection. Occasionally, when important issues are pending and the organization of a legislative body depends on one or two men who hold the balance of power, some one has been found to play the traitor. But such a one needs to exact such a price for his treachery as will render him ever afterwards independent of and indifferent to political rewards, for his political career is almost inevitably ended.

In the course of the debate on the financial condition of the country, in the legislature, Hon. H. A. Wideman made the following statement. In May, 1883, he shipped to California 1,700 bags of sugar and received in return for the same, thirteen thousand and some odd hundreds of dollars. This spring he happened to have the same quantity of sugar to ship, (1,700 bags) and in return for this he only received about nine thousand two hundred dollars; being a falling off of one-third. Now a falling off of one-third in the value of our principal article of export means a great deal and involves a variety of consequences which our people are none too willing to face. Among other things, it involves a readjustment of real estate values and of rents. When the straightening out process has been completed and things have found their proper level, rents will be lower and lands will be purchasable at more reasonable figures. Rents in many instances have been high, not because business has been so prosperous, or because tenants were so rich that they could afford it, but simply because people have been fools big enough to pay such prices. Lands, especially for

agricultural purposes have been sold for more than their real value, for the same reason—because people were willing to “pay too dear for their whistle.” Fools and their money are easily separated. But men are not going to be fools always; time and experience teach wisdom, and the most unsophisticated eventually learn that the buying price of to-day must not exceed the selling price of to-morrow. Some of us are already beginning to open the corners of our eyes, and to see dimly that we have been a little fast. Eight weeks ago a friend of ours declined offers of \$5,000 for his possessions—he wanted more. To-day his property is begging for a purchaser at \$3,000. In this particular instance there has been no depreciation in the real value; the soil is as productive as it was two months ago, and its productions realize as much in the market now as then, with no probability of a decline. A little of the inflation has blown off, that is all. The owners of cottages and shops have advanced a stage when they have discovered that a regular tenant at \$20 or \$50 a month is more profitable than an occasional one at \$40 or \$100; or that one-half per cent. for twelve months in the year will pay them better than one per cent. per month for three months in the year. People who make their living by cultivating the soil have been paying too much for their lands. At first and under the excitement of delusive hopes, they laughed at those who thought differently, and said there was “money in it.” We couldn’t see it then; we don’t see it now. They only saw it in the near future; they haven’t seen it in the present yet, and are now beginning to shake their heads and express a fear that they never will. Brother earth-butcher, three years ago you gave one thousand dollars—all the money you had in the world—for less than one acre of land, under the impression that you would eventually realize a competence from its products. You discover that it will require twenty-five years of favorable seasons to bring back the amount of purchase money, after paying expenses of cultivation. You are beginning to think that the man who sold the land sold you also. Oh, no, your land *must* have been worth a thousand dollars, because that was the selling price, and the selling price of a thing always represents his worth. Don’t you know it is “business” to get all you can for an article, never mind about its quality, and never mind the one who buys. The golden rule is antiquated, in fact, it was exploded long ago. The trouble is that you don’t understand “business,” and the consequence is that when the avaricious landlord or his unscrupulous agent fools you into giving more for his land than you can get out of it, instead of crediting him with “smart business qualifications,” you are apt to call him hard names.

Those who read our remarks on the presidential election, in our last number, are aware that the nomination of Blaine and Logan was not what we expected. Blaine is at once a strong candidate and

a very weak one. That is to say he will inspire in certain quarters an intense degree of enthusiasm, while in other directions he will rouse an antagonism scarcely less intense. Looking at the thing from this distance and trying to take an impartial view of the field, it seems to us as if his main strength lay where it was least needed, and that he was weakest in those states where there are the fewest Republican votes to spare. But even if we admit the nomination of of Blaine to have been a foregone conclusion and politically expedient, we cannot take that view of the nomination of Logan for the second place. That Blaine is distasteful to a large and influential element in the Republican party, is a notorious fact, and it is equally notorious that the dissatisfied element embraces much of the best material in the party. To these men, the nomination of Logan instead of being in any degree an olive branch, is only an additional source of dissatisfaction. This feeling is likely to

cost Blaine the thirty-six electoral votes of New York as well as to damage the ticket in other quarters. Notwithstanding these things, the record of the Democratic party is so bad, and chances of that party putting itself in a patriotic and satisfactory attitude are so small, that the election of Blaine and Logan is probable.

In our next issue we shall commence the publication of a new serial story called "Madeline," by the author of "The Five Dollar Gold Piece."

Esthetic idiocy is on the wane. Burne-Jones is renouncing morbidity and lividness, and Oscar Wilde has buried his feeble folly in matrimony; so dirty-green dowdiness and flabby art mediævalism are dying out, and the apotheosis of ugliness makes way for decided good sense and a renouncing of sickly maudle.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

WHAT STAR-WATCHERS SAY.—Heat is capable of measurement. Quantities of it can be measured as we measure tons of coal. The daily outflow from the sun, the great source of heat, is approximately measurable. The portion radiated upon our globe is enormous, but that is only a minute fraction, less indeed, than the two thousand-millionth part of the total torrent which pours from the sun. Sir John Herschel gave an elegant illustration of the splendid extravagance of the sun's daily expenditure. Suppose, he said, that a cylindrical glacier of ice, forty-five miles in diameter, were to be incessantly darted into the sun with the velocity of light, about one hundred and eighty thousand miles in a second, the entire body of this ice would be continuously liquefied by the daily radiation of heat.

We know that this enormous expenditure of heat cannot be carried on without affecting the bulk of the sun's mass. Every wave of heat means so much shrinkage of the fiery atmosphere. This reduction is but very small compared with the size of the sun. At the present moment the sun has a diameter of eight hundred and sixty thousand miles. Each year this diameter decreases by about two hundred and twenty feet; this decrease is always taking place, the process is never reversed, it is not periodic like so many other phenomena of nature, in time the result must become of overwhelming importance. The sun's career as a source of light and heat is ultimately doomed to extinction. It has been calculated that the sun cannot radiate enough heat to maintain life on the earth for a period of ten million years more.

One hundred years ago the diameter of the sun was four miles greater than it is at present. One thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was forty miles greater than it is at present. Ten thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was four hundred

miles greater than it is now. The advent of man upon the earth took place no doubt a long time ago, but in the history of the earth the advent of man is a comparatively recent phenomenon. Yet it seems certain that when man first trod our planet, the diameter of the sun must have been many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of miles greater than it is at present. We must not, however, over-estimate the significance of this statement. The diameter of the sun is at present eight hundred and sixty thousand miles, so that a diminution of ten thousand miles would be little more than the hundredth part of its diameter. If the diameter of the sun were to shrink to-morrow to the extent of ten thousand miles, the change would not be appreciable to common observation, though even a much smaller change would not elude delicate astronomical measurement. The world on which the primitive man trod was certainly illuminated by a larger sun than that which now shines upon us. And so larger as we go back through the long ages of the geologists, and back again still further to the earliest epochs, when life first began to dawn on the earth. There was a time when the sun must have been twice as large as it is at present; it must once have been three times as large; it must once have been ten times as large. And, looking back earlier still, there was a time when the sun was once swollen to such an extent that the mighty orbit of Neptune itself would be merely a girdle around the stupendous globe. At that time the sun must have been a gaseous mass of almost inconceivable tenuity. We are not to suppose that the earth and the other planets were solid bodies deeply buried in the vast bulk of the sun. It seems evident that the planets were gaseous masses in those ancient days and undistinguishable from the sun, which gave them birth.

We do not inquire how the original nebula of our

solar system came into being; we must take the existence of the nebula for granted, also its revolution. As the nebula began to radiate heat, so it must have begun to contract; and as it began to contract, it began to rotate more rapidly. This is only the consequence of a well-known dynamical principle. But as the nebula spins more and more rapidly, the cohesion of its parts is lessened by centrifugal force. The moment at length arrives when the centrifugal force detaches a fragment of the nebula. The process of condensation still continues both in the fragment and in the central mass; the fragment changes from the gaseous state to the liquid, perhaps even from the liquid to the solid, and thus becomes a planet. Still the central mass condenses and spins more and more rapidly until a rupture again takes place and a second planet is produced. Again, and still again, the same process is repeated, until at length we recognize the central mass as our great and glorious sun, diminished by incessant contraction, though still vast and brilliantly hot. One of the lesser fragments which he cast off has consolidated into our earth, while other fragments, greater and smaller, have formed the rest of the hosts of planets. There are many features in the planets which seem to corroborate this view of their origin. They all revolve around the sun in the same direction; they all revolve on their own axes in the same direction, that direction being being also coincident with the sun's rotation on its axis. Most astronomers are agreed that the history of the solar system has been something of the kind that I have ventured here to sketch.

AN ANT'S BRAIN.—Well may Darwin speak of the brain of an ant as one of the most wondrous particles of matter in the world. We are apt to think that it is impossible for so minute a piece of matter to possess the necessary complexity required for the discharge of such elaborate functions. The microscope will no doubt show some details in the ant's brain, but these fall hopelessly short of revealing the refinement which the ant's brain must really have. The microscope is not adequate to show us the texture of matter. It has been one of the discoveries of modern times to enable us to form some numerical estimate of the exquisite delicacy of the fabric which we know as inert matter. Water, or air, or iron may be divided and subdivided, but the process cannot be carried on indefinitely. There is a well-defined limit. We are even able to make some approximation to the number of molecules in a given mass of matter. Sir W. Thompson has estimated that the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air is to be expressed by the figure 3, followed by no fewer than twenty ciphers.—The brain of the ant doubtless contains more atoms than an equal volume of air; but even if we suppose them to be the same, and if we take the size of an ant's brain to be a little globe one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, we are able to form some estimate of the number of atoms it

must contain. The number is to be expressed by writing down six, and following it by eleven ciphers. We can imagine these atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will perhaps make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's *Descent of Man*. This book merely consists of about 1,500,000 letters, placed one after the other in certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in the ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as that number of letters in the memorable volume in question.

The following inscription will be placed on Charles Reade's tombstone. It was written by himself:

Here Lie

By the Side of his Beloved Friend, the Mortal Remains of

CHARLES READE,

Dramatist, Novelist and Journalist.

His last Words to Mankind are on this Stone.

I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and meditation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession, once granted, cannot be rejected; for He is God, and His merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

THE TRUE WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug urging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, who but for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm heart-beats of the faithful little wife, that nestles close to him, so that no wind nor wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—*O. W. Holmes.*

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

There is always an individuality, a sort of sameness, says a fashion writer, about bridal toilets, owing probably to their being of white, but this season there is a broader license allowed in the selection of materials, flowers and the general accessories. Creamy white satin is and probably always will be the first choice for a handsome bridal toilet, but China silk, surah or nun's veiling will be frequently selected by those who wish seasonable fabrics, and in their way are quite as attractive as the heavy satins. Embroidered India mull is another lovely material which seems specially fitted for the attire of a bride or bridesmaids, and the flat Valenciennes and oriental lace nets used as transparencies over cream white surah or satin, and trimmed with lace to match, are lovely. The back breadths of the train should be laid in wide box plaits, which cause the dress to hang in majestic folds, giving a more graceful effect to the veil, which does not fall prettily if the dress is bouffant. The tablier, embroidered with crystal and pearl beads and white floss, is much in favor for satin or faille, and lace beaded to match may be used for a pointed plastron on the basque, a Medici collar, and to border the demi-long sleeves.

In flowers, the range of selection is very broad. Orange blossoms are no longer obligatory, and snowdrops, azaleas, lilies of the valley, white lilacs, water lilies or roses are frequently chosen, the most striking innovation being the selection of pale pink rosebuds by a bride to whom solid white was particularly unbecoming.

The latest fashion of arranging the tulle veil is to gather it in a rosette on the top of the head, and let it fall from thence in graceful folds.

Bridesmaids select much the same materials as the bride, but their dresses are nearly all made short, very bouffant in effect, and usually a color more or less bright is introduced. Shell pink is a popular color; also cell blue and pale mignonette or a delicate yellow will appear in a bridal procession. Embroidery and lace are used for garniture, and short veils or leghorn hats are trimmed with flowers or feathers of the same shade of the dress will be worn. Gloves of undressed kid, either white, cream, pearl, pale yellow or a dark tan shade.

A celebrated modiste says that lace dresses of every description will be more than ever in vogue the coming season. For those who fancy, the style will be Mother Hubbard dresses, all of black lace over surah, either in black or in gray colored foundations. These dresses, on white or black lace, it is said, are not to be made of piece lace, but of that about eight or ten inches deep, laid row upon row, kilted or slightly gathered, as is preferred. Beside the Hubbard dresses will be those of lace ruffled skirts and pointed bodices of silk, veiled with net of a pattern matching the design of the lace ruffles, and

oriental net and lace will lead in popularity. Round waists will be in high favor in these, and belts and long ends of satin ribbon will add a graceful and pretty finish. Foundation silks and satins of light quality, plain or figured, and in every conceivable shade of color, can now be bought at fifty to eighty cents per yard, thus making the ideal lace dress—once such a rare luxury—an easy possibility to young ladies who aspire to this exquisite toilet. Ladies having lace shawls and saques that have been put away for seasons past, with two or three lace flounces can form them into charming lace overdresses to be worn over an old silk dress, thus making a very rich and showy costume.

There is an effort to introduce larger and longer sleeves, according to Harper's, and these are seen on imported dresses; but modistes say their customers will not accept them in lieu of the graceful elbow sleeves for full dress, and close-fitting coat sleeves for general wear.

All the fashionable parasols are distinguished by bright colors—from the pretty carriage shade with its long stick—equally modern for the promenade—to the mighty and useful sunshade (*en-tout-cas*), trimmings keeping pace in their multiplicity with brilliance of hue, thus, bows, woven or worked lace flowers are the usual ornamentations.

As there were "blue teas" there are now "pink dinners." One was given recently by Mrs. Theodore Smith of San Francisco, at her residence on Washington street. Everything in the dining-room was pink. Three yards of rose-colored plush adorned the center of the table, and was relieved by a tracery of smilax fringed with begonias. The dinner was served by candle-light, the candles being placed in copper candelabra. The centre piece was a long, boatshaped flower piece, composed of hundreds of rose-colored pinks. The favors were straw cups and saucers, each filled with a different variety of rose-colored hot-house flowers, and the handle of each cup was tied with rose-colored satin ribbon. Instead of cards, branches of camelia leaves were used, on one leaf of which was engraved in gold the lady's name. Attached to these leaves were bunches of candied fruits. The gentlemen's cards were on white easels accompanied by a boutonniere. On the buffet was a gilded horn of plenty filled with a large spray of begonias, and tasty pink streamers floated from the horn. All the dishes were pink, and the wines, which were very choice, were served from pink decanters and glasses.

It is stylishly top-lofty to carry your silk umbrella very slimly rolled into a cardinal or blue cover. The next thing will be to have it match the color of your street dress.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Transpose important portions of a wagon, and have endeavors; again, and have forms; again, and have a complete sentence telling what I now do.

ONE WORD ANAGRAMS—GIRL'S NAMES.

1. Mlle. Wahini.
2. Ida Neel.
3. Mrs. Doano.

BOY'S NAMES.

1. Gen. Laird.
2. Dr. Wade.
3. Rev. S. Style.

DOUBLE WORDS.

1. To a vegetable add as many letters of an animal, and make a female domestic bird.
2. To a buzzing sound add as many letters of an insect, and make an imposition.
3. To an insect add as many letters of a pronoun, and make a part of a flower.
4. To an unpeaceful condition of things add as many letters of a cave, and make a custodian.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

STUDY OF THE POETS.

1. Sheridan.
2. Shakespeare.
3. Hood.
4. Burns.
5. Bailey.
6. Dr. Franklin.

SKELETON POETRY.

Ah, how can I e'er forget thee,
How recall thee without pain,
Since although forever near me,
Distant still dost thou remain.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

- 1st verse. Alone—lone—one.
2d verse. Charm—harm—arm.
3d verse. Place—lace—ace.
4th verse. Smother—mother—other.
5th verse. Clover—lover—over.

WHIMSICALITIES.

RARELY TO BE FONND.

A man who can hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet, or be good natured when he is sick, or has to wait ten minutes for his breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out first in front of the looking-glass.

A married man who could give the right hand of

fellowship to a wife's old lover; or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company.

A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.

A school teacher whose interest in his pupils was not graduated by the standing of their parents or the length of their purse.

A washerwoman who ever lost an article of clothing.

An old maid who was not so from choice.

—What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive? The mother. Bread being a necessity, a locomotive being an invention, *ergo*: Necessity is the mother of invention.

—The hymn beginning "The Consecrated Cross I'd Bear" had just begun, and in the momentary quiet that followed, the perplexed youth turned to his father: "Say pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

—A notice of a certain lecturer states "he always carries his audience with him." We thought, as we heard him, he'd have to if he wanted to have any.

—There is a good deal of human nature in clothes-wringers. A Kansas girl had her hand badly squeezed by one lately.

—When can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper? When it is put out.

—An old woman in Texas says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

—Pat: "And who is it lives there, Mike, in the big stone house?" Mike: "Why, that old gentleman I was tellin' ye of that died so suddent last winter of a faver."

—The man who was out in a fog until he incurred the rheumatism says it is a great mist ache.

—Even men-of-war get so hard up for female society that they have to hug the shore.

A little bit of a girl, living near one of the cities, ran in to her mother from the roadside with some early spring blossoms in her hands, and, full of outside glow, exclaimed, "O mamma, how nice it is to live where somebody doesn't own everything."

Suspect men and women who affect great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate.—*Lavater*.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me what your idea of manhood is, what kind of man you long to be.—*Carlyle*.

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.—*Thoreau*.

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DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL CULTURE.

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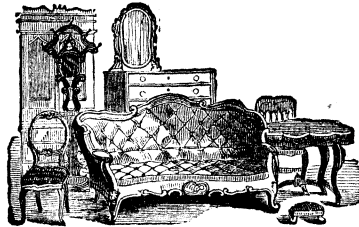
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THE

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CONCERNING THE CURRENCY.

We purpose offering a few thoughts on the above subject, and our confidence in so doing is not in the least degree impaired by the fact that we are not ourselves engaged in what is known as "business." We are aware that there is a somewhat general impression that successful business men, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, planters and what not are qualified to discuss financial questions more intelligently and decide them more wisely than students, professional men and others whose ideas are supposed to be derived mostly from books, and whose conclusions are based upon observation rather than upon their own experience.

However plausible this idea may at first sight appear, it is thoroughly fallacious, and the disposition on the part of the former class to sneer at the latter as "mere theorists" is only a piece of presumption, born of ignorance and conceit. The successful business man, by which is ordinarily meant the man who has succeeded in accumulating wealth may understand the principles of political economy and the laws which govern financial transactions, or he may be profoundly ignorant of them. The fact of his business success, in the ordinary sense of the term, proves nothing, and does not even afford a reasonable presumption one way or the other. The essence of business is selfishness; it may be an enlightened selfishness, or a selfishness tempered and chastened to a greater or less extent by humanity and Christian charity, but selfishness for all that. The wholesale merchant and the retail trader both alike want to buy their goods cheap and sell them dear. The planter seeks low-priced labor—"main strength and stupidity" as one of them has told us—and studies how he can get the largest amount of work for the smallest outlay of money. What is true of the commercial and planting interests is substantially true of each and every branch of what is known as "business," and although the rule of every man for himself may not be pushed to its extreme results, the underlying spirit and motive are the same. It is true in a general way and to a certain extent that the prosperity of the individual con-

duces to the prosperity of the state; but this rule is subject to many limitations and exceptions which we cannot now stop to point out. Moreover, the habit of constantly looking at commercial and financial questions with primary reference to one's own personal interest or the interest of one's own class is a very poor preparation for that candid spirit and that broad, impartial state of mind which enables a man to regard not the interests of any particular class or calling, but the welfare of the whole community. Thus it often happens that the "mere theorist," having no personal interests different from or antagonistic to the general good; having no plantation, or shop, or factory, or bank to warp his judgment or blind his eyes, arrives at sounder conclusions on questions of public finance than the man who has amassed a fortune in business pursuits. The fact that a man is a millionaire is no proof that he is the proper man to be trusted with the management of other people's affairs; still less the affairs of a nation. Indeed we are not sure but the presumption is rather the other way. Believing ourselves therefore to be possessed of at least average intelligence, and having no entangling alliances of any kind to interfere with the exercise of such measure of judgment as nature has bestowed upon us, we consider ourselves quite as capable of forming and expressing correct views on the subject of the currency as though we had amassed a fortune in cornering stocks, raising cane, shaving notes, dealing in merchandise, or even selling Kalakaua dollars at par for government bonds, payable principal and interest in gold.

The laws which underlie and control the currency question are few and simple. They are so simple and have been stated so often and with such admirable and unanswerable clearness that one is almost ashamed to repeat them. Currency—money of all kinds—is at once a measure of value and a medium of exchange. These two functions of money are inseparable. In order that there may be exchange of commodities, either directly by means of barter, or

be extended, and immediately the cheaper coin will begin to take the place of the dearer, by a law as inexorable as that of gravity.

The people of this country have been trying an experiment in the bi-metallic line for some years past, and with the usual result. The circumstances under which the experiment has been tried are somewhat peculiar, inasmuch as the substitution of silver for gold as the currency of the country was not altogether the result of unwise legislation, but of a policy entered into voluntarily or by general consent. The Currency Act of 1876, fixing the limit for which silver was a legal tender as high as fifty dollars, and adopting a sliding scale by which the proportion of gold which could be demanded varied with the amount of the transaction, unquestionably leaned towards a bi-metallic policy and rendered the maintaining of a gold standard somewhat difficult. But this Act did not necessitate any such complete substitution of silver for gold in all our domestic transactions, as we have witnessed for some years past. How it came about we need not relate in detail; the facts are pretty well known. The simple truth is that it suited the interests of certain big fish to have business done on a silver basis, certain other big fish consented to the arrangement, and the little fish—the remaining ninety-nine hundredths of the community—fell in and accepted the situation. It was a curious spectacle; a whole people paying voluntary tribute directly or indirectly on every transaction large or small, to increase the already vast accumulations of a very few of their fellow citizens. So blind did the business community become in their devotion to this suicidal policy, and apparently so enamored of their voluntary bondage, that it came to pass in time that a man who demanded gold for what was due him, in accordance with the provisions of the law, was looked upon and treated as a public enemy. All this was as unnecessary as it was unwise. With a slight modification of the law, cutting down the limit for which silver was a legal tender to five or ten dollars, with a steadfast adherence on the part of the government to the legal standard of American gold in all its transactions, and an acquiescence in this policy and a conformity thereto on the part of the mercantile class, the question of how to get back to a gold basis would not now be agitating this community; we should be there already.

Had we adhered to a standard of American gold, even in the qualified form provided for in the law of 1876, we should probably never have been saddled with the million dollars, more or less, of Kalakaua silver. The reduction of the business of the country to a silver basis prepared the way for that scheme.

As it is, that coin was brought here and put in circulation in plain violation of both the spirit and letter of the law—of several different laws. A full and detailed history of this transaction has never

been made public, but enough is known about it to show that it was not only a piece of the most reckless stupidity, but was dishonest as well as stupid. If such proceedings are allowed to pass without being brought before our courts, and the actors therein are not held to their proper legal accountability, a direct invitation is offered to illegality and jobbery in public affairs in the future, and we can rest assured that the invitation will be eagerly accepted and acted upon.

As a natural result of the policy which has been pursued, American gold has not merely disappeared from circulation, but has actually left the country. Neither in the public treasury, nor in the vaults of our bankers or merchants, nor anywhere else within our borders is there the gold coin wherewith we can at present return to the legal standard, however much we may desire it. As a further result, Hawaiian silver has rapidly displaced every other silver until the Kalakaua dollar is practically the basis for our entire domestic business, and exchange on San Francisco has for the last three months ranged from five to eight per cent. Now, someone may say, supposing all this be true, and admitting that the high price of exchange is due to the fact that our domestic business is done in silver while our foreign debts must be settled in gold or its equivalent—what of it? Have we really lost anything thereby and is the country, taken as a whole, any poorer than it would have been if we had adhered strictly to the American gold standard throughout? To answer this question properly requires a word of explanation. The process of sending abroad American gold or that which represents or can be converted into it, turning the same into silver coin, bringing the latter here and putting it into circulation, not at its actual, but at its nominal value, is one which has paid somebody a handsome profit. In other words, what the many have lost the few have gained. While every man in the community has been paying indirectly a small tribute on every transaction, the aggregate of this tribute has gone to enrich a limited number of coin speculators. A depreciated currency has always been one of the most effectual contrivances for enriching the few at the expense of the many, and our own experience has only furnished one more illustration of that fact. If the few who have gained what all the rest of us have lost, are our own people; if they live here, invest their money and do business here, and are thoroughly identified with the country, then the country as a whole, has in a certain sense lost nothing; at least nothing but the freight, insurance and interest on the money between here and San Francisco. What has been taken out of the pockets of ninety-nine men has gone into the pockets of the hundredth one, and the national account as a whole will balance; minus the actual expense of doing the business as just now explained. If, however, this coin-scalping business is the work of foreign capitalists or corporations and

the aggregate of our several contributions, instead of going into the coffers of one of our own people, goes into those of an outsider, then the country as a whole is poorer by just so much as the foreign operator has made, plus the cost of doing the business. Therefore, by the introduction of the Kalakaua silver, the country is directly impoverished to the amount of over a hundred thousand dollars, perhaps much more. This is the mere narrow book-keeping view of the matter. The prosperity and welfare of a country depend upon something else besides the mere aggregate of wealth in the hands of all the people; they depend also on the way in which that wealth is distributed, on the kind of people in whose hands it is, and the manner in which they use it. The soundest prosperity is that which is based on a general distribution of wealth and a general distribution of thrift and comfort throughout the entire community.

The tendency of things towards a division of society into the very rich and the very poor, is quite strong enough as it is. In a country whose business interests are based on an industry like sugar planting, this tendency is particularly strong. It needs if anything to be checked, not encouraged. Anything, therefore, which tends to take from the many and give to the few, has in it an element of danger to the best interests of society. The use of a depreciated currency has this tendency, not possibly or probably, but certainly and inevitably. In proportion to the difference between a sound currency and that in use, will be the damage done. Though this in our own case may not be very great, still it is bad so far as it goes; it does harm, and just how much harm, no one can accurately estimate. No sensible person would wish to deprive capital and business enterprise of their legitimate reward. But profits reaped in this way are not legitimate. They are not the reward of any kind of productive industry or the supplying the public with anything they need or want. It is a case of the richer and shrewder taking advantage of the poorer and weaker and has no element of legitimate business enterprise in it.

Gold having disappeared, silver worth from eighty to eighty-five cents on the dollar having taken its place, and exchange having got up to seven or eight per cent., the business community seems to have rather suddenly come to the conclusion that things are not quite as they should be, and that something ought to be done about it. At the same time there seems to be a general agreement that the thing to be done is to get back to the American gold standard. This is a conclusion which no advocate of a sound currency will be likely to quarrel with. Three questions present themselves. Can we get back to a gold basis; how shall we get back to it, and can we stay there? The first question is easily answered—of course we can. We believe everyone admits that the amount of currency now in the

country is ample for the transaction of all the business of the country, only it is not in the form available for settling our accounts abroad. What has to be done is simply to convert so much as is necessary of our silver coin into American gold, and pay the difference. How this shall be done—that is by whom and at whose expense seems to us equally clear. It must be done by the government and at the public expense. The difference between the value of the silver dollar and the gold one, must be made a charge on the treasury. It is true that somebody has made a great deal of money by shunting us from a gold level to a silver one, but there is no practicable way of putting our hands into the pockets of Mr. Somebody and taking therefrom the cost of getting back again. By accepting the silver coin which Mr. Somebody tendered us at par over his counter, we have closed the transaction so far as he and the rest of us are concerned, and there is no way of getting square with him again. This latter remark is not intended to apply to the Kalakaua silver. If the facts concerning this coin are as generally understood, there was never any voluntary acceptance thereof by the country. It was forced upon us by our faithless trustees, to-wit: the Ministry, not only in violation of good faith, but in violation of law and of their official oaths. Such being the case, the loss which we have sustained through their malfeasance ought to be recoverable by law from them or their accomplices. It being agreed then that the country can return to an American gold basis, and it being also agreed that the necessary arrangements for doing so must be made by the government and at the public expense, matters of detail are easily arranged and their discussion does not come within the scope of this paper. Whether the surplus silver coin shall be shipped to San Francisco and sold for account of our government, or whether tenders therefor shall be invited here, as provided for in the new currency act, are matters of very subordinate importance. As to what proportion of our present silver currency shall be deemed superfluous and be converted into gold, we would only urge that the amount be put high enough. There is much less danger in this direction than there is in the other.

There remains then one point to be considered. Supposing our surplus silver to be converted into American gold and all business public and private, above five or ten dollars, re-established on that basis; can the same be maintained? There are not lacking those who assert that it cannot; that were the government to bring here one million dollars or any other amount in gold and put it in circulation, it would gradually disappear until at last we should have to repeat the operation and keep on repeating it indefinitely. But how and why need this be? Let us look at the matter, not in a narrow, but in a broad way. Let us consider not any particular class or interest by itself, but each as part of one inseparable whole. Let us try and regard the country as a

unit, and inquire what are the influences which will compel gold to leave the country and silver to take its place. Is it because our imports must be paid for in gold? Certainly not. Our imports are or should be paid for by our exports and the settlement is made on a gold basis. If the balance of trade is in our favor, if we export more than we import, if we sell more than we buy, there will be a balance in our favor, and that balance is due us in gold. If on the other hand we spend more than we can sell, or if with a balance of trade apparently in our favor, so much of our earnings goes to non-resident owners or is spent by our own people in foreign travel, &c., that the balance is really against us; then coin must go abroad to settle the balance. This will result however, not so much in a scarcity of one metal as compared with another, but in a scarcity of money of all kinds. We shall be poorer, not merely in American gold, but in everything. So long as this country pays its way, so long as we produce as much or more than we consume, there is nothing whatever in connection with our foreign relations to draw away our gold. If however we spend and consume more than we make, then the time will come when neither with gold nor with silver can we pay our foreign debts and we shall have to begin paying them with other things, viz.: our houses, our lands, our plantations, &c. That is to say, those things either by purchase or by mortgage will pass into the hands of foreign owners. But even in this event, there is no reason why the transaction should not be on a gold basis, and as a matter of fact it would be. Again we are told that people will pay out silver and hoard gold. Well, before people hoard anything they must as a rule, pay their debts. Upon the basis of the new currency law, people cannot take gold and pay out silver. All they can hoard is what represents their accumulated profits, and what business man is going to keep his profits locked up in unproductive coin. He will prefer to invest it in something, which is simply starting it on the road to circulation again, that is if he invests it in this country. If he invests it abroad, he expects to receive profits or dividends from it, and these will come to him in gold, or its equivalent. No amount of money sent abroad for investment will ever bring us back from a gold to a silver basis, so long as it represents only actual profits of legitimate business. There is in every community a class of persons, mostly workers for wages, or very small farmers and traders, who hoard their earnings. This class we

have here. But these people have no extensive transactions and do no business on credit. All they can hoard therefore is their net gains, and this as already remarked has no effect on the relative currency of gold and silver.

The surplus which they hide away is their own. It is their share of the general national surplus for which they have in some way rendered value. If the country is prosperous, if the volume of its business and the amount of its wealth increase, this increase will be accompanied by and will be in part represented by an increase in the amount of the circulating medium. This increase will be distributed among all the persons who share in this prosperity. Whether one builds him a house therewith or another buys shares in a plantation, or a third stows away his gains in an old stocking, does not affect the question we are considering. So with reference to the familiar charge that the Chinese drain the country of gold by sending it home. The Chinaman can get no gold unless he gives an equivalent for it. He is generally a laborer for hire or a small dealer, his receipts will be mostly in silver. If he turns this into gold to send abroad, he must pay the difference. We are no losers by selling our gold, if we get the equivalent for it, for we have then the wherewith to replace it without loss, and it will surely be replaced in the natural course of trade, so long as it is needed for purposes of currency and so long as people must pay their debts in that medium. Then there is the regulating and controlling influence of the government. When the United States government found itself in a position to resume specie payments, resumption that moment became an accomplished fact throughout the country, with all men, and for all purposes. So when the Hawaiian government returns to the standard of American gold, requiring all payments to be made therein and paying out the same for all demands, a force will be at work whose potency has not been taken into account by those who preach the impossibility of maintaining gold payments.

There is much more we should like to say, but want of space forbids. We have endeavored to be fair and to state the matter plainly. If there is any obscurity in what we have written, we regret it. If we are wrong, we are willing to be converted. If we have erred in any statement of fact, we shall be glad to be corrected. Meanwhile we class ourselves with those who want American gold as our monetary standard, and believe in its entire practicability.

When Will Carlton, the poet, was a school boy, he had an odd fancy for visiting the almshouse, and chatting with the paupers there. One day he made the acquaintance of a worthy old couple who had been deserted by their children, and this gave him the idea for one of his most famous poems, "Over the Hills to the Poor House." One young man, on reading it, felt, that, perhaps he had neglected his

parents in their old age, and immediately sent them a cheque for a hundred dollars. Other children, moved by the pathetic story, have been known to take their parents out of the almshouse and place them in comfortable homes. Among the effects of an aged man who died a pauper in Cleaveland, O., was found a copy of the poem carefully folded away with his few treasures.

CYRIL THE SULPICIAN.

CHAPTER VI.

Herbert folded up the telegram, put it in a fresh envelope and sent it with a note to Didah, in which he told her that he was off to London, and bade her send some clothes and linen to the Langham Hotel, Portland Place, by the first train.

It was a sad Christmas day at Bakewell, a house of silent mourning. A telegram was received from Herbert, stating that he had been to the Midland Railway Hotel, verified the fact of the marriage ceremony having been performed, and had met Sir Annesley's groom, who had been one of the witnesses. No threats, bribes or promises could make him reveal the direction in which his master had gone. All he would say was that he was present at the marriage and that the minister was to register it at once. Sir Annesley and Lady Tiverton had gone abroad under some name which he either did not know or refused to tell, within an hour. It was useless Herbert continued to enter into the question of whether the ceremony had been performed in a proper place, with a correct license, in those prescribed hours, or whether any flaw could be found. All these points he would submit to his father's lawyers in London and report. He had been to Scotland yard and placed the matter privately in the hands of the detective force, but they considered nothing could be done. A dozen or more steamers had left London on the morning of the 24th, for various destinations, and the search at the railroad stations proved equally unsuccessful. He worked hard for two or three days more, and then with the copy of the marriage certificate only for his poor consolation, Herbert returned sadly to Bakewell.

He found his father suffering bitterly and his mother still unable to leave her bed. But no outward token of his great misery escaped his father's lips. When he was shown the evidence of the marriage he said sternly "Never mention her name again in my presence. Your sister is dead to us all. We have no daughter now."

The two men dined together almost in silence, after which Mr. Senhouse handed Herbert a copy of the county paper, reciting the sad fact of the elopement and the subsequent marriage, in the main correctly, but without comment. Then on leaving the room he turned to his son and asked him to write to Bertie Vidal and tell him all that happened as fully as possible, adding sorrowfully: "He had a lucky escape, my boy. He asked me for *her* hand in October, and I had hoped that he would have been your brother and my son." He did not notice how ghastly pale Herbert had turned as he uttered these words, but going out, shut himself in the library, and left the now conscience-stricken son to wrestle

with the agony born of the new knowledge of his own share in this terrible business.

"It is I who am guilty of all this!" he moaned, "I who proposed to him that accursed lie about the town and gown row, and who suggested to him to come up here and keep out of Thornton's way." When the servants came in to close the house for the night they found him sitting in the arm chair, with his head bowed between his hands, the picture of mute despair. Robert, the footman, made the fire up and left him there. All through the night he sat there without moving, constantly accusing himself of having killed his father and mother, ruined his sister and wrecked Bertie Vidal's life. When the servants came in next morning, they found him still sitting in the arm chair, haggard, pale, stiff and shivering with the cold. Before night he was delirious and exhibited every symptom of typhoid fever.

Oh! if Alice could have only seen her home then, the prostrate mother, the once tender father steeled against her with a severity that nothing could bend, and the well loved brother hovering between life and death! If she could only have known the unutterable wretchedness which she had brought on that happy home, it would have killed her at once. But it was not to be, and it was best so.

Bertie Vidal came that week, knowing the worst. When he received the news he shut himself up in his own room, seeing no one but his mother. It seemed to him that he could still hear Thornton's words ringing in his ears, still see him broken in mind and exhausted, stammering out "But he was your friend, Mr. Vidal, and he has blighted my life and my home. God grant—I say—Mr. Vidal!—May God grant—do you hear?—*that he may not blight your life too!*"

As soon as he was able he joined the desolate household at Bakewell, trying in his heart to say with Thomas-a-Kempis, "Neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort; but as long as it shall please God, thou must bear it:" and "I am willing indifferently to receive from Thy hand good and evil, sweet and bitter, joy and sorrow, and to give Thee thanks for all that happeneth to me." But it was a hard task.

For weeks afterward Bertie and Didah were the only apparent living beings in the gloomy house. Almost every day Bertie was closeted for hours with Mr. Senhouse, invariably leaving Herbert's room to go to the library. Didah, sometimes dreading what might happen, even listened at the door from time to time. Once she heard Bertie say passionately: "Mr. Senhouse, my all-but-father that was to be, for my sake, in my misery, forgive her. For all that I have lost be merciful to her, and let the past be

blotted out as an ugly dream. The light has gone out of my life and yours. I have nothing now to live for; you have only an error to forgive. Only think that it is I who am lost to her who am pleading for her. Think how I must have loved her, when I conjure you to receive her again. If you refuse me you will kill her and me too. Say for all our sakes that you forgive her as you hope to be forgiven. I am not pleading for my barren life, but for Alice, your baby, your child, your all!" And the answer came drearily, but as cold as though carved by a sculptor's chisel, clearly and distinctly, "Never!"

It was a month before Herbert was convalescent and Bertie and Didah nursed him night and day. Then came Alice's first piteous appeal for forgiveness, but it was unopened. Her father merely looked at the postmark and addressed it, "Lady Tiverton, Poste Restante, Friedrichshafen." But Didah waylaid the letter and opened it and Bertie in broken tones read it to her while the old nurse rocked herself in her chair and wept bitterly.

"Will you take me to my child when the young master gets well again?" she sobbed. "She cannot live without me. Won't you take me to her?" And he with a weary sigh said: "I will."

Then Didah told him about the night when Alice took the cross from her neck and she returned it to him with the little velvet ribbon just as Alice had worn it. He took it mechanically, refolded it in the paper in which it had lain and put it in his pocket.

When Herbert got better and strong enough to talk he told Bertie all he had done. "All that remains for me now" he said, "is to give up the rest of my life to atone for this. After I have taken my degree, if the Bishop, knowing all the misery I have brought on this house, deems it no bar, I shall study for the ministry."

Bertie comforted him in that gentle way that he had of healing others' wounds, while his own were bleeding, and then told him he must strive earnestly to make those that were left happy. He further told him that he was going to take Didah to Alice, saying: "I shall see her once more and perhaps him—I hope not him, for I might kill him."

So it was decided that Didah was to go.

Three weeks afterward about four o'clock one afternoon Didah had asked all the servants to meet her in the housekeeper's room to say good-bye. She was to leave for Germany the next day. As she sat at the head of the long table looking so worn and tired in the furnace of pain, she might have been a queen abdicating her throne and taking leave of her subjects. They were all there, from the butler, footman, groom and gardener, the cook, the ladies maid, housemaids and many others who were employed on the estate of the Duke.

When they were all assembled, Didah arose and said very gently: "I have asked you to come here as a special favor, to say good-bye. I have lived here girl and woman for over half a century and I cannot expect to see you again. I never thought to

leave you. I always hoped, when my turn came, to rest here in Bakewell, but they have taken my child away and I cannot live without her and I do not think that she can live without me. We would all go to her if we could, but that is impossible. And before I say farewell, I want you all to look at this copy of our loved one's marriage certificate so that you may ever know hereafter that however foul was the heart that took her from us, at least no greater wrong was done our mistress. I am over old to travel and my heart is torn and sorely hurt, but I am going to my child, my unforgiven, suffering child, and, if we meet here for the last time this afternoon, so full of pain and sorrow, at least remember that—that—" but here poor Didah broke down as she saw the tears trickling down the cheeks of the men and listened to the sobs of the women. They bade her good-bye, the women clinging to her and kissing her and the men holding her hands in dumb sorrow.

The next day they left, taking with them everything belonging to Alice, even to her books. Before leaving, Bertie went tenderly up to Mrs. Senhouse and drawing from his pocket the little cross and ribbon put it around her neck. Then he kissed her forehead and was gone. He had been home and told his mother everything and the two had also taken counsel in the first hours of their suffering when the news came. She liked the idea of change of scene but feared his meeting Alice or her husband. On this point, however, he was obdurate only promising sacredly that he would neither do nor say anything to Sir Annesley.

So the old nurse and Bertie went to Friedrichshafen, only to find out that Sir Annesley and Lady Tiverton had gone to Baden Baden whither they followed them.

On account of Didah, and partly to make up his mind as to the course he was going to pursue, Bertie staid over a day in Friedrichshafen, showing the old nurse the glories of the far distant mountains and the many beauties of the lake. In the early morning however, he sent a telegram to Sir Annesley at Baden Baden. From the price he paid for it he concluded it had to go half round Germany before it got there. It read simply, "Am traveling, and Lady Tiverton's old nurse is with me, desirous of entering your service. We leave for Baden tomorrow.

A. C. VIDAL."

Sir Annesley got the telegram about three in the morning on his return from the Kursaal where he had been gambling all night, playing *rouge et noir*. The gilt of the honeymoon had already worn off and poor Alice was often left alone now. Between the growing neglect of Sir Annesley and her misery at the unanswered appeals to home, all that was left her to buoy up her spirits was the promise of her husband that they would soon go back to Northamptonshire. Then she thought a reconciliation must follow in time. But after four weeks at Friedrichshafen Sir Annesley had come to Baden,

and though at first he took her to the Kursaal and amused her by letting her bet a few Napoleons on the red and black, latterly he had left her all alone and was gambling heavily. She did not care whether he lost or won, being indifferent to and ignorant of the value of money. All she felt was that in two short months he neglected her for the gambling table.

After Sir Annesley had opened the telegram and read it, he threw it down with a curse.

Alice was awake, poor child, and she said wearily, "Annesley, don't swear, it makes me tremble. I never heard anyone swear at home. What is the matter?"

"Only that infernal old iceberg nurse of yours will be here to-morrow with that papistical fellow, Vidal. I don't propose to meet him, so I shall run up to Carlsruhe or Bruchsal for a day or two. If you want to keep the old woman, I suppose you had better, she will be company anyhow." Then he laid down on the sofa, and after Alice was sure that he was asleep, she covered him up gently with warm wraps and then returned to her bedside. There she knelt until the dawn broke, in mute despair. Sir Annesley rose about nine o'clock, and without even taking his breakfast, left for the railway station. Alice said

(Conclusion next month.)

FANCY'S REALM.

I live and dream of a fair bright isle,
Afar in a fragrant southern sea,
Where love is as pure as an angel's smile
And life is thrice blest, and the spirit is free.

Where the blue waves break on its coral strand
And clasp it round with jewel'd light,
Till it seems like some Ait from fairy-land
That has drifted there thro' the summer night.

O the discords of earth ne'er reach its shore,
Where melody melting like a kiss
From a woman's lips, is wafted o'er
The soul of love entranced in bliss.

Where the morn is beauty, the noon is joy,
And the evening balmy, peaceful rest;
Where the spirit feels not earth's alloy,
As it wanders thro' the bowers o' the blest.

The Queen of this realm is Fancy's child,
And her court is held in airy space,
Where celestial music, sweet and wild,
Allures to dreams the immortal race.

No tomb is hid in this fairy isle,
For the Spirit's children never die;
They but sleep and dream, and they always smile
On the flowery beds where they chance to lie.

ARTHUR JOHNSTONE.

DANGEROUS COSMETICS.

The use of various substances to improve the appearance of the skin, or more strictly speaking to produce an artificial complexion in place of the natural one, is as old as history and we know not how much older. In the papyrus rolls of ancient Egypt which have been deciphered within the last few years, there are found full and minute directions for the preparation of various cosmetics. The Old Testament contains numerous allusions to the use of similar means for concealing blemishes or adding to the beauties of nature. It is to be noticed, however, that such practices when mentioned in the Bible, are spoken of as a sign of moral depravity and are invariably visited with the sternest condemnation. As a recent medical writer has said: "It was those whose consciences did not falter

at whatever means to gain an end—the vicious and vulgar, the harlots and witches—who were the originators of these practices."

Notwithstanding these unsavory precedents, and in spite of the fate of Jezebel who painted her face to meet the victorious Jehu, the use of similar means for improving upon the work of nature has come down through the ages and has become so common as to prove nothing whatever as regards the moral character of its devotees, however strong an inference it may justify concerning their intelligence and good sense.

Some years ago Dr. W. E. Chandler of New York, whose reputation as a chemical expert stands very high, examined and analyzed a large number of these preparations, and embodied the results of his

investigations in a report to the Metropolitan Board of Health on "Dangerous Cosmetics." The facts set forth in this report are important and ought to be generally known. For instance, of sixteen hair tonics which he was able to examine, all but one contained some compound of lead. The exception was "Hoyt's Hiawatha Hair Restorer," which contained nitrate of silver. Sulphur was generally incorporated with the lead to produce the black sulphide. Dr. Chandler also examined a large number of variously composed "lotions," of "enamels," containing generally lead and zinc, and "powders" consisting of calcium, French chalk and magnesium and bismuth. His conclusions regarding the various preparations for the hair are as follows: "With few exceptions, hair tonics, washes and restoratives contain lead in considerable quantities; that they owe their action to this metal, and are highly dangerous to the health of the person using them." The different preparations for the skin present a greater variety with respect to their active ingredients, as will be seen from the following table:—

POWDERS.

<i>Preparations.</i>	<i>Main Constituents.</i>
Pearl White.....	Bismuth Subnitrate
Flake White	Lead Carbonate
Saunders's Face Powder.....	Zinc Oxide
Complexion Powder.....	Bismuth Subcarbonate
Ricker's Face Powder....	Zinc and Calcium Carbonate

LOTIONS.

Circassian Cream.....	Corrosive Sublimate
Kalydor.....	" " and Potash
Milk of Roses.....	" "

Rose Water and Oil Almonds

ENAMELS.

Laird's Bloom of Youth.....	Zinc Oxide
French Grease Paint.....	Zinc Oxide
Gouraud's Oriental Cream.	Calomel and Water
Hagan's Magnolia Balm.....	Zinc Oxide
Bradford's Enameline.....	Zinc Oxide
Eugenie's Favorite.....	Lead Carbonate
Snow White Enamel.....	Lead Carbonate
Snow White Oriental Cream.....	Lead Carbonate

It is a popular misconception, that the only preparations which have deleterious effects, are those containing lead. The fact that many of them contain mercury is not generally known, and shows that their being "warranted free from lead" does not make them harmless. The assumption that all dangerous cosmetics contain lead, appears to be based on two facts, viz: formerly most of them did contain it; and secondly, many cases of poisoning closely resembling those produced by lead, have been brought about by the use of these preparations. The soundness of any conclusion based on this latter fact is invalidated however by the knowledge that similar effects are produced by other drugs. Preparations which were positively asserted to produce acute and chronic lead poisoning have been found on analysis to contain no lead whatever, but salts of zinc, etc. A high authority in therapeutics says:

"All the salts of zinc when long continued may produce a train of symptoms not unlike those of lead, viz: emaciation, palor, loss of strength, constipation, colic, muscular weakness and trembling, paralysis, etc." The effects which may be produced by the local use of the compounds of mercury can be learned by consulting any standard work on therapeutics or toxicology. Most physicians have seen marked constitutional effects caused in this way, and one of the most severe cases of salivation the writer ever saw, was the result of an unauthorized application of calomel as a dressing to an ulcerated surface.

In one of our recently received medical exchanges we find an account of five cases of poisoning from the use of cosmetics. In one of these cases severe symptoms resulted from only a few applications of the offending preparation. In another case the reporting physician says: "I obtained the remaining part of the preparation which my patient had been using, and on chemical analysis found it to contain almost nothing save pure chloride of mercury (calomel) and water. A little sugar, supposably to give lustre to the enamel, is inserted. And yet this preparation, 'Gouraud's Oriental Cream,' is labeled '*the most elegant and delicate preparation for the skin ever invented.*' * * * * an average application contains from four to ten grains of the drug." Of another young lady who had been using 'Laird's Bloom of Youth' for a long time, the doctor reports "She suffers with colics, metallic taste, constipation, weakness, atrophy (wasting) of the muscular system, and diminished reflex activity. An examination of the preparation shows it to contain no lead, but oxide of zinc and a small amount of calcium carbonate."

The experience of those who have studied this subject attentively, both chemically and clinically, justifies the following conclusions:

1st. All preparations which can clog the pores or irritate the skin are prejudicial to the health and beauty of that organ.

2d. Lead, mercury, zinc, and probably bismuth, may be absorbed into the system from their application to the skin, and produce the same general results as when administered internally.

3d. The principal morbid effects produced by these agents are dyspepsia, nausea, constipation or diarrhœa, colic, emaciation, muscular tremors, paralysis and weakness of mind.

4th. Nearly or quite all cosmetics belong to one or the other of the classes named, and are therefore unfit and dangerous to use.

These powerful drugs, like fire and water, are good servants but very bad masters. In the hands of those who have the skill to use them properly, and who are in a position to watch their effects, they are capable of rendering valuable service in the cure of disease. But in the hands of careless people, who are not only ignorant of their properties, but in most instances have no idea that they are using them at all, they are liable to work irreparable injury.

MADELINE.

I.

"Well, what is it, Mudge?" asked Ray Gordon, looking up from a copy of *Quaine's Anatomy*.

"These sums," replied Mudge, her eye fixed upon the door where Abiel Stevens stood with open mouth and ready ear, that he could both hear and masticate whatever disclosures might be made as to the purpose of this untimely visit.

"Which ones, Mudge?" said Ray, turning to the miscellaneous examples in a well-worn page of *Greenleaf's Arithmetic*.

"All of them," returned Mudge.

"All on this page?" he repeated, as she stood with her eye upon the stalwart form yet standing in the door.

At this moment sleigh bells were heard in the yard, and Abiel suddenly disappeared.

"May I shut the door?" said Mudge.

"Certainly!" replied the master. "You are cold, Mudge," and adding some light wood to the slumbering coals that lay half hidden in the old-fashioned fireplace, he drew a chair into the corner, saying as he did so, "Sit down and warm yourself, Mudge."

"I'm not cold. I can do all the sums too," she added as he returned to Greenleaf. "Have done every one."

The teacher looked up, yet hardly in surprise, for he knew Mudge was equal to everything in that part of the arithmetic. But his curiosity was aroused as to the real purport of her visit, and he silently waited for further disclosures.

"The boys don't like it because you won't give them a holiday to-morrow," said Mudge, hurriedly.

"Ah! and did they send you as ambassador to treat with me upon such important business?"

"No, they did not," said Mudge, with flashing eye.

"Mudge, do you know what an ambassador is?"

"Yes, I do! One who acts for another. But I didn't come to act for the boys," and the curved lip indicated the child's appreciation of her teacher's irony. But as if determined to carry out her original purpose, she fixed her eyes upon the handsome face before her and continued: "The boys are going to fasten the door to the schoolhouse to-morrow morning and not let you in, because you won't give them a holiday. They say they're going to keep it fastened too, and they'll have another master."

With the spirit of a true Spartan the young school-master took up a large ferule that lay upon the table and handing it to the girl said: "Give them that Mudge!" hardly realizing what he was doing, and much less, that Mudge would comprehend its significance. But here he was mistaken, for this uncultured child that he had found among a half civilized people, as he sometimes called them, was as familiar with the duties of Spartan warfare as Ray Gordon himself, and to his surprise quickly replied,

"I did not come from the boys to treat with you, but of my own accord, to tell you there was insubordination among them, for I thought you wouldn't like to find yourself turned out of school in that way;" and tucking her long curls into the crimson hood, which in her excitement had fallen back from her face, she raised the latch of the door she had been so eager to close, and with an air that might become a goddess, left the room.

About two months before, Ray Gordon had come to the little town of Wendham, and for the purpose of replenishing his slender purse had undertaken a district school among a manufacturing population possessing little culture and very few of the refinements of civilized existence. He was warned beforehand by the "Committee men" as to the vicious tendencies and rebellious propensities of the boys, a warning supplemented with "And there's Mudge Maguire, a smart gal, but she's allus gettin' into a fuss and purty likely she'll make you some trouble."

Ray feared nothing as those usually do who have encountered nothing. He was genial and politic, and the boys after measuring him for a few days, decided favorably as to his physical capacity, and having accepted the mild discipline of the school, easily fell into its daily routine."

II.

During the first week of Ray Gordon's service in Wendham, no Mudge appeared. On the Monday following, when the shouting and snow-balling and scuffling, the heavy tread of rough, rude feet within, and the echoes of boisterous laughter without, had died away at the master's signal, and the buzz and din of the schoolroom had succeeded to the noisy tumult, the door opened and a young girl entered. She was tall, and delicately formed, with dark, lustrous eyes, and a profusion of chestnut hair that fluttered in coils about her face. Walking straight to the seat of Julia Bean, she laid her books upon the desk and looking up to the teacher said, "This is my seat. I always sit here."

"Well, I got it first," retorted Julia.

"You knew it was mine," said the girl her angry look riveted on the cringing Julia.

"Will you come this way a moment?" asked the master. "What is your name?" he added, as the girl stood before him.

"Mudge Maguire."

"Would you be willing to take this seat during the opening exercises of the school?" he inquired, pointing to one near him unoccupied.

"Yes, sir!" and Mudge moved her books to the proffered desk. The boys looked significantly at each other, and the girls tittered and giggled in that silly, senseless, unmeaning manner, so peculiar to undisciplined girlhood.

Upon inquiring, Julia Bean said she only took the seat to plague Mudge, and readily relinquished it.

But when the teacher told Mudge she could have her seat, she replied, "I'd rather sit here." Ray Gordon didn't see fit to interfere with this expression of her wishes.

From that moment Mudge was a study to the young master. She never answered a question the way he expected and yet her answers were full of direct and specific meaning, bearing expressly upon the question proposed. No lesson seemed too difficult for her. There was no problem on the pages of her arithmetic that she could not solve; no explanation that she did not readily understand. Ray seldom saw her study and at first never expected her to have her lessons. But she never failed to know them. She was generally idle, but apparently absorbed in thought, her face turned toward an adjacent window, dreamily looking out upon the desolate landscape to the snowy hills far beyond. Then withdrawing her gaze from the cold, bleak moor lands, she often leaned her head upon her hand and over her partially closed eyes the long lashes fell and lay upon her cheek like sunset upon a bed of lilies. Frequently her face lighted up with a peculiar brilliancy and beauty, but quickly changed to a look of defiance and gradually melted away into an expression of stolid indifference. Once Ray had overtaken her on her way from school where the melting snow and ice had formed a slush in the street, deeper than Mudge's low overshoes. He threw a narrow strip of board over the newly formed ravine and held her by the arm as she walked across. "Thank you," she said, without raising her eyes, and strode rapidly on toward home.

Occasionally the master had volunteered some remark to her at the close of school, but he was usually answered with peculiar brevity, indicating her mental habit of employing no useless words.

Mudge was evidently no favorite with the other scholars. Each seemed to feel her intellectual superiority and to keep aloof from her. She in turn sought little companionship with them unless to assert some right which she individually claimed and which the boys seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in depriving her of—apparently to enjoy her rising indignation, her flashing eyes and the laconic vehemence with which she asserted her claims. If in any way one among the scholars was in trouble, Mudge was the comforter. If one was downtrodden or imposed upon, she was the defendant. If any one had difficulty in surmounting the lesson assigned, Mudge was at hand ready to define, explain and help to remove every obstacle in the way of success. This accomplished, and she suddenly disappeared. She usually joined the weaker side, because that side needed her aid. But unless she could bring that aid to bear specifically upon that contest, she kept away from all dissensions. The girl seemed to possess that peculiarity of disposition which scorns another's praises, and was, apparently, equally indifferent to approval or censure.

"Mudge is no ordinary child," Ray often thought, "but I cannot fathom her."

Such an acknowledgement the young student was not in the habit of making to himself, for his mental caliber was of that character which seldom relinquishes what is once undertaken.

III.

Ray Gordon did not return to *Quaine* after Mudge left him. He sat down thoughtfully before the fire he had kindled and silently gazed into the flames leaping up "the great throat of the chimney," and bringing out in bold contour his homely surroundings. Suddenly he started, went to the uncurtained window and looked out. Down the street he saw Mudge hastening along the untrodden path and covered with falling snow. He watched her until she appeared a mere speck in the distance and then turned away, self-accused that he had not gone with her this stormy night on her return from her friendly mission.

At first Ray scorned the idea of giving any thought to her warning. "Can tell what to do when the time comes," he muttered. "Wonder if Mudge has got home. Those villainous boys are forever prowling around the streets nights." His great coat is hurriedly snatched from its peg in the corner, a slouched hat pulled over his ears and he is making new footprints in the falling snow.

He follows hurriedly on until he sees Mudge enter a low-roofed cottage. "Here's where I live," she had once told him in passing. Further on is the little red schoolhouse. He sees a dim light from one window. Curiosity invites him towards it. As he approaches he finds the blinds to every other window closed, and then he remembers that this one has no blind. Stepping aside from the path, he easily looks within where he sees the "big boys" gathered around the rusty stove, their faces flushed with heat and excitement, and evidently intent on mischief.

"After all, I'd better heed Mudge's warning," he soliloquised, nervously handling a bunch of keys in the depths of his trousers pocket. "Brave girl! and I never even thanked her for her pains-taking solicitude. Humph! That was an ill-timed bit of sarcasm I aimed at her. The steel had better have remained in its scabbard. But how she received it! Those eyes actually challenged a second thrust."

"Well, here I am," he continued upon reaching the schoolhouse door. To his surprise he found it unlocked and the key on the outside. With that rapidity of thought which instantly measures the situation and provides for its casualties he slipped it into his coat pocket and from his own bunch of keys tried one he had accidentally brought with him from his room at college. It entered the lock, but failed to project the bolt.

"They may lock me out if they can," he said as he walked rapidly away.

Having reached his own room, he had just extinguished the light when he heard Abiel Senior enter the house and with him Jim Mallows, "the boy that builds the fires."

"Never had any trouble in locking that door before," said Jim.

"Well, you go early to build the fire—nobody'll git into the schoolhouse to-night you know, and in the mornin' that key'll lock it." Such was Abiel Senior's advice. "Ye see," he continued, "when I made the fire we had two keys, 'cause the master, he wanted one. But Gordon never said anything about a key and so I kept this one. It won't make no difference which key you use."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you. I shouldn't care, only you see the boys would be mad enough to-morrow mornin' if I'd fixed the door so they couldn't lock him out. The keys don't look much alike," continued Jim, evidently comparing the two."

"They never was alike," said Abiel Senior. "But this one'll unlock the door Jim; I'll warrant you that."

"I'm purty likely to get it," said Jim, with a chuckle. "I sh'd felt purty mean to've broken the thing up."

"He, he, he!" laughed Abiel. "I guess he'll feel purty mean ter-morrow mornin'." This was said in a half whisper, but more audible than vocal sounds from ordinary throats.

Abiel Senior worked at the forge. Indeed, he was patterned after Vulcan—lame from birth. Whether he was handed over to the ocean nymphs by his disappointed parents, the chronicles fail to relate. But it is certain he never reached Olympus. And although deft with hammer and tongs, he excelled in none of the arts beyond crane hooks and horseshoeing. Like his illustrious predecessor, he was strong and muscular, with a voice unsubdued by the noise of the anvil and altogether unconquerable by any human means within the limits of Wendham. Abiel Junior received by inheritance the full benefit of his father's improved organization. His whisper was like the distant roar of a cataract. His arm possessed a Herculean strength.

Soon the master heard the fire-builder's retreating step, as he walked away from the house. He fell asleep and dreamed of—Mudge.

IV.

In her chariot of crimson and gold, Aurora rode through the eastern sky, and putting back the curtains of night, disclosed the pure blue of heaven, undimmed by even a passing cloud. The air was clear and invigorating; the earth covered with its mantle of snow, white and pure as an angel's robe. It was February 22d, the anniversary of Washington's birth, but as yet, it had not pleased the *patres* to proclaim it a holiday throughout the land.

Ray Gordon drank his cup of coffee and ate his fried pork and potatoes in silence. There were times when he looked upon his present manner of

life with fixed aversion. Not so, however, this morning! The novelty of the situation was a spur to his youthful love of adventure and a desirable change from the dullness of daily school routine. He was young, ambitious, enthusiastic. To push contingencies was inspiring.

Abiel Junior swallowed his breakfast something after the fashion of a half-fledged chicken when seizing the young grasshopper from the clucking mother hen, and hurried away toward the schoolhouse. Abiel Senior was unusually talkative. A superabundance of oxygen in the air could scarcely have given him greater exhilaration of spirits. He was evidently in good humor with himself and all the world besides.

When the schoolmaster left the house, Mr. Stevens followed him to the door. "Won't be back till dinner time, spouse," he said, with a half smothered chuckle.

"At ten minutes past twelve precisely," said Ray walking hurriedly away.

"Wonder what the feller'll do," said Abiel to himself, with a hearty laugh. "He may be glad to get back before twelve."

After a few moments consideration Abiel concluded to follow him at a distance, and stop in the neighborhood of the schoolhouse that he might see "what the feller'd do."

Ray passed along the street with a firm step. A smile of assured triumph might be discerned beneath his mustache, while his clear gray eye showed a will that brooked no defeat. Although without fear, he was keenly alive to the annoyance which the boy's plans would have subjected him to, had it not been for the faithful Mudge.

As Ray approached the schoolhouse he saw that there were no scholars as usual around the building. The house was entered by two doors—one for the boys, the other for the girls. The latter fastened with a bolt inside. To the boy's door the master held the key. Up the road he saw a small gathering of roughs—former pupils of the school, and as he turned a corner in approaching the house, he discerned at a short distance down the street the muscular form of Abiel Senior, limping over the snow, in the tracks he himself had made, with a neighbor on either side.

Ray walked up to the schoolhouse with a firm step, took the key from his pocket, unlocked the door and entered just in time to hear Mudge say in clear ringing tones: "You've no right to fasten the teacher out and I will unbolt that door."

She stood with firm, compressed lips, her hair put back from her forehead and her hand thrown out to ward off the boys who were endeavoring to keep her from drawing the bolt to the girl's door. The tapering fingers were delicate and dimpled and as her sleeve fell back from the white wrist, Ray saw it was encircled with a narrow bracelet of curious workmanship, fastened with a small clasp of gold.

The boys who were hedging up the way to the

door were facing the master. Had Hamlet's ghost appeared among them they could not have been more surprised, for they supposed the teacher effectually locked out. Their arms fell; they looked at each other, thrust their hands into their pockets and retired from the contest.

Mudge instinctively turned round and met the eye of the master fixed upon her as he stopped for a moment to brush the snow from his feet. With a look of mingled pleasure, surprise and mortification, she hurried away to her seat. The excitement had flushed her face. Her eyes were cast down, and the long lashes fell upon the burning cheek. One graceful hand lay upon the desk; the white fingers of the other clasped a small gold cross that hung among the buttons fastening her sacque of soft blue cashmere which contrasted somewhat uniquely with the coarse gown underneath.

The master took off his coat, paused a moment at the rough, rusty stove, roaring as if a veritable Enceladus pent up between its rectangular sides were raging to be free, then walking to the desk on the further side of the room, leisurely removed his overshoes and proceeded to take his books from the rude drawer appropriated to his use. Those arranged, he looked at his watch and turning to the fire-builder said in a cheerful tone: "Well James, you've built us a fire in good season this cold day. it must be comfortable in all parts of the room. I couldn't have said this every morning."

A moment after he rang the bell, the signal for all to be in their seats. The boys who had gathered about the stove looked significantly at each other. The master busied himself with the articles in his drawer, placed his hat and overcoat on one end of the bench which answered the purpose of a chair behind his desk and otherwise occupied the time without appearing to notice their movements, until at length two of the largest boys, with surly faces, started for their seats, and just as a flock of sheep will leap walls and fences, climb the roughest mountains and endure untold fatigue to follow a well-known leader, so the other boys followed the bigger ones and soon the heated stove was left on all sides to the glare of the sun-lighted room.

During the entire morning an unusual silence pervaded the school. Mudge sat motionless as a statue for nearly an hour; then bowing her head upon the desk, she remained for a long time with her face concealed from sight.

Ray Gordon was not elated at the result of the plot. He knew that it was through no foresight of his that it was defeated and it was a humiliating thought that he could not surmount an outbreak in the school without the help of one of its members. Moreover, he knew the boys were not subdued and probably only waited for an opportunity to mature some other plan equally disastrous. He did not consider it prudent to turn them out either at noon or recess with opportunity for consideration and future plotting. He could resort to no severe

measures, for they must never know their plan had been revealed to him. "The iron hand must draw on a velvet glove," he said mentally, in thinking the matter over, while the classes were reading, writing and reciting their various lessons.

"The scholars may close their books," announced the master when the hour had come for the morning recess.

The boys looked at each other with meaningful glances. They evidently expected their unworthy designs had been discovered and were about to be met with merited reproof or punishment.

"It is a splendid day continued Ray, when the school was quiet and ready for his suggestions—he never made any when it was not—the sleighing is good and I want a sleigh ride. How many are in for one to night?"

Hands flew up like skyrocket, the two "big fellows" alone withholding such expressions of their wishes.

"I would like all the school to go; can get three teams myself, I think, but that will hardly take the whole school. Perhaps one of the scholars can provide a team," he added, after a moment's silence.

Ray knew that Joe Hinkley, one of the "big fellows," had a spirited horse and a sleigh at his command and that he was always glad to make a display of them. The master hoped he would offer his team for the night. But Joe was silent.

"Father will let you have his horse and sleigh, I know he will," said little Mary Deems, the only child of Dr. Deems, and always ready to share her pleasures with those about her.

Mudge raised her head from the desk and turning her dewy eyes towards the little Mary, gave her an approving smile, which the sweet child returned, dividing her pretty, loving glances between Mudge and the master.

"Oh, thank you, Mary. I'll call and see him about it if you think so," said Ray. "That will make four teams and I can find another somewhere."

Joe Hinkley began to fear lest he should lose an opportunity for showing off his handsome gray, and in a half sullen way said: "My horse can go."

For more reasons than one, this was the very thing Ray had wished and he quickly replied: "I remember seeing you drive a fine horse—a spirited gray. If you'll take him, we shall be all right."

"I s'pose you can have father's horse," said Will Butler, not wishing to be outdone by Joe.

"Then we are all provided for," said Ray turning towards the girls who were listening with eager expectation.

"We shall have to plan a little about the number to go in each sleigh. If the scholars will allow me to make the nomination, I'll appoint Will Butler, Joe Hinkley and Abiel Stevens a committee of arrangements. Those in favor, please say 'ay'."

A shout rang through the room. One voice alone was silent.

"We must close school early at noon," he added taking out his watch, "that the committee may have plenty of time for consultation. Those in favor of giving up recess and having ten minutes more for the nooning may raise the hand."

That question being quickly decided, Ray continued: "We'll try and close school an hour earlier to-night if every scholar will be in his seat promptly after dinner."

As soon as school was dismissed Ray hastened to the committee he had appointed and they engaged to be back in half an hour to make with the teacher whatever arrangements might be necessary for the ride.

Ray reached his boarding house at precisely ten minutes past twelve. As he stepped into the other room, which served the purpose of dining room, kitchen and parlor, he saw the Abiels in one corner engaged in close conversation, and was just in time to hear the younger reply somewhat surlily, "I don't know how he got in and I don't care."

Ray ate his dinner, amused at the disappointed look upon Abiel the elder's face. The old are less elastic than the young. Although Mr Stevens liked the schoolmaster and had never had any differences with him, but on the contrary, they had always been on the most friendly terms, still he had a passion for a certain kind of warfare. There was that in his nature which had a ticklish liking for a fight. He did not mean the master any harm, but he knew what the boys were up to and wanted to see the fun go on. When he found them defeated in a quiet way, he felt as tame as a Chanticleer who had lost his tallest feathers.

Abiel Junior, on the contrary, had cast away the past and was full of the sleigh ride which promised fun and a good time generally.

V.

Ray Gordon possessed too little of the true teacher's spirit to anticipate much under any circumstances, from a ride with his pupils. But the buffoonry by which the Wendham scholars were most effectually entertained, was extremely odious to him. Moreover, there was a principle within that led the young master's endeavors in the direction of higher and and better things, difficult however to be attained among this undisciplined people. Nevertheless, one sweet ray of hope broke in upon his dim expectations for the coming night. He might be near Mudge and tell her of his gratitude for what she had done for him; hear the sweet tones of her voice, always soft and low, when she was undisturbed by conceived wrongs; call out her original replies, peculiar, quaint and suggestive. Perhaps he might occasionally draw the buffalo robes about her, and in various ways administer to her comfort and to the enjoyment of the evening. Ray was hardly conscious of such anticipations as these. Of one thing however, he was conscious and especially certain, that in some way, if no opportunity should offer for doing it directly, he would convince Mudge of his appreciation of her timely solicitude in his behalf.

With this determination uppermost in his mind, Ray reached the schoolhouse to find the scholars promptly assembled for the evening ride. But Mudge was not among them.

"Let her stay at home if she wants to," said Joe Hinkley. "She never does anything like other folks."

"I know she'll come," was the assurance of little Mary Deems.

Mudge had put her arms around Mary as they left the schoolroom and whispered "Can I go in your sleigh Mary?" And when the child eagerly assented Mudge kissed her cheek and then hurried away.

But the hour arrived when they were to start and still no Mudge appeared. Ray Gordon was disappointed.

Alas! the beautiful moonlight that looked upon happy school girls tucked away in robes of fur, shone upon the pale face of Mudge in her low attic, where she had crouched down, disheartened and wretched cherishing in her young breast the spirit of defiance alternating with apathy and despair.

She had gone to the master upon the impulse of the moment, to warn him of the plot formed against him, nor did she think of anything wrong on her part, nor of gratitude on his. But the penalty imposed had ignited latent fires. There was wild turmoil in her heart. She knew not the cause. She could not know, much less understand that her life had been battered and beaten until hope was crushed out and every good purpose clouded with distrust and opprobrium. She knew not the sweet home where children caressed and loved, are guarded from every debasing influence, and watched over lest some little sorrow should for a day shut out the sunshine from childhood. The holy mother love that takes the little one from the cradle to nourish it in fostering arms, and bear it on, sheltered alike from error and grief was unknown to Mudge. She had seen children unlike herself—peaceful, trustful, happy children, but her conclusion ever was: "They're good children, not bad like me."

Let a child be told every hour that she is the worst girl in the world and she'll come to believe it. A don't care spirit takes possession of her. She will even seem to delight in evil, instinctively maintaining the reputation she has acquired. Mudge had sometimes presumed to yield to the better impulses of her nature, only to be repulsed and laughed at, until she had locked her heart jewels within herself, and Mudge kept the key.

The mother had not the keen vision that could look into the great mental and moral store house of her child. She knew not how to draw the bolt, nor had she the mental acumen to comprehend and appreciate the value of what it contained. Her chief energies seemed to lie in the direction of warfare—her chief anxiety lest the child would get the upper hand—her unceasing edict: "Mudge you shall mind me."

That this command might be effectual, she often resorted not only to threats, but to severe punish-

ments and such tyrannical measures as only resulted in rendering Mudge the more obstinate and determined to rebel whenever an opportunity presented itself

An ordinary child might have come to obey from fear, nor dare do otherwise. But to Mudge cringing fear was unknown. Naturally intrepid, her mother's training had led her to dare anything, to do anything in order to escape arbitrary measures instituted against her, and as the mother's invectives put the case, "to have her own way."

Often a fine line divides right and wrong. Some are so constituted as to distinguish it when altogether invisible to others. This faculty was Mudge's safeguard. She insisted upon the right and nothing

could deter her from defending it. Instinctively rebellious towards unjust measures when arrayed against herself, she nevertheless acknowledged instinctively the divine right of parental authority, and an influence from within often controlled her, when the mother's threats were altogether unavailing. The child instinct was strong in her breast, and in her lonely sadness she often yearned for the outpouring of the precious mother love.

To Mudge, wrong was less distinctly defined than right. Her mental capacity seemed unable to grasp it in all its various bearings upon human existence. She seemed to look upon it as a distinct personality, embodied in Mudge Maguire.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

(*To be continued*)

TWO IDLE EYES.

Two idle eyes, where soft romance,
Shows in each sudden, girlish glance,
Are looking straight at me, and stir
The sentimental messenger
To string his bow and set his lance.

Down in their depths the love-lights dance
And tease me in a happy trance
Where drowsy Cupids gave me her
To idolize.

Beloved, the wide expanse
Where rhymsters roam, look not askance,
Let some grave doubt bid you infer
These sentimental stanzas were
Inspired by you. They are, perchance,
Two idle lies.

A MEDITATION ON MILK.

When, as sometimes happens, my early morning sleep is interrupted by the rattle of rapidly rolling wheels, and we are still more decidedly awakened by the sudden cessation of the noise, consequent upon the stoppage of the wagon at the gate, then I know that the milkman is going his rounds. I dreamily listen to the clatter of tin containers, and hear his quick business-like step as he approaches the house. There is a pause and I know he is pouring the family allotment of milk into the jug placed ready for him. This is followed by the sound of retreating footsteps, the clash of light metal as the emptied measure is dropped into its resting place, a preparatory jingle of harness, a subdued chirup to the horses, and away rolls the wagon again. Being by this time more disposed for thought than sleep, my mind naturally busies itself in reflections upon the subject of dairies, cows, butter-making and more especially, milk; and my musings shape themselves somewhat as follows; Here is a man who engages to get up at an unholy hour of the night—be it stormy, or clear, dark as Erebus or flooded with moonlight—and deliver for the breakfasts of some

hundreds of his fellow creatures a wagon-load of milk.

To do this he must—primarily—look to his cows to yield him their supplies regularly, and in stated quantities. So it is to the *cow*, that we must look after all instead of the milkman. (How long we do remain babes, unweaned babes at that, only exchanging one kind and source of lacteal nourishment for another throughout our lives). And the cow! She must have her regular, abundant and succulent pasturage or else she fails in her part of the contract. "No grass—no milk"—hence it follows that we get beyond the cow to—go to grass! leaving the animal for the vegetable kingdom—like Nabuchadnezzar of old—to find our food in the fields "like the oxen." (It occurs to me here that a true interpretation of the somewhat puzzling account of the great king's fate may be that he suddenly fell into a state of second childhood—went back to farinacious food and milk). So fresh, green fields rise in view beyond the cow. But how kept fresh and green save by water? And that brings us all, cows, grass, the milk itself resolved into water! Of course this train

thought conjure up a few of the countless jokes about milk and water, and even while I am sleepily chuckling over their half-remembered points, I am suddenly startled into wakefulness by *this* thought: My dairyman guarantees the milk he serves to be unadulterated, unqualified produce of his cows; and what's more to the point, I have every reason to believe he sustains his guarantee.

To think of it! Here we see the honest dairyman having at his command an abundance of water—*pure* water that we are told is nature's best (not "last"—woman was both "last" and "best") gift to man. Clear, cool water, that more than two-thirds of the world's inhabitants find perfectly innocuous—nay beneficial as a beverage; water springing—a clarified crystal column from hundreds of feet below the surface impurities of mother earth! This water—I repeat, the honest man has at his command, and he knows that by adding but a drop as it were to each portion supplied daily to his fifteen hundred customers he can transmute these drops into gold. Imagine the temptation! Call up the image of the dairyman tossing upon a sleepless pillow, after having worried his brain in calculating the cost of his "Jerseys" and "Alderneys," the high price of the feed, the sums needed to pay his milkmen, the other sums constantly going out for repairs to his tinware, harness, (that used on the team that run on my route gave out the other night) and wagons! He sees how many pints, quarts and gallons of milk he must dispose of to make both ends meet, and all the while there is sounding in his ears the musical flow, the gurgling

plash of water! It glides smoothly over the cemented floor of the milk-room, the key to which is hanging yonder! There are the pans of milk immediately above it!—the night is still and quiet. From the sufficiently distant bedroom of his tired helpers comes a subdued sound of snores that tells all is safe in that quarter! And to his fevered brain the rhythmic ripple and drip of the stream shapes itself into the whispered suggestion—"Utilize our liquid wealth! Transmute our diamond-like drops into pearls of price! Supplement the subtle but blind and slow alchemy of nature with the simple, swift combination of the laboratory!"

Increase thy store of milk—from yonder well,
And so increase thy wealth. No one can tell
Thy milk is watered! Who's a better judge
Than thou? 'Dishonest?' pooh! pshaw! fudge!
Dishonest men are those who are detected—
You won't be—*Can't* be, once the change effected.
Your lactometers standing—and your own
Are both so firmly fixed, well tested, and well known
That they will give the lie to any statement
That may be whispered of the creams abatement.

Fancy, I repeat, the fierce struggle between principle and interest going on in the bosom of the distracted dairyman! Put yourself in his place for a moment when you next ask for a little more cream in your coffee, or pour out a goblet of the rich sweet milk he has furnished you, and then you can realize how thankful we should be that the dairies that supply Honolulu with both these are under the control of those who *can* and *do* resist the temptation to give us with our milk—a little water.

C.

TRADITIONS OF THE MEHDI.

BY THE REV. H. O. DWIGHT, OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Oddly enough the Mohammedans are the most stubborn of adventists, looking forward with full assurance of faith to the second coming of Christ. Closely connected with this article of Moslem belief is the doctrine of the Mehdi, who is to prepare the way for the coming of Christ and is to assist him in conquering an evil world. The universal acceptance of this doctrine by all Moslems is the source of the attention now paid in the Moslem world to the claims of any adventurer who calls himself the Mehdi.

Since the fame of the rebel chief of the Soudan has extended to the ends of the earth, it may not be amiss to group together the principal traditions accepted among Moslems as to those last days of the earth of whose approach the coming of the Mehdi is to be a sign.

The Koran forms but a small part of the basis of the Moslem faith. It is explained and extended by a vast array of reputed sayings of the Prophet. These traditional sayings are authenticated by a long chain of evidence, and have among most Moslems equal force with the Koran itself. It is in these traditions that one must look for the full details of

the prophecies by which Moslems are taught to forecast the approach of the end of all things. It is true that the traditions are often conflicting and abound in wonders. A Moslem divine once said to me frankly: "I am ashamed to speak of these things; for when men set about making a religion, they always forget that their work will be criticised." But the traditions are accepted by the masses in Turkey; and he who should openly reject them would be accounted as worse than a blasphemer. The traditions are the main source of the Moslem religion as expounded in Turkey.

Mohammed is reputed to have said that the world was already in its last period when he entered upon his ministry. "Comparing your times with the times of past revelations," he said, "your epoch is the time between mid-afternoon and sunset." The Jews had the morning, the Christians the noon, and to the Moslems was given the perilous period of the decline of light. The duration of the Moslem era is fixed by tradition at more than one thousand, and less than fifteen hundred years.

The signs of the end are to be of gradual develop-

ment. There will be an increase of ignorance among the people. The exposition of the holy law will decline. Doctors of the law will become wicked and oppressive. The people will drink wine. Ignorant men will sit in high places and be accounted wise. The fool and son of a fool will become a ruler of the people, and men will give bribes to be delivered from his wickedness. Men will obey their wives and will disobey their parents. It can be seen that the time of the end cannot be far off if these are its signs. New Yorkers had best look around them as they read among other tokens that "very high houses will be built, and love for musical instruments will increase" in the wicked last days!

There will be so great a scarcity of honest men that every trustworthy man will be famous far and wide, and those who are accounted wise and brilliant will not possess the smallest atom of faith in God. The people will hate, and try to destroy all who speak the truth, and missionaries of Anti-Christ will preach in all the world, lies acceptable to men. Finally, most terrible of all, women will become rebellious, and will begin to put various sorts of curious things on their heads, and will begin to wear tightly-fitting dresses. We may, perhaps, agree with the pious old Moslem, who, long years ago, grouped these "signs" together. "My brethren, the most of these evil customs are already in full vigor among you."

But these lesser tokens only lead up to the greater signs, without which the end of the world will not come. Prominent among these greater signs is the appearance of the Mehdi, or "Guide." He will be of the family of the prophet and his name will be Mohammed, son of Abdulla. He will be a perfect man, full of knowledge, and he will come at a time when there is no longer a Caliph. This provision, by the way, the Soudan Mehdi avoids by declaring that the Turks are not true Mohammedans, and that therefore, their Sultan cannot be recognized as Caliph. The Mehdi will become the center about whom all true believers will be grouped. He will himself believe that which is true in the faith of all religious sects, and all true people of God will be united in him without any sectarian differences. All these people will he will lead to Jesus Christ. For about the same time with the coming of the Mehdi, Moslems believe that *Dejjal* (Anti-Christ) will appear. Some seem to regard him as a beast, but the best authorities among the Turks declare that this *Dejjal* will prove to be a one-eyed Jew from Khorasan. On his forehead will be written the word *Kufir* (blasphemer) in letters which all true believers—and they alone—can read. Seventy thousand Jews will follow after him, and he will go through the whole world, visiting all countries during a space of forty days. It should be remarked, however, that of these forty days the first is to be as long as a year, the second as long as a month, the third as long as a week, and the rest twenty-four hours long. During the time of

this *Dejjal*, Moslems expect that Jesus Christ will descend from Heaven for a period of forty years. He will slay *Dejjal* with a javelin, and then the whole earth will be filled with righteousness. Neither man nor beast will any more know hate, but everywhere happiness and equity will reign. So shall begin the last stage of the earth's existence. Then other great signs and wonders will occur. Gog and Magog will overrun the earth, and by their oppressions of the people of God will usher in the last day. Then they will be miraculously destroyed, and God's true people will be translated in the twinkling of an eye, so as to escape the horrors of the age of fire.

Such is the tradition of the Mehdi and its chronological importance to Moslems. In Turkey, pious souls point out that the demoralization of the people is fully up to the mark that has been foretold. Immorality is rife. Men are crushed for speaking the truth. The one fixed rule of business is fraud. Ignorant men are put in high places. Courts of the Holy Law sell their decrees to the highest bidder. Women are discontented with their state of subjection, and they hate the uncouth envelopes which the law forces upon them in the place of a graceful dress.

The year 1300 of the Moslem era has passed. According to the traditions, the world has less than two hundred years to live, and it is high time for the Mehdi to come. With an eagerness that arises from sincere faith in these prophecies, the Moslems of Turkey watch every obscure man who seems inclined to rise up and become a leader of the people. Any such man they are ready to hail as the Mehdi if they can find for their faith the shadow of an excuse.

There is something pitiful in the sight of these multitudes, conscious of hopeless corruption, so enervated that they have hope of renewal only in a direct intervention of God, and yet so convinced that this intervention can only be through some visible agency, that they are content mutely to drift along just as they are, rather than risk taking steps that might be disapproved by him that is to come. But pitiful as this spectacle is, there is in it much to stir the Christian's heart. The followers of the false prophet are at last arriving at an epoch in their history when they are taught to expect enlightenment through Jesus Christ. Discount, because of their wrong idea of Christ, all we chose from this expectation of the Moslems, allow for their supposition that Christ will come to enforce the Koran upon the nations, remember their firm hope that Christ's first act on earth will be to put to the sword all the Christians of the present day, modify the picture of the faith of these people by all such considerations, and still you have the fact that the waiting millions of Islam believe the time to be drawing near when Jesus shall teach them the truth. To the Christian there is something thrilling in the thought that even now the Moslem nations are anxiously watching for a "guide" to lead them to Christ,—*New York Independent*.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

There are few countries, perhaps none, where the health department forms so large and important a part of the entire administration as in these islands. The scattered population rendering it impossible for qualified practitioners to earn a living income in many of the outer districts without the aid of government subsidies, the peculiar needs of the natives, a large portion of whom are unable to pay the regular professional fees, and especially the imperative demands of the Kalawao settlement, have all combined to raise the expenses of the medical and sanitary administration to a very high figure.

It must be remembered that the carrying on of the settlement at Kalawao, together with the branch hospital at Kakaako involve the almost entire maintenance and support on the part of the government of about one thousand persons. As a consequence of the above mentioned conditions, our expenditure for these purposes bears a higher proportion to the total income and expenditure of the government than is the case with any country of which we have any knowledge.

Though these facts are known in a general way, we scarcely think they are appreciated, even by many who take considerable interest in public affairs. The following figures are presented for the purpose of making the matter more clear, and of bringing it home to the attention of the public.

The total amount appropriated for the various items of the medical administration for the bi-ennial period ending March 31st, 1882, was \$188,500, and this was found inadequate to the requirements of the service. This for a country with an annual income of less than a million dollars, was a very large sum of money, amounting in fact to nearly ten per cent. of the entire national income. Compared with the other departments of the government, the appropriations for the Board of Health were nearly double those for the Judiciary; more than twice as much as for the Board of Education; nearly fifty per cent. more than for the Department of Foreign Affairs, including the regular and volunteer military, band, etc.; and considerably more than the department of Attorney-General, which includes the Marshal, Sheriffs, Deputy Sheriffs and the entire Police of the kingdom. In addition to this, the small-pox epidemic of 1881 involved an expenditure of nearly \$100,000; making a total for health purposes for the two years, of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand dollars. The appropriations for the bi-ennial period ending March 31st, 1884, were \$258,500, or about thirteen per cent. of the entire estimated income of the country. The amount actually expended was \$262,057 06. The estimates for the next two years foot up \$246,060.

We do not complain of these amounts. All of this money and more could be expended for this

purpose and with good results. We merely call attention to the above figures for the purpose of showing how important a branch of the government, even from a money point of view, is the Board of Health and how important it is that it should be in good hands.

In a former number of the MONTHLY we had somewhat to say on the subject of making all the government schools free. At the risk of repeating what many of our readers already know, we will briefly explain the present status of the question.

1st. What are known as the government common schools are all free. These schools are all taught in the Hawaiian language, and are about one hundred and fifteen in number.

2d. In the government schools taught in the English language there is a small tuition fee charged. This, in most instances, is five dollars a year. The total number of these schools is about forty-five, making about one hundred and sixty government schools in all. Three of these pay schools are in Honolulu, viz: Fort Street School, Royal School, and the Girls' School on Punchbowl Street. The charges in these schools are as follows: in the Punchbowl Street School and the Royal School, five dollars a year; and in the Fort Street School, fifty cents a week during school term. At the last annual meeting of the Teachers' Association, a resolution was passed (we believe unanimously) recommending that all the government schools be made free. Although it was understood that the Board of Education had full power in the matter, that body saw fit to refer the question to the legislature and leave the responsibility there. The Committee on Education having had the matter under consideration, the chairman, Mr. Bishop, has reported a bill on the subject, of which the following is a synopsis:

(a). The government common schools taught in the native language are to remain free, as at present.

(b). Outside of this district, the charge in all government schools taught in the English language is limited to five dollars a year.

(c). In the Government schools in this district, taught in the English language, the charge shall not exceed five dollars a year, in those schools where the common school branches *only* are taught. In those schools where the higher branches are taught, fifty cents a week may be charged. The above named charges are at the discretion of the Board of Education. That is to say, they cannot exceed the rates named, but they may be made less or entirely dispensed with, in the discretion of the Board.

(d). Parents sending more than three children to the English common schools shall be exempt from the payment of tuition fees.

(e). Parents sending more than three children to

the higher English schools, such as Fort Street School, shall be exempt from payment, at the discretion of the Board.

(f). Contract laborers not receiving more than twenty dollars a month may send their children to the English common schools free.

(g). School agents throughout the Kingdom may be authorized to remit tuition fees, in whole or in part whenever the parents or guardians are in indigent circumstances, and unable to pay the same.

The points wherein the proposed law is an advance on the present system are :

1st. The fixing of a maximum limit, beyond which the charges for tuition shall not go.

2d. The removal of any doubt which may have existed as to the powers of the Board, and authorizing them distinctly to scale the rates, at their discretion, from the maximum named down to nothing.

3d. The exemptions granted to parents or guardians sending more than three children to school, and

4th. The making of the English common schools free to the children of contract laborers who do not earn over twenty dollars a month.

The theory on which the Act is based is evidently this: that the teaching in the elementary branches, the common school course in other words, should be free, and that everything beyond that should be paid for by those who can afford it. Though we have no disposition to quarrel with this theory, we cannot quite agree with the particular application of it which is made in Mr. Bishop's bill. Admitting that only a common school course should be provided by the government, free of cost, there is still room for some difference of opinion as to what the proper limits of such a course are. We wish simply to raise the question whether anything can be called a good common school education for this country at this time, which does not include instruction in the English language? We are not ignorant of the practical difficulties of teaching English in the small country schools. The increased expense would be great, and cannot be reasonably asked for at the present time. But though it is not practicable to introduce the English language into the common native schools, it is practicable to include at least some of the English common schools in the free list, and we incline strongly to the belief that it should be done.* Meanwhile we welcome Mr. Bishop's bill as a step in the right direction.

There is one important consideration involved in the proposal to make the English common schools free, and that is the revenue which would be sacrificed thereby. The total amount received from tuition fees for the whole kingdom is about twelve thousand dollars a year. Considerably more than one-third; say about forty per cent. of this amount is received from the three Honolulu schools alone. Of these, however, only one, the Fort Street School, is rated by the Board as belonging to the category of those which teach the "higher branches." Outside of Honolulu, we understand there are only two

which are so rated, viz: one at Hilo and one at Lahainaluna. In neither of these two is any charge made for tuition, the pupils contributing a considerable portion of the expense of carrying on the schools by their labor. It will be seen therefore that if all the government English schools, in which according to the rating of the Board, only the common branches are taught, were added to the free list, it would result in a loss of the greater part of the amount now received for tuition fees. This, just now, and with the present financial outlook is a consideration not to be lost sight of. At the same time, the freedom of all the government common schools in both Hawaiian and English is the thing to which we should ultimately come, and toward the attainment of which our efforts should be directed. In case this policy should be adopted, as it undoubtedly will be in the course of time, there is one source from which a part of the loss could be made up. This is by the increase in the number of English schools of a higher grade. This might be accomplished by either opening new schools or by enlarging the course of study in some of the common schools now existing. The latter plan would probably be the most economical. It is also possible that some of the private schools now in operation may be hereafter adopted by the government, and the parties now in charge of them, some of whom we believe to be quite competent, retained as salaried teachers instead of carrying on the schools on their own account as at present. As we have already said, we believe the time is coming, and at no very distant date when all the government common schools will be free.

* Since this article was written, we learn that there are several schools of this kind already in operation.

The nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks appears to be variously regarded here. Our own opinion is that it is a strong one. It is useless to deny that the nomination of Blaine has called out a very sturdy opposition in the Republican ranks, particularly in New York, Massachusetts and some of the other Eastern States. Without the vote of these States the election of Blaine is almost if not quite impossible. The defection of such papers as the *New York Times* and *Evening Post*, the *Springfield Republican* and *Harpers' Weekly* is a fact of grave significance. It is quite certain that this opposition is not in any appreciable degree the result of a feeling of the East against the West. It is not sectional but personal. How far this disaffected element will go in their opposition to the regular nominations; whether they will content themselves with protesting, or will bolt outright and vote the Democratic ticket, is a matter which, so far as can be judged, is dependant largely on the character of the Democratic nominations. It resolves itself mainly into a question of men; the personal character and official record of the candidates. It is true that Mr. Cleveland was never especially prominent until his election as Governor of New York two years ago, and he has no

particular national standing except what he has earned by his action in his present office. It happens, however, that his record as Governor has been very good, and it is this which has secured his nomination. He was nominated, not because the party managers really wanted him, but because above everything else they wanted to succeed. It was calculated that above any other available candidate, he would be the most likely to catch the independent vote which is not firmly attached to either party, and those Republicans whose dissatisfaction with their own candidate might induce them to vote for a Democrat, provided they believed him honest, and capable. How well founded these calculations may be remains to be seen.

We believe Cleveland can carry New York with its thirty-six electoral votes, provided a defection in his own party does not nullify the defection in the ranks of his opponents. Indications of such an event are not wanting. The nomination was bitterly opposed by the Tammany faction, and although John Kelly, who is the boss of that machine, is reported as saying that he will support the ticket, we do not know how much value is to be attached to such a promise. It would be a curious spectacle if the revolt against Blaine by those Republicans who claim that he is not *up* to their standard, should be offset by a revolt of Democrats, due to Cleveland not being *down* to theirs. While Cleveland is expected to draw votes from outside the ranks of his own party, Hendricks is a man who, uniting a fair personal character with considerable ability and large political experience, represents the thorough-paced partisans of his own party, and will be eminently satisfactory to that element, including all the Bourbons and un-reconstructed rebels.

There is food for thought and that of a very serious kind in certain remarks made by Hon. W. O. Smith in discussing the record of the present administration. According to Mr. Smith, the pith and substance of the charges against the ministry is that they have disregarded and disobeyed the law, and the law he proceeds to tell us is our only protection. Respect for and obedience to law, not by some but by all; not by one class, but by all classes; not by those who are governed only, but by those who govern as well, is all that stands between us and anarchy. On one side is an orderly and peaceable society, and on the other, chaos and the rule of the strongest. As Mr. Smith tersely put it: the law is all that keeps kings from being despots, and their subjects from being rebels. Whatever one may think of our present ministry, the aphorism laid down by Mr. Smith is sound. A government "not of men but of laws" is the ideal of all constitutional rule, whether monarchical or republican. It is the end toward which have tended the struggles and sacrifices of our ancestors on both sides of the Atlantic for hundreds of years. The full significance of this idea is something extremely difficult for the Hawaiian mind to grasp. It

is hardly to be expected that the native should grasp it fully. The subjection of his ancestors for untold generations to a personal rule—a government not of laws but of men—has left upon the character of the Hawaiian, and upon his habits of thinking and feeling about such matters, an impress which it will require more than one generation of constitutional rule to efface. We should remember that the native Hawaiian is living under a system of government which he did not devise for himself, and which was not developed from within, as a result of experience or from a sense of need. It was adopted, in good faith doubtless, in accordance with the teachings of those whom he regarded as his friends, and whose superior intelligence he could not fail to recognize. We are willing to believe that there was perfect sincerity and good faith, both on the part of the foreigners who devised and the natives who adopted our present system of government. We will go further and admit that the course pursued was in the main not only wise but necessary. Admitting all this, we must not expect the spirit of the change to be fully comprehended and assimilated by a race who have come so recently and so suddenly from under a system so radically different. Hence we find that although the Hawaiian understands well enough what is meant by right in the moral sense—right as distinguished from wrong—his idea of what we mean by "rights," in the sense in which an American or an Englishman would use that word, is exceedingly vague. His education in this direction will require time. Therefore, we should be patient and not expect too much. When we find natives willing to overlook palpable violations of law or to condone unconstitutional acts on the part of their rulers, we must not assume that they are sinners above all other men, or that such a course on their part involves the same degree of moral obliquity that it would in those of a different race and training. When we see natives willing to have their political course dictated to them by those in power, and making their votes depend apparently upon the bestowal of some little official appointment, we should be charitable enough to remember that they do not sin against as much light as would some of the rest of us, were we to do the same things. But whatever degree of charity we may exercise towards our weaker brothers, the consequences of their acts are none the less disastrous. Their failure to appreciate the value of legal and constitutional guarantees, or the sacredness of their own votes, may entail upon us results fully as unfortunate as though they had the most lively appreciation of these things. As for a remedy, there is none at present except patient persistence on the part of what Mathew Arnold calls the "remnant," the intelligent and appreciative minority, to counteract so far as possible the influence of their less wise and less virtuous fellow citizens; the endeavor by all practicable means to enlighten and train the people up to a proper exercise of their political duties.

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

Only a very few years ago, the bare idea of a decidedly *red dress* would have been scouted as an absurdity. But, when the inconceivable reality took place, people were at first amazed, then the wearer's courage was admired, later on they began to think the idea was certainly a novelty, and at last it was acknowledged, that red was a becoming and useful color, and more practical than the perishable light colors previously worn; in short it happened as with hundreds of other new fashions; people became accustomed to it and Dame Fashion has again carried out her will. That she for the present intends to maintain it, is proved by the many materials in red now to be seen in the good shops. They include stuff, satin, zephyrs, prints, etc., either plain or figured, according to their intended purpose.

The choice fabrics for evening wear are exceedingly delicate and beautiful, and many of the decided novelties resemble the various kinds of bonnet crepe. In some patterns the surface is crinkled, while in others it is smooth, as in the plain Canton crepe. Crepe lisse and crepe du chine are represented in the sheerer tissues, all being more or less covered with large or small floral effects in lovely colors, and again the goods are in exact imitation of the old style crepe shawls, with the same kind of embroidered flowers over the material as used to form the border finish and decorate the shawl corners.

All the summer bonnets are more or less transparent. If of straw the braid is looped and so shows spaces between. There are also very fine gilt wire bonnets, which are semitransparent, and countless bonnets made of jetted net, chenille, dotted gauze and flowered tulle which displays the arrangement of the hair beneath. High square and peak-shaped crowns alone are seen.

The newest linen collars are cut to fit very high, and are fastened close about the throat with a gem-set collar-button of hammered gold.

Pinking is revived this season, and is used both upon cloth and silk. Pinked out ruffles of light silk are frequently covered with additional ruffles of lace.

Cravat bows are not popular now. The narrow collar which finishes off all the high bodices is always fastened by a pretty artistic or fancy brooch.

Red parasols in satin and Turkey twill are still in vogue; these, however, only look well with an entire black toilet, or in some very dark one, in which there is some color relief.

Among the latest designs for evening fans is one with a charming ornament consisting of a bouquet of fresh flowers fastened to the frame. These are placed in a small metal holder which, by means of a spring, holds the stalks of the flowers fast to the fan.

Taste at present seems to incline toward rich material made in great simplicity. The wealthiest

and most fashionable women wear but little trimming on their street costumes; most of these being tailor-made, and altogether perfect in the fit and draping.

Bonnets of scarlet shirred crepe are very fashionable.

The fashionable engagement ring has a row of small sapphires extending one-half way round and on the other side a row of small diamonds. The sapphires are for luck and the diamonds for fidelity.

Whenever fashionable dress is the subject of conversation people always think of the feminine toilet, because masculine attire, since the beginning of the present century, is in a period of stagnation, in which only very trifling changes are visible. Tall hats and frock coats seem to have become permanent institutions, not to be touched or trespassed upon. But in our day, if Paris reports are to be trusted, general progress intends also to re-animate the sphere of *gentlemen's dress*. Certainly for the present there is little occasion to congratulate gentlemen on the same; for instead of something quite new, as might have been expected, it is a very suspicious resumption of the old style, namely the Werther costume, which threatens to become the fashion for gentlemen. At a wedding which lately took place in Paris between the son of a banker in the Chaussee d'Antin and a young lady of the *haute finance*, who brought her husband a fortune of two million francs, the bridegroom wore with black trousers, the celebrated yellow Nankin waistcoat with the corresponding blue coat and silver buttons, two handbreadths shorter than the waistcoat in front, and tails eight inches long behind. The shirt collar stood two and a half inches high behind, and the three shirt studs were as large as a sovereign. To this the long, flat English shoes, grey gaiters, and a round grey hat. A white cravat and white gloves were the only signs of the usual bridegroom's attire.

Thin fancy and self-coloured materials are extremely fashionable for hanging the walls of ladies' sitting, breakfast and dressing-rooms, the furniture being trimmed in accordance, as such draperies are decidedly lighter and more elegant looking for summer than the handsomest paper, and being drawn over thin brass rods attached to the walls at certain distances are easily taken down when required. Some of our first-rate upholsterers are displaying the most lovely Oriental stuffs of bright hues, covered with relief-like designs of flowers, insects and birds. When, however, such materials are employed, the appurtenances of the apartment must either agree with the wall draperies or may be of *cuivre poli*; the effect of the latter is indeed very charming and unique.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

CHARADE.

My first is a very well understood word,
Where bonds, stocks and shares are discussed, I
have heard;
My second's an article common enough
To be known to us all, whether polished or rough:
My third is a negative prefix we add
To take from a word all the meaning it had;
My whole—as majestic as mortals can frame—
Was a beautiful thing, that is now but a name.

ANAGRAMS.—GIRLS' NAMES.

1. Ann C. Coste.
2. Ada Lexnar.

BOYS' NAMES:

1. A. A. Wardec. L. L. D.
2. Col. Seruni.
3. A. R. Anio, M. D.
4. M. Rabert.

DOUBLE WORDS.

1. To a bolt add as many letters of a place of rest
and make it bearded.

2. To a tree add as many letters of a mineral substance, and make upon the land.
3. To an animal add as many letters of not a large number, and make evening.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

STUDY OF THE POETS.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Mrs. Hemans. | 3. Tennyson. |
| 2. Dickens. | 4. Longfellow. |
| 5. Scott. | |

ONE WORD ANAGRAMS.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Telegraphs. | 2. Authoress. |
|----------------|---------------|

DECAPITATIONS.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Griddle—riddle. | 4. Member—ember. |
| 2. Dram—ram. | 5. Frisky—risky. |
| 3. Beagle—eagle. | 6. Dapple—apple. |

CHARADE.

Moon—seed.

WHIMSICALITIES.

—Miss Edith: "And are you really an American, Mr. Fitzmaurice?" Fitzmaurice (delighted): "Aw, yes, I assure you." Miss Edith: "Then you are not an Englishman just arrived?" Fitzmaurice (more delighted): "Pon honah, no. I am a New Yokah. But—aw—why did you think I was—aw—from deah old England, y'know?" Miss Edith: "Well, to be frank, I thought you must be. You seemed so green about everything in this country."

—Here is how a heroic summer girl made a sacrifice:

"Arabella, you do not doubt my love?"

"No, Alphonso; why should I?"

"Listen, then; I have taken a solemn vow, and you must aid me in its fulfillment."

"With my life! What is it?"

"I have solemnly sworn to eat no ice cream this season, Arabella."

"Ah, Alphonso, you shall not find me lacking in courage. I will aid you to keep your vow. I will eat it for both of us."

—Good Samaritan (to friend with "hot coppers"):
"What's the matter, old chappie?" Sufferer: "Oh, my dear boy, my brain is on fire! What would you advise me to do?" G. S.: "Well, if your brains are on fire, if I were you, I should, er—blow them out!"

—American tourist in gallery of Art: "I say, John, we havn't got but twenty minutes to go through this thing before the train starts. You take

one side and I'll take the other and we'll do it up in good style."

—The small boy who hangs round the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.

Two nymphs named Luck and Ill-luck wished to know which of them was more beautiful than the other, so they went to a fox who lived in a wood and asked him for his opinion. He said "I can give no opinion unless you walk to and fro for a while." So they did as he required. Quoth the fox to Luck, "Madame, you are indeed charming, when you come in." Quoth he to Ill-luck, "Madame your gracefulness is simply inimitable when you go out."

When Eve was brought unto Adam, he did not style her wife, but simply mother—mother of all living creatures. In this consists the glory and the most precious ornament of women.

Prudery is the caricature of modesty.—*Lingree.*

Poverty is the sixth sense.—*German Proverb.*

No one is happy unless he respects himself.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.—*Balthasar Gracian.*

Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Life, like the waters of the seas, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.—*Richter.*

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THE

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DEVOTED TO

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SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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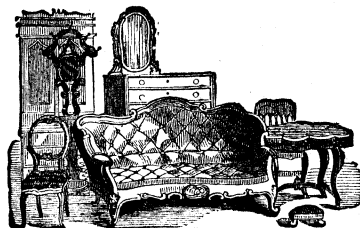
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THE HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

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THE VOLCANIC PROBLEM.

BY CAPT. C. E. DUTTON, U. S. A.

The following clear and compact discussion of the causes of volcanic phenomena is from the report on Hawaiian volcanoes, prepared by Capt. Dutton for the United States Government.

We may now proceed to gather together the various facts which we have observed in our study of Mauna Loa and Kilauea, and scrutinize them with a view to ascertaining whether they shed any new light, however feeble, upon the dark problem of the volcano. Indeed, nature presents us with no problem more difficult or inscrutable. We may not hope for much new light, but even though we gain but a very little, it may serve to keep alive the hope of an ultimate solution.

Let us note, in the first place, that a volcano is a heat problem, and the final solution to be sought is an explanation of the origin of this heat and its modes of action. It has been habitual with many investigators to attribute volcanic heat to the remains or residue of an enormous amount of it contained in the terrestrial globe at some former remote epoch in the history of its physical evolution. They regard the earth as once uniformly heated to an extreme temperature, and gradually dissipating its heat throughout the ages by a conduction through its crust and radiation in space. The views generally entertained in the early part of the present century implied an interior in a state of universal liquid fusion. This view, however, has been most vigorously assailed by several of the most accomplished philosophers of the present century, notably Hopkins, Sir William Thomson, and George Darwin; who have brought forward strong arguments based upon the profoundest mechanical analyses to show that the interior must be solid or, at all events, rigid. Equally forcible reasons have been advanced by others for believing that a considerable part of the subterranean horizons of the earth must be, at least plastic and capable of yielding plastically to unequal strains. These latter arguments rest upon the unquestionable fact that the rocky strata present

the clearest evidence of plastic deformation, and that the unquestionable oscillations of level in different portions of the earth's land areas, the progressive uplifting of mountain ranges, and the plication of the strata could never have occurred unless the superficial portions rested upon plastic foundations. The conclusions derived from abstract mechanics are apparently diametrically opposed to those derived from geological observation, and it is not competent at present either for the physicist or for the geologist to set aside each other's arguments. The question must be regarded for the time being as in abeyance. Whatever ground may be taken, therefore, upon this speculative question must be taken tentatively or as a mere hypothesis. But in the following discussion the few and very limited considerations which I intend to bring up will be, in a great measure, independent of either of these antagonistic views and may be agreeable to either. In a word, I do not perceive that they will be materially affected whether we regard the earth's interior as solid or liquid, provided, however, that in case it be regarded as liquid, the underlying magmas be considered as having a greater density than the overlying shell which rests or floats upon them.

Among the various speculations which have been put forth to account for volcanic action there are one or two which it may be profitable to notice briefly here. It has been suggested by many writers that the penetration of water into the seat of the internal fires might afford the desired explanation. It has long been known that when the lavas reach the surface, they bring up with them great quantities of water, which are given off at the moment of eruption as steam. The expansive force of the vapor of water at temperatures so high as those of the lavas must indeed be enormous. But it is necessary to remember here that the access of cold water would necessarily have the effect of greatly reducing the temperature of the heated masses. And unless the deeply-seated lavas were originally heated far above their melting point, the water would probably so-

lidify them and render them incapable of eruption. Still this view is conceivable, though it brings up many difficulties. It would require a most extreme temperature for the eruptive masses to enable them not only to preserve their liquidity up to the moment of extravasation but also to impart a very considerable proportion of their total heat to the penetrating water.

It has also been objected that there is great difficulty in understanding how the surface waters could penetrate into regions of such high temperature. Water cannot exist in a liquid form at a temperature above what is called the "critical point." There is some temperature (at present theoretical, but probably about 772° F. or 412° C.) above which water can exist only in the state of vapor. If, therefore, the surface water does really penetrate to the seat of internal fires, it should be vaporized long before reaching them; for the heat increases, no doubt, very gradually with the depth. And when the water reaches the seat of the lavas it presumably reaches it in the form of vapor. Now, the penetration of vapors in solids and liquids is a matter of the commonest observation. Every soda fountain or bottle of champagne, every flask of aqua ammonia or commercial hydrochloric acid is an example of it. But it may be urged that while water will hold large quantities of carbonic acid or ammonia at a low temperature, these gases are expelled forcibly by simply boiling, and that a liquid in a hot state will occlude gases which it readily takes up when cold. This is true in some cases but not in others. Melted silver will absorb considerable quantities of oxygen, and even melted steel at a milk-white heat holds large bodies of hydrogen or carbonic oxide. But we need not resort to mere analogies. A glance at any fragment of pahoehoe tells the story so far as concerns the Hawaiian lavas. These vesicles were formed by the sudden exclusion of the watery vapor in the act of solidification. The vapor was firmly held in the lava while liquid. Before me as I write is a fragment taken at Hilo from the end of the flow of 1881, and it is a mass of such vesicles. It had run nearly fifty miles from the vent, and must have been many hours, perhaps days, on the way, and had plenty of time to expel all the water it contained if intense heat alone could have caused it to do so. No doubt it lost much vapor as it reached the surface, but much also remained up to the final moment of solidification.

That the vapor of water may penetrate to the internal fires and enter the lava-magmas and be retained by them is, therefore, quite consistent with what we know of the properties of matter in general and of the properties of lava in particular. It may pass the upper rocks as liquid water through the cracks and fissures, though at lower depths such cracks cannot exist. But the vapor of water may easily pass, not only through pores, but, under great stratal pressure, may pass readily even between the molecules of rock-forming materials.

But does the mechanism thus supposed supply all the requisites of volcanic action? By no means. A volcanic eruption is always attended with extensive manifestations of some great elastic force within the earth. The Hawaiian volcanoes certainly exhibit relatively less of this force than any other known volcanoes, but still they exhibit a great deal of it, and enough to assure us that it is quite as essential to their action as it is to Vesuvius or Coseguina. It might seem at first as if the absorption of a large quantity of water by the lava and its conversion into white-hot steam would furnish this elastic force in great abundance. But this is a crude and erroneous way of putting the case. We must dismiss from our minds the idea of cold water coming into sudden contact with intensely hot matter and exploding into steam. We must adopt in place of it the notion of a gas being gradually absorbed by a liquid. The amount of gas which the liquid can absorb will depend on three things: first, the temperature of the liquid; second, the pressure or tension of the gas; and third, the natural capacity of the liquid for such absorption. When the liquid is saturated the absorption ceases. There is no tendency whatever to explode or erupt so long as the pressure and temperature remain constant. The mass is then in stable equilibrium. But if the pressure is reduced or the temperature raised, then an elastic force is at once developed, and a portion of the gas is given off, or may even escape violently. The access of the vapor of water to hot lava within the earth could not (by any known laws or properties of matter) produce a volcano unless followed by increased temperature in the lava or by diminished pressure.

But can any cause be suggested which can produce the required increase of temperature or the alternative decrease of pressure? As regards the former alternative the following suggestion may be offered.* The supposed access of vapor of water would presumably have the effect at first of cooling somewhat the lava which absorbs it. This would in turn increase its capacity for absorption—enable it to absorb more than if its temperature remained constant. But to this there would soon be a limit. Afterwards it may be supposed that the lost temperature is partially or almost wholly restored by the conduction of heat upwards from hotter regions at lower levels. This mechanism looks so plausible and gives such fair promises of a working hypothesis that it is worth while to scrutinize it rather closely.

Stated as briefly as possible the mechanism is supposed to be as follows: Water penetrates the rocks. The deeper the rocks are situated the hotter they are. When the water has penetrated to depths

* The decrease of pressure as a cause of eruptions may be promptly dismissed. We know of no such cause and have no reason to believe in any. If it be suggested that the opening of a fissure may give the required relief, the reply is that this is putting the cart before the horse. Eruptions cause fissures—not fissures eruptions. No doubt the fissures are concomitants of eruptions, and very likely necessary ones; but they are effects and not causes.

where the temperature is about 774° F., or 412° C., it is vaporized, no matter how great the pressure may be. As a vapor it penetrates still deeper, cooling somewhat the rocks through which it passes. At length it reaches the seat of the lavas. Its first effect is to cool them a little and increase their power of absorbing water-vapor. But at length they become saturated with vapor and the penetration comes to a standstill. A reverse process now sets in. Heat is conducted upwards from hotter depths below to restore the lost temperature. And when it is restored the water-charged lava is in an elastic explosive condition. This hypothesis might be supported by many facts and considerations, but it can be antagonized strongly by others. Let us first look at some of those which appear to sustain it.

We cannot pursue the examination of them very far nor in great detail, for the discussion would become interminable, and we must limit it to the most general considerations. The mechanism proposed suggests in some few respects the action of geysers. For the action of geysers we have a most satisfactory—indeed we may say in most respects a perfect theory. In both the volcano and the geyser cold water is supposed to sink from the surface into heated rocks. It leaves the surface as an inert, passive liquid, and, taking up heat, is converted in the depths into an elastic and explosive gas. Its elastic expansion ejects it again to the surface, carrying with it in the one case the unvaporized water, in the other the melted lavas in which the gas is occluded. In both cases the eruptions are periodic. The periodicity of the volcano requires as many years as the geyser requires hours; but the difference is perhaps no greater than might be expected from the differences in the masses involved and in the respective rates at which the water penetrates. The geyser lives, moreover, but a few centuries, but the volcano lives, often, hundreds and perhaps thousands of centuries. In both there is an epoch at which the eruptions begin; they repeat themselves with increasing power until a climax is reached; they decline in vigor and finally cease forever. The causes which set them at work we can but vaguely conjecture; the cause which ends their action is presumably the exhaustion or depletion of the adequate supply of heat. But there are differences between the geyser and the supposed volcano which are radical. The comparison is a partial analogy and still more partial homology. First and foremost is the fact that water in the geyser reaches bottom in the liquid form, while in the supposed volcano it reaches bottom as a gas, and the difference is vital. There is another distinction of radical importance which will be adverted to a little further on.

To whatsoever extent the geyser may be regarded as homologous with the volcano, the theory of the former may be considered as lending support to the hypothesis here discussed. In general this hypothesis fulfills some of the primary conditions which

modern science demands should be met before a volcanic theory can claim acceptance. It meets in some measure the requirements that the subject shall be treated as a heat problem. It explains seemingly how lava-forming material within the earth may undergo a change by the access of agencies acting from without; how materials which antecedently are inert, passive, and incapable of volcanic eruption may become active, dynamical, eruptible. Nor can this last requirement be too strongly insisted upon. It is as certain as anything can be that the lavas just outpoured had not lain within the earth from the very beginning of its history and for all time chock-full of energy and only waiting a convenient season to explode. They had remained there inert until some recent cause acted upon them and made them energetic.

Let us now examine some of the objections which may be raised against this hypothesis. We shall find them to be many and serious.

1. The penetration of water-vapor to the seat of the internal fires may be regarded as on the whole not only in accordance with the known properties of matter, but as rather probable in itself. It is a special case of a class of phenomena termed "the diffusion of gases." It is a physical process, the laws of which have been investigated by the profoundest physicists, and of which something is known and much more is unknown. As applied to the volcano, however, the following difficulty suggests itself. The hypothesis argues that the first effect of the penetrating vapor is to cool the lava, and that the heat is subsequently restored from below. The cooling is quite necessary to the argument. Otherwise there could be no subsequent reheating. The penetration would go on until the natural capacity of the lava was satisfied, and then cease without generating an explosive tendency. The absorption of gases by solids or liquids up to saturation does not in any known instance render them explosive or elastic so long as the temperature and pressure are constant. But they become so the moment the temperature is raised or the surrounding pressure lowered. According to the hypothesis it is the reheating which is the proximate cause of the eruption. And the preliminary cooling is essential to the subsequent reheating. But the question now arises, How great might this cooling be? The answer is that it would probably be exceedingly small. The increase of temperature downwards within the earth is very gradual. As the vapors descend, their temperature along their path is probably in no case much lower than that of the rocks with which they are for the moment in contact. And when they reach the lavas they would presumably be very nearly as hot as the lavas themselves, and therefore incapable of cooling them appreciably. Here is another difference between the geyser and the supposed volcano. In the geyser a large body of cold water is quickly poured into a hot, empty tube, filling it completely in a few minutes, or at

most in an hour or two. In the supposed volcano the water is vaporized on its way, and is very nearly as hot as the lavas themselves when it reaches them. The sudden access of a large body of cold water to hot lava within the earth through cracks and fissures is a supposition which cannot be sustained for a moment. We have every reason to believe that over the entire earth the rocks at the depth of, say, eight or ten miles are at a red heat. At such a temperature all known siliceous compounds are more or less viscous, and at such a depth the statical pressure of the superincumbent rocks is so enormous that a cavity or fissure, however small, would be closed instantly, and with as much certainty as if its walls were wax or butter.

2. The quantity of heat given off by volcanoes is enormous. It is also probable that Kilauea gives off more than any other known volcano, with the possible, though by no means certain exception of Mauna Loa. Within the last sixty or seventy years Kilauea has given only two general and great eruptions (1822 and 1840). These rivaled the eruptions of Mauna Loa in magnitude. But the heat brought up and dissipated by the lavas is only a small fraction of what is dissipated from the caldera. Two lakes of livid fire, forever open to the sky, are continuously radiating heat from surfaces whose united areas will approach 700,000 square feet. Around them are much larger areas in the floor of the caldera where the surfaces of the rocks are warm or hot to the touch, and where a stick thrust into a crack is promptly charred. Out of myriads of small rifts issues intensely hot air. From the burning lakes, from the surrounding rocks, from numberless points over the broad floor of the caldera, come wisps, streaks, clouds, and dense volumes of steam, which drift away and vanish in the distance in the ever-flowing trade-wind. On the summit platform above, and even at points miles away from the caldera, wide cracks give vent to similar volumes of steam and acid vapors. This outflow of heat has been to our knowledge unremitting for a century, and we may reasonably infer it to have been so for centuries. Any attempt to estimate its amount must be futile. We can only marvel at its immensity. Notwithstanding, it seems to me a perfectly safe assertion that Kilauea has during the last hundred years wasted many times more heat by this quiet radiation and steaming than by the outpour and cooling of lava streams. But it would not be safe to urge that an equal disparity has prevailed in earlier stages of the volcano.

In the case of Mauna Loa a far greater quantity of heat is brought up and dispersed by the lava floods than in Kilauea, for the eruptions are larger and more frequent. The loss by radiation and steaming during the historic period has no doubt been much less from Mauna Loa than from Kilauea. The lava lake in Mokuaweoweo is open and in action only a part of the time. Its dimensions at such times are variable, and the activity within it equally so. The

lake is frozen over probably more than half the time. But when it is in action its grandeur and energy are incomparably greater than anything ever seen in Kilauea. At such periods, which may last for two or three years, the quantity of heat disengaged may exceed that from Kilauea, though upon this point there is much uncertainty. On the whole the ratio of heat lost by radiation and steaming to that lost by the outpour of lavas is much less in Mauna Loa than in Kilauea. But taking the century through, it is absolutely very large, and we need not be surprised to find that even Mauna Loa loses in the long run pretty nearly as much heat in one way as in the other.

And in general it may be affirmed of every volcano that a very large proportion of the heat it dissipates is wasted by puffing, steaming and filtering away through cracks in the intervals between eruptions. Whether, in the average volcano, the amount so lost is greater or less than the total heat of the ejected lavas we have not the data for determining. But it is sufficient for present purposes to know—and we may be quite confident—that it does not fall very far below it.

The consideration here brought up is of the gravest importance in attempting to construct a theory of the volcano. Reverting to the fundamental proposition that the volcano is a heat problem, we are required to find a supply of heat which shall not only convert the lavas from an inert condition into an energetic one, but supply a vast additional amount besides, which is slowly let off and wasted. And this supply must be available and unexhausted for long ages—as long as the life of Mauna Loa. We are required to find an available supply of heat largely in excess of that brought up by the lavas alone, which excess is frittered away in numberless modes. Nor is this all. After a volcanic pile has spent thousands of years in building—after it has expended heat enough to melt down its mass twice over—one would naturally suppose that some evidence might be unearthed going to show that the amount of heat left in the earth beneath its outspreading base had very notably diminished. We find nothing of the kind. It cannot be said that we have any decisive evidence one way or the other. Nevertheless, the hints, glimpses, straws of evidence, tend rather to the inference that the ground beneath is hotter than ever before. To say that volcanic action brings heat from lower levels to higher ones amounts to nothing, for what the upper ones gain the lower ones lose. The most noteworthy point in this connection is the general fact that while a volcanic pile is building, the platform on which it stands is bodily rising. This is, so far as we know, true of volcanoes in general. We should have expected exactly the reverse if volcanic action means an uncompensated and absolute loss of an original limited store of heat.

Reverting now to the hypothesis of the penetration of water vapor, the considerations just brought

up seem to show a total insufficiency of the cause appealed to. This difficulty cannot be met by postulating even an extravagant amount of primordial internal heat. The problem is not so much a question of the gross amount of such heat, though this amount is, no doubt, a factor in it. It is rather a question as to the amount available for transference. Relatively to the hypothesis under discussion, the question is not how much heat does the earth contain, but how much (under the mechanism supposed) can it impart to the materials to be erupted. The answer to this question is that if the transfer means the conduction of heat upwards from the hotter regions below, the available amount is probably far too small to meet the requirements. And this must be true, no matter how great a degree of subjacent heat may be postulated.*

We have thus examined the arguments for and against the hypothesis of the penetration of water as the cause of volcanic action. To which side does the balance of probability incline? To my mind it inclines decidedly towards the negative. At first sight the hypothesis looks very plausible. The fact that lavas come charged with water and the analogy of the geyser, with the acknowledged possibility that water may penetrate indefinitely into the earth, all array themselves together in apparent harmony, and the mind jumps hastily to the conclusion that they contain the long wished for solution. But when we scrutinize more closely the heat changes and heat quantities which constitute the real essence of the problem we are apparently as far from a satisfactory conclusion as ever.

Let us now look at another attempt to account for volcanic energy. The one to be considered may be called the chemical hypothesis.

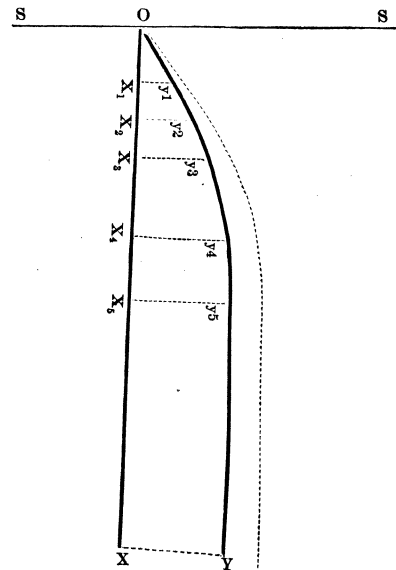
*The conduction of heat within the earth happens to be a problem for which we have a theory and solution which are, in some respects, highly satisfactory, though not in all. For the theory of the conduction of heat (through homogeneous bodies) we are indebted to the great French mathematician Fourier, and for its application to the cooling of the earth we are indebted to Sir William Thomson. It is a field of inquiry into which few care to venture except specialists and those who are to some considerable extent versed in mathematical analysis. In order that the statement in the above paragraph may not be regarded as a demand upon the faith of the reader in mere authority, a brief account of this theory and its application is here appended.

When a body is unequally heated, heat flows from the hotter to the colder parts. The rate at which it flows depends upon two factors. 1st. The specific conductivity of the substance. 2d. Upon the rate at which the temperature varies from point to point. The capacity for heat, or specific heat of the body—i. e., the quantity of heat which a given mass at a given temperature contains—enters as a factor. Again, conceive of a hot body uniformly heated and placed in a colder surrounding medium to cool. If it has a shape and size which can be mathematically expressed, if its temperature and specific heat and conductivity are known, we can compute how fast the heat flows out of it, how much will remain in it after a given period of cooling, and how the remaining heat will be distributed throughout its interior, and what should be the temperature of any internal point. The earth is a sphere which, according to a current hypothesis, was once about uniformly heated from center to surface, and left in space to cool, and after the lapse of many millions of years has reached its present thermal condition. On the assumption of the verity of this hypothesis, Fourier's law gives us the means of computing (conditionally) what is the general form of the distribution of heat and temperature in its internal portions. What is that distribution? We do not, indeed, know (as we ought to) the initial temperature, but we can assume it at any number of temperatures and calculate it for any assumption. In every case the general form of the distribution will be the same in kind, though different in degree. At the surface the temperature will be that of the surrounding air (mean annual). Downwards it will increase, but less and less rapidly, until a

Some naturalists, adopting the nebular hypothesis of the origin of the earth, have imagined that at the time a cold and stable crust began to form the elements which compose its internal masses were not oxidized, or, at most, were only partially so. The metallic bases, such as iron, calcium, magnesium, sodium, and potassium, were either in an elementary condition or possibly in the state of sulphides. Under suitable conditions of temperature they would therefore be capable of oxidation—in other words, of literal combustion. In the lapse of time the outer shell, to a depth of some miles, has gradually become thoroughly oxidized, while the great interior is still in its primitive condition. This process is still going on. The atmosphere penetrating to certain depths finds materials with which its oxygen may still combine. This combination would afford a source of heat capable of generating volcanic action as we know it, and fully adequate to the purpose.

The difficulty with this hypothesis is that it postulates conditions which are wholly outside of the

depth is reached below which the increase, though it still prevails, will be so small that it can be neglected. The arrangement can be best represented graphically.



Temperature Diagram.

Let SS be a line drawn on the earth's surface, and let OX be a line reaching vertically downwards to a depth of two or three hundred miles. At the points $x_1, x_2, x_3, \&c.$, erect ordinates, $x_1y_1, x_2y_2, \&c.$, proportional to the computed temperatures at those points. The line OY , drawn through the ends of these ordinates, will represent the temperatures at all points on the line OX .

If we know by observation the rate at which the temperature increases with the depth along any part of the line, we can compute the whole line. Now, we have many observations upon the increase of underground temperature near the surface—in deep mines, artesian wells, &c.—and, taking a fair average, we find it to be about $100^\circ \text{F. per mile}$. Assuming the initial temperature to have been, say $7,000^\circ \text{F.}$ (a very extravagant figure), we get some such result as the following. At a depth of about 130 miles the amount of cooling would be very little, and below that depth the earth would be about as hot as ever. The total loss of heat by conduction to the surface would be but a very small fraction of the whole primitive store. Assuming that this mode of cooling is the only way in which internal heat is given off and that no modifying causes of any kind intervene, the period required for this amount of cooling would be a little over 100,000,000 years. The last result indicates to us with what superlative slowness changes of underground temperature dependent merely on conduction and secular cooling must go.

reach of argument, either for or against. It assumes for the interior magma a condition differing greatly from the specimens of it brought up by volcanoes. This assumed condition is made somewhat specific; but it is one which we can neither prove nor disprove by independent evidence. There are besides some ulterior consequences directly resulting from the hypothesis which are equally beyond the reach of argument. If this process has been going on throughout the entire period of the earth's secular history, then one of the following statements must be true; either the earth's atmosphere, which has supplied all this oxygen, must in former periods have been greatly different both in quantity and constitution from what it now is, or else the earth is acquiring as rapidly as it is absorbed, a steady supply of oxygen swept together in its march through space. The present atmosphere contains an amount of oxygen equivalent to about three pounds over every square inch of terrestrial surface. To have oxidized completely a layer of rock a mile thick would have required very nearly three thousand pounds of oxygen to the square inch of surface; and how many miles in thickness the oxidized rocks may be—who shall say? On the assumption that the earth acquires no oxygen from space, the primitive atmosphere would, according to hypothesis, have been thousands of times heavier than at present, and probably also its constituent gases would have been differently proportioned; but the geological record argues strongly in favor of an atmosphere in earlier epochs which may, indeed, have varied greatly in amount and composition, but nowhere near so greatly as this hypothesis implies. Any such extravagant difference would surely have recorded itself legibly in the strata. Furthermore, the end of all volcanic action is, on this view, close at hand. Only three pounds of oxygen to the square inch are left. A few thousand years and the last volcanic beacon is extinguished, and so, too, is all organic life. But, suppose the earth gathers up oxygen as it sweeps through space as rapidly, or nearly so, as it is absorbed. This is probable enough, but the reader may make any postulate of this kind he chooses, and he may feel very confident that nobody will dispute it. There is a third hypothesis of the cause of volcanic energy. It starts with the assumption that the earth was originally endowed with a great store of heat, after the manner propounded in the nebular hypothesis. It has cooled first upon its surface; afterward it has continued to cool interiorly by conduction through its outer shell. As the interior cools it contracts; but the outer shell, being cool already, cannot similarly contract, but follows down the shrinking nucleus, crushing and crumbling together as it descends. This outer shell is presumably weaker in some parts than in others, and at these weaker portions the greater part of the collapse is localized. Now the mechanical crushing of any material, it is well known, produces heat, as in the hammering of iron or the forcing of lead pipe. Here is a source

of heat in the portions thus crushed together, and the access of water to such places determines a volcano.

To this hypothesis there is a conclusive answer—indeed, a good many answers. The most direct one is as follows: The very facts and line of argument which is relied upon to sustain a cooling globe proves when pushed to its consequences that the great interior of the earth has not as yet undergone any sensible amount of cooling. The only cooling which that argument admits of has been located in a thin external shell not much thicker in any case than 150 miles, and much more reasonably not thicker than 80 or 90 miles. In short, the cooling would be only skin deep, while the nucleus is about as hot as ever. But by the terms of the hypothesis, if the nucleus has not cooled, it has not contracted and the external shell has not collapsed in the way supposed. In short, the hypothesis is refuted by simply taking its data and postulates and pushing them to their inevitable conclusions.

There is a fourth hypothesis which cuts the Gordian knot instead of untying it. It assumes that as a result of causes hitherto undiscovered heat is generated in some localities within the earth and that such local increments of heat produce all the phenomena of volcanism.

This is an arbitrary postulate; nor does it profess to be anything more. If we had reason to believe it to be true, it seems little doubtful that all volcanic action and its accompaniments could be explained. It is, indeed, just the explanation we want. But, unfortunately, its own terms preclude all discussion of its validity or adequacy. It is a simple appeal to a mystery. It is a chain with the primary links missing—an arch without a keystone. It undoubtedly sweeps away the difficulties which encumber all other known hypotheses, but it substitutes one single difficulty as great as all the rest put together. And yet it may be true. Indeed I, for one, am strongly imbued with the hope that science will some day, not very far distant, close the missing link or put the keystone, yet unquarried, in its proper place.

There is a fifth supposition which merits some attention. It is known that variations of pressure affect the particular temperature at which a body passes from the liquid to the solid condition. It raises the melting temperatures of some bodies and lowers those of others. Those which expand when they congeal (like water) have their melting temperatures lowered by pressure. Those which contract in solidifying have their melting temperature raised by pressure. Assuming that lavas belong to the latter class, and that within the earth they are solid and near their melting points, the relief of pressure would liquify them and render them eruptible.

Upon this view we should expect to find volcanoes situated at points where it is evident that some process is going on which would cause, locally, a

decrease of subterranean pressure. There is only one such process which we can think of, and that is denudation. Hence, volcanoes should be found where denudation is proceeding rapidly. As a matter of fact, some volcanoes do occur in such places, but most of them are not so situated. Taken as a whole, there is no apparent correlation between the geographical distribution of volcanoes and the geographical distribution of denudation. The two activities are apparently quite independent of each other, so far as regards distribution, when the aggregates of both are considered. It is true, however, that many volcanoes are planted on lofty mountain platforms and table-lands, where denudation is at a maximum. But it is now well recognized that volcanoes occur in rising areas, and there is an overwhelming presumption in favor of the inference that the same cause produces both the uplift and the volcano. Moreover, altitude is the principal cause, or, more properly, condition, which more than any other favors rapid erosion. Hence, it will appear much more probable that denudation is an indirect consequence and not an antecedent of the proximate cause which produces a volcano. Stated more concisely, denudation and relief of pressure are more probably the results and not the causes of the agencies which produce volcanoes.

Mauna Loa and Kilauea do not, so far as I can discern, throw any more light upon the general problem than other volcanoes. They have features which are not exactly paralleled in any others, but after all the differences are in degree and not in kind. Beyond all question they are most active of any; that is, they bring up more lava and dissipate more energy in the course of a century than any others of which we have knowledge. Their action is also the least obstreperous. That they should give off the greatest amount of energy in the quietest manner is surely a most striking and curious fact, but it does not imply anything radical or anomalous. But in any category of facts extreme cases are always deeply interesting and sometimes highly instructive. There are some points in which these two volcanoes are very suggestive and to these we may now advert.

Let us consider first the enormous bulk of Mauna Loa. It is evident that sea level is a purely arbitrary plane, and that the true dimensions of the pile are appreciated only when they are considered with reference to sea bottom. Thus viewed, it has a base over 160 miles in length and about 130 in width, and an altitude not far from 30,000 feet, or nearly 6 miles. We may be confident that this mass has not been built up entirely by the accumulation of lavas. We have very good evidence that while the lavas have been piling up the whole mass has been bodily rising. A part of its bulk is due to accumulation, a part to uplifting. This is in accordance with what has been observed in other volcanic regions. It was long ago pointed out by the late Charles Darwin that volcanoes are situated upon

rising areas, and to whatsoever extent observation has gone this generalization is sustained by it all over the world.

This general fact suggests to us the natural inference that volcanic action and regional uplifting are really associated phenomena, and results of the same cause. When we come to inquire into the cause of elevatory movements of the earth's surface we only encounter a mystery. No solution of it has ever been given which does not go to pieces under criticism. And yet there are some obvious considerations which narrow the argument down and bring us nearer the truth, though they may not wholly reveal it.

There are two and only two alternative propositions of a highly general character between which the truth must surely lie. The first proposition is that the quantity of matter or "mass" lying within the limits of that portion of the earth which is affected by the elevatory movement has increased. The second is that the mass has remained constant, but has undergone expansion. One of these propositions is certainly true. Both *may* be true. No contradictory proposition is possible or conceivable. We are compelled, therefore, to make our choice between a cause which can produce an increment of mass in the part affected and one which can produce an expansion of the mass it already contains. Here the difficulties begin; and they are of the most formidable nature. We suggest no mode of operation in either case which we can fortify with satisfactory argument based upon known facts and laws. Recognizing, however, the inexorable character of the logic which compels us to choose the one or the other, I unhesitatingly submit to the second, viz, expansion, as the one which agrees best with observed facts. Local increments of mass, however, are not excluded. They would be useful in some cases as accessories, but in the main would not furnish us with what we want.* All that can be said in favor of the second postulate (expansion) is the following: If we are at liberty to assume that in certain portions of the earth's interior some cause, at present unknown, operates so as to produce local increments of heat, we should find a full and adequate explanation of the phenomena of uplifts and the associated phenomena of volcanism. Beyond this we are not permitted at present to go.

Mauna Loa is in many respects suggestive of the expansion postulate. This mountain betrays no evidence of having been crushed or squeezed up out of the depths of the Pacific. Nor is it at all necessary to suppose any such origin for it. Its superficial material is, taken in the gross, of small specific gravity, for the cold lavas are mostly a mass of

*Local increments of mass are by no means inconceivable. For example, the penetration of water and its absorption by the subterranean magmas is a case in point. The crushing together of restricted portions of the earth's outer shell by tangential thrusts in the shell at large would be tantamount to a local increment of mass. And this latter action has been appealed to more frequently than any other as a cause of mountain uplifts, and has received a large amount of discussion. As a prime cause of elevations it is here definitively rejected.

honeycomb. At great depths within the mountain, where they are probably more compact, they are presumably much hotter than the rocks beneath the surrounding ocean-floor, and therefore correspondingly light. It rises or *floats* high because its materials are of low specific gravity.

In the calderas of Mokuaweweo and Kilauea, the lava lakes represent the summits of columns of liquid lava extending to depths in the earth which are probably very great. When great eruptions occur on the flanks of the mountains at lower levels these lakes are drained, and when the eruptions cease the lavas come up in them again to their former levels. But in the history of the mountains the heights of these liquid columns have not been constant, but have steadily increased. In Kilauea this height has, to our knowledge, increased rather more than 400 feet in the last 60 years. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it seems as if the summits of the columns in each case were approximate equilibrium levels dependent almost solely upon their mean density at any given time. But if this be true, then with the lapse of centuries marking the growth of the mountains the mean density of these columns has steadily decreased; that is, they have presumably grown hotter. The increment of temperature, however, would be in the depths and not at the surface. The surface temperature in the lakes can never rise much above the melting point. The only visible effects at the surface corresponding to an increase of the mean temperature of the column would be an enlargement of the area of the lakes and possibly an increase in the amount of gas and steam given off. The rate of dissipation of heat would depend mainly upon the rapidity of convection up or down the column; the hotter steam-charged lavas rising, the cooler steam-exhausted lavas descending.

Whether the areas of the lakes in Kilauea are larger or smaller than they were when Ellis first saw them, 60 years ago, it is impossible to say. At first I was inclined to think they had decreased; but a more careful perusal of numerous early accounts confirms the opinion that they have not on the whole diminished. That they are quite as hot now as they were then, and, indeed, a trifle hotter, may be inferred from the disappearance of the blowing-cones. These were solidified masses floating about in the lava lakes. Such things rarely form in the lakes at present. One small mass developed in the New Lake while I was there, but none have been seen in Halemaumau for several years. The area of the lava lakes, however has increased and diminished several times in the course of the last forty years, and is seldom constant for any long period.

It has been much larger and much smaller than at present. The amount of agitation in the lavas also varies notably from time to time. It is evident, however, that 60 years must be a mere moment in the life of the volcano, and far too small a span to justify us wholly in using it as indicative of a general increase in the total energy.

The quantity of heat dissipated by these volcanoes is suggestive of the immensity of the supply. It has evidently been going on for a very long period, and it is to all appearances as rapid and copious as ever. It is hard to reconcile this patent fact with the notion of a primitive reservoir charged with a definite quantity of heat which is slowly wasted without replenishment, yet giving no sign of exhaustion or enfeeblement after accomplishing such vast results.

There is one characteristic of volcanic action which is quite universal, and which seems to be highly suggestive, though investigators do not appear to have made any attempt to interpret its significance. I refer to the intermittent feature of eruptions. Volcanoes do not discharge all their available products at once, but by repeated spasms of activity, separated by intervals of repose. If these fiery explosive liquids have lain in the earth so many millions of years, charged with such intense energy as is displayed at every outbreak, and only awaiting the opening of a passageway through which they may escape, how happens it that when at length the vent is opened they do not all rush forth at once and continue to outpour until the reservoir is completely exhausted; and why does not the vent thereafter close forever? In a word, why should a volcano give forth many thousands of eruptions instead of a single eruption equal to the many thousands combined? I believe it is possible to give an answer to this question, though it must be given only in general terms. It is because the lavas do not have in their primitive condition sufficient potential energy in the form of elastic force to break open the covering which keeps them in, and to rise to the surface, but they gradually acquire that energy in a portion of the reservoir at a time; and when a sufficient body or portion of them has acquired the requisite degree of energy (probably potential energy in the form of elastic force) it ruptures the covering, and the whole of this portion is extravasated. When the extravasation of this energetic portion is finished the vent closes and the process is repeated upon a second installment of the magma. The agency which thus progressively develops the potential energy or elastic force is the missing factor. When we discover it we shall discover the secret of the volcano.

I would rather make people religious through their best feelings than their worst; through their gratitude and affection rather than their fears and calculation of risk and punishment.—*Bulwer.*

There is a great difference between "I wish I were" and "I should like to be," as much as between a grumble and a prayer. To be contented is not to be satisfied.—*MacDonald.*

CYRIL THE SULPICIAN.

CHAPTER VII.

On the following day Alice summoned up courage and said to Didah: "Mr. Vidal brought you here, will he call?" and the old nurse drew from her pocket a sealed envelope and handed it to her mistress. All it contained was one sentence: "May I come and say good bye?" And Lady Tiverton, turning to Didah, moaned in a quiet voice: "Let him come to say good bye, and stay with me when he comes."

So he came. He was very white, very stern, and his mouth alone showed the terrible struggle that was going on. She stood trembling before him, half supported by Didah, and after a few moments, in cold and passionless tones, he said, with averted eyes: "Lady Tiverton, I have brought you your nurse and am come to say good bye." She gave him her hand mechanically and he raised it to his lips. The next moment he was gone.

Bertie's brother, Cecil, was in Rome, painting away lazily and by spells, when one morning that indolent young artist was greeted by the appearance of the last man he ever expected to see, unheralded and unanticipated, in the person of his elder brother. He hardly recognized him, for the old look of his early manhood had vanished and was replaced by a fixed expression of sternness that never again entirely left him. After they had dined, Bertie said quietly: "Cecil, light a cigar and listen while I talk. You have got to go home at once and take care of everything, I am never going back to England. Never mind why—don't interrupt—but I am self-exiled." Cecil was so terribly unmannered that he could not speak, but only wonder what terrible sorrow had come to his brother.

Bertie continued slowly: "There is no need for any outburst, I am going to Paris for a while to study, and you and my mother must come over in the summer to see me." Then he told him that while he was at Oxford and ever since, he had had gloomy thoughts and doubts which he could not control, and that now such a great blight had come on his life that he had made up his mind that he had a vocation for a semi-monastic life. Cecil pleaded with him until after midnight, and begged him not to take so grave a step. He told him that whatever the trouble might be he should not isolate himself from his mother, his brother, his church, and his estate, and that so serious an act as giving up the living of Ambrecoigne bore on its face evidences of impulse which the world would justly consider the act of one temporarily bereft of his senses.

It took nearly a week for Cecil to complete the preparations for his departure, and these days were very gloomy ones. Bertie used to get up at daylight, wander moodily around the churches and picture galleries, and he seemed utterly unable to shake off

the trouble which oppressed him. At last the two brothers started for Paris, and, during the journey, Bertie opened out his heart to his younger brother. He told him the whole story of Sir Annesley's treachery, of his own misery, and of the impossibility of his returning home, and he begged his brother never to leave their mother, but to stay at home in his place. And he added "If Herbert Senhouse ever takes orders in the Episcopal Church, present him with the family living, and tell him to be another son to our mother." It was a sad parting at the Hotel Fenelon, in the Place de St. Sulpice, but Cecil went home and Bertie stayed in Paris, prostrate with his life's sorrow. Every one who has been to Paris has probably visited the Church of St. Sulpice, across the Seine, half way between the Louvre and the Luxembourg. It has always been a great resort for Englishmen, is the second largest church in Paris and contains the finest organ in all France. Bertie had heard its tones years before when he was "doing" France and Switzerland, and there was an aching void in his heart which he thought this king among instruments might perhaps fill. The organist of St. Sulpice is, or used to be, elected by competition, and to him Bertie wended his way one morning and sought an introduction. There was something so sad in the young Englishman's face that after telling him that he had never complied with the request of any but the most distinguished masters to let them either examine or try the great organ, the director finally softened down and said; "But if Monsieur Vidal will come to the church tomorrow with me, he can hear the rehearsal of our choir."

He went eagerly, and as the organ blended with the orchestra, and the large body of voices sang the magnificent themes embodied in Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, he stood below drinking in every note, but the stony look never left his face. Then when it was all over and he had thanked the great musician wearily for his kindness and was turning to go, he felt the organist's hand on his shoulder and heard him say in French: "Stay, Monsieur Vidal, I do not know why, but something is speaking to my heart. If you so desire, stay here and play until you are tired." Then he pointed out many of the combinations and left him, telling him to whom he should give the keys of the organ and choir. He did not leave the church, however, but listened. and presently he heard his visitor commence a soft subject, colored by the changeful tints which, now warm, now cold, swelled and fell beneath a master's hand. The theme grew in intensity, in power, in sublimity, and in passion, and then, before the listener knew it, the strain had faded away into a mournful wail. He stood rooted to the spot. Who was this man who could wring such music from this organ, as sad as the grief of Niobe or the desolation of the Mother at the cross? He listened again, and this time

Bertie burst into the theme he knew so well—his old love—the “Quando Corpus,” and as he reverently joined to it the improvisation which he had first played in the church at Bakewell, the old organist could stand it no more. He came back to him and in a voice all choked with emotion caught Bertie's hand as he was closing the mighty organ, and said: “Who are you, Monsieur? Who are you that can produce such inexpressible sorrow by your music?” The tears were now coursing down the master's cheek, as Bertie answered: “I am only an old pupil of Dr. Elvey, but I am not very happy, and I suppose my heart tells the tale to my fingers. I will never ask permission to make you sorrowful again. Indeed I supposed you were gone.” Then thanking him again, he bade him adieu and hid himself in a corner of the Lady Chapel and wept bitterly, for the first time since he had left Alice.

How it all happened he never knew, but a few months afterward he was at the novitiate at Issy, three miles from Paris, where he was simply Monsieur Cyril Vidal. On his reception and conditional baptism he had asked if he could henceforth throw off the name that was so painful to him and to merely retain his second name. He had made a friend in the order, one of the most distinguished linguists, polished gentlemen and remarkable French scholars, in the person of a Father Hogan, who, of Irish parentage and English education had found his way to the college which has turned out some of the greatest ecclesiastics in the world.

There is no need to dwell upon or analyze the motives which had led Bertie to take the step which he had. Hundreds upon hundreds of college men have done the same thing, from Cardinal Manning to the young Marquis of Bute and the Earl of Ripon. So, on the acknowledged axiom that if you give all your goods to the poor, even then no man can be sure that the motive is pure, we will leave Bertie's motives alone. How far grief, in a certain sense selfish, led him to cross the little Rubicon which separates the extreme Anglican from his brother of the Latin Church it is needless to ask.

Just as he was a polished gentleman at Oxford, so was he at St. Sulpice, and in three years Monsieur Cyril Vidal was Monsieur L'Abbe Vidal. The order is chiefly a teaching congregation of secular Priests, some what like the Oratorians in England and the Paulists in America. And as a Seminarian he found relief in the constant work. Sixty-eight out of eighty bishops in France (and as a matter of history the celebrated Pere Hyacinthe among priests) have been educated there and call St. Sulpice their *Alma Mater*.

The stern look which the hours of his first agony had stamped on his face never left him it is true, but in conversation it was often replaced for a moment by a glimpse of the old face of boyhood that had been so bright and earnest. He was happy, for his work kept him from thinking; happy, for Herbert Senhouse was now rector of Ambrecoinbe;

happy because his mother and Cecil were occasionally running over to see him, and amused sometimes at his brother's humorous prediction that he was getting fat enough to be a Bishop if he kept on. He was happy too because he had schooled himself so utterly never to think of Alice and to check the first thought of her which introduced itself even for a second on his mind. And as time will wear the thick gold of the wedding ring rubbed by the lighter guard, so his grief had really worn off and he was perfectly content to be teaching young Irish candidates for the missionary priesthood Latin and Mathematics and Philosophy, which were among his special duties at the college. So time wore on.

One day Cecil, who was on a visit to Paris, was teasing him as usual and asking why his collar was called a rabat and why he wore a small hood which he could not put over his head if he had the earache, while Monsieur L'Abbe was opening his mail.

“Your holiness,” Cecil was saying between the puffs of his cigar, “that cape or *pelerine* as you call it, is that the French for pillow-case?”

“Keep quiet Cecil.”

“All right, Cardinal, I am as mum as a mouse,” said the incorrigible heretic with a laugh.

His brother opened letter after letter until he came to one which evidently moved him strangely, for he sat down before the table and bowed his head on it.

“Bertie, Bertie,” cried Cecil, “what is the matter? Tell me! What is it? What is the new trouble?”

He handed him an open telegram dated from Bakewell.

“Sir Annesley has abandoned Alice. Her baby and Didah are at Monaco near Nice. We forgive all and I follow this telegram. You must meet me in Paris and come with me to our child.

HER UNHAPPY FATHER.

Cecil stole away from the room after he had read the message and went to the Hotel Feneion and told his mother what he knew. Then he said: “This will kill Bert. and open up all the old wounds. He mustn't go to Monaco.” But she answered, “If he wishes to, Cecil, don't say a word. He knows what he can bear.”

Mr. Senhouse arrived the next day seeming aged, infirm and broken down, and the young Sulpician, pressing both his hands, looked into his face, and, with the great power which he had of comforting others said: “We will go to-night to Monaco. I have obtained permission and you must not look so sad. Just think only that Alice and her baby will be at Bakewell in a few days with dear old Didah and her mother, while the home that has been so long desolate will be as bright as ever soon, even if the tints are more subdued and the gaiety not quite so light. A father takes advice from a son and once I hoped to call you father. Now, he added cheerily, by the by, if you want to be very polite you can call me “father,” and you must take my advice. Stamp all the past out; crush it like a scotched snake; bury

it in a tomb deeper than the lowest depths of the ocean. Do as I have had to do, and look only for future happiness. Now let me show you the church, and if you wait a little you shall hear the organ." Then he left Mr. Senhouse and going to the choir began to play. It was not the music of the past, but a quiet, peaceful idyll like the hushed rest of the sea after a great storm. And when he returned to take Alice's father to a good substantial lunch in the college, he found him looking quietly at one of the "Stations" in which St. Mary Magdalen is seen at the foot of the cross. The young Abbe whispered "See how she sinned and was forgiven because you know she loved so much." Whether it was the organ, the church or the picture, or the great influence of the young priest, Mr. Senhouse never knew, but as they crossed the *Place* and stopped to admire the magnificent fountain, there was a new light in his eye; his carriage seemed more erect and he even made a little jest about the impropriety of a staunch Episcopalian like himself being seen in such Jesuitical company. So they went to Monaco.

When next the Christmas midnight bells rang out, Alice was at home again—a widow. The remains of Sir Annesley were found in a grove of trees near town and he had a sword thrust through his heart. It was said that an Englishman named Thornton had publicly insulted the Baronet at the Casino, fought with him, and that he had been following him up for a year past with the intention of killing him. Be that as it may, Bessie's brother had disappeared from Oxfordshire and was only heard of many years afterward under another name as a farmer in Australia. Lady Tiverton was dead too, partly of a broken heart, but if the little Baronet lives to attain his majority, he will succeed to an estate once more unencumbered. At present he is under Didah's supremacy in the bath-tub and his mother's care out of it, and every night before the

little Sir Annesley is tucked up he says among his baby prayers, "God bless Gan' pa and Gan'ma, Uncle Herbert and Mamma and me and the dood man our friend."

Both the Rev. Herbert Senhouse and (of course) Monsieur l'Abbe Vidal are still celibates and they meet every summer when Herbert runs over for his holiday to Paris. As Bertie, for he was always that in the hearts of those who loved him, had predicted, the sun of quiet happiness soon shone again in the old home at Bakewell and Alice has even had the courage to walk past the spot where she plighted her troth to her husband. Where the old stump stood once, a little willow has been planted. That is the only change. She even plays the organ again at church and except that the face is quieter it shows little signs of the suffering she has endured.

It is again half past ten on a pleasant winter night. Herbert has run over for a couple of days and is reading a long letter from Bertie just received, which begins "My dear Archbishop of Canterbury," this being his sobriquet for his old friend. The screed is cheerful throughout, telling of his work and how he enjoys it, and it concludes with the words "Come over early in June when I take a holiday, ever yours, CYRIL THE SULPICIAN."

"Is that what you call him?" said Alice.

"Oh, that is nothing," said Herbert, "you should hear Cecil. He calls him 'The Cardinal' and he had the impudence to send over an excellent portrait of Bertie which he painted from a photograph all dressed up as the Pope of Rome. But though it was presumably relegated to a closet you may be sure the good fathers, who all know Cecil, took it all in good part." At this point Didah appeared and said as usual, just as she had nearly thirty years ago: "Miss Alice, it is your bed time. It is half past ten."

D. W. C. NESFIELD.

[THE END.]

NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

I am here again, where the prairies sweep
Like the rolling tides of a shoreless deep,
And I eastward turn while the clear, bright eyes
Of the planets flash in the midnight skies,
For dearer than all the orbs that shine
From the milky way to the world's low line
Is one whose eyes are awaiting me
Behind the gates of the eastern sea.

Far up and away in the starry heights
Are the changing spires of the wild north lights,
As they form and fade, then gather again,
Like the sheen of spears on a battle plain—
Like the gleam of crests thro' the awful gloom,
Where the Arctic monsters crash and boom,
And the uncurbed ice-steeds plunge and tramp
O'er the sentry lines of the storm god's camp.

I am all alone in the waning night,
I have lingered here in the growing light
Till the stars have paled and the skies turned gray
In the westward march of the coming day;
And lo! my beautiful Morning Star
Climbs over the brown horizon bar
And beckons to me from the verge of space
With the soul of day in her tender face.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PURE WATER.

The subject of an increased water supply for Honolulu has been somewhat prominent of late, and the legislature has appropriated a large sum of money for this purpose. This is well, provided the country can afford it; but however desirable it may be to have plenty of water, it is at least equally important that it should be pure. The more carefully the origin and propagation of disease is studied, the more perfectly sanitary knowledge becomes reduced to a science, the more evident it becomes that a large percentage of disease, particularly of an epidemic character, is directly due to impure water. The records of sanitary investigations for the last few years abound in clear and undeniable facts tending to emphasize in the strongest manner the dangers of a polluted water supply.

The fact that the Western world is again threatened with an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, gives this subject a special interest at the present time. The following facts from our recent medical reading will serve to show in the clearest manner the potency of water as a transmitter of the germs of disease and the consequent dangers which lurk in unsuspected places.

On the morning of Friday, September 1st, 1854, the cholera suddenly attacked a number of persons residing in the sub-district of Berwick, in the city of London. The outbreak was confined to the immediate vicinity of a well situated on Broad street. This well was the centre of an infected district; "A person starting from thence and walking at a moderate pace would have got beyond its limits in three minutes." (English Rivers Pollution Reports). During the month of August preceding the outbreak, only twenty-six cases of cholera were reported to the authorities from the Berwick district. The epidemic reached its height on September 2d, and declined about fifty per cent. on the 5th, after which it dwindled off until the 20th, this being the first day on which no death took place. The total number of deaths in the district from the 1st up to this date, (less than three weeks), was 609.

Investigation showed that about seventy-eight hours before the great outburst of the disease a child was attacked with cholera in a house on Broad street, and the discharges from the bowels were emptied into a drain which ran within a few feet of the well. The water from this well was very popular in the neighborhood. Analysis of this water showed that it contained in 100,000 parts, 137 parts total solids and 7.72 parts organic and volatile matter. It was also shown that nearly all the persons attacked with the disease had drunk the water from this well. In one case, an old lady and her niece, residing at a considerable distance, were in the habit of having the water brought to them daily. They both had cholera, while none of their neighbors were affected.

The experience of Manchester and Glasgow also

illustrates most forcibly the importance of a pure water supply for cities. Until 1851 the people of Manchester and Salford obtained water partly from wells and partly from the River Irwell. Both these sources were badly polluted with excrementitious matters. In 1851 a supply of pure water was introduced into these towns. The following figures from the report of the Rivers Pollution Commission, show the mortality during the cholera years of the polluted and pure water periods respectively:

POLLUTED WATER PERIOD.

Year 1832.....	deaths 890.
Year 1849.....	deaths 1,115.

PURE WATER PERIOD.

Year 1854.....	deaths 50.
Year 1866.....	deaths 88.

The history of the disease in Glasgow affords evidence equally conclusive. Until 1859 the water supply was drawn from the Clyde, and was polluted by the drainage of towns higher up the river. After that year a pure supply was received from Loch Katrine. The mortality of Glasgow for the same years as above was as follows:

POLLUTED WATER PERIOD.

Year 1832.....	deaths 2,842.
Year 1849.....	deaths 3,772.
Year 1854.....	deaths 3,886.

PURE WATER PERIOD.

Year 1866.....	deaths 68.
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Such facts as the above can be multiplied almost indefinitely, not only with reference to cholera, but other diseases as well, particularly typhoid fever. They are well known to sanitarians and should be known generally, especially to all those whose duty it is to supervise or control the water supply of towns and cities. Since the dates of the above mentioned occurrences, the methods of scientific investigation as applied to disease have made great progress. The revelations of the microscope have added a large measure of certainty to many beliefs which were formerly based on reason and probability only. That the spread of many diseases of which cholera is a type was due to the transmission from the sick to the well of some kind of specific virus was a fact generally acknowledged. All the facts of the case pointed so strongly in that direction that scarcely any other conclusion was possible. That the disease producing agent was not only a real substance—a physical entity, but was also a distinct organic growth; that it reproduced its kind, grew, multiplied and spread like other organisms, and in so doing caused and propagated the disease of which it was distinctive, is a doctrine whose general acceptance has been quite recent. The line of argument by which this conclusion was reached and the facts on which it rests were set forth with some fullness in the April number of the MONTHLY. It is by a similar course of reasoning that the relation of cause and effect has

been established in the cases of the Berwick epidemic and others of a similar character.

More recently, however, skilled observers claim to have discovered and demonstrated certain micro-organisms peculiar to several of the specific communicable diseases, and these discoveries have in some instances been confirmed by so many independent investigators that their genuineness can hardly be questioned. Some of these have received but little mention outside of strictly professional circles, but there are others which through the medium of the newspapers have been made the common property of all intelligent people. The latest of these discoveries which has been made generally known is that of a micro-organism peculiar to cholera. The recent Cholera Commission which was composed of the men most eminent in such investigations in all Europe, report that this organism which is found in the discharges of cholera patients and in the intestines of those recently dead of that disease, is, so far as known, something entirely new. It has never been seen, or at any rate recognized before, and is never found except in connection with the disease. The causative relation of this new organism to the disease with which it is identified has not as yet been clearly made out. Even should such relation be demonstrated experimentally, it might not materi-

ally alter either the treatment or the chances of the patient when the disease was once established in the system. The fact, however, that a certain organism found nowhere else, is habitually associated with Asiatic cholera has very important and obvious bearings upon questions of diagnosis and prevention. Could Professor Koch or Professor Pasteur have examined in the light of our present knowledge the well at Berwick a few hours after the excreta from the sick child had been deposited in the adjacent drain, they might have detected the presence of the cholera germ, in which case the well would have been promptly closed and the resulting epidemic in all probability prevented.

These considerations are not without a practical bearing on our own case. It is true we have not the cholera in our midst, but within a few months we we may have. If not, we are subject to other diseases of a communicable nature, the germs of which are capable of transmission from the sick to the well through the medium of our water supply, and that supply is by no means free from the suspicion of pollution. It is to be earnestly hoped that our authorities are fully informed with reference to such matters as we have mentioned, and alive to their importance and practical bearing upon questions of public health.

MADELINE.

VI.

The following morning, Mudge was in her seat at school when the master entered. Her face was unusually pale and sad, nor did she raise her eyes as he passed her on the way to the desk. He noticed the boys were casting furtive glances towards her and at recess heard the stentorian tones of Joe Hinkley's voice saying: "Your mother wouldn't let you go, eh! I didn't b'lieve she would."

Mudge broke away from the smaller children who were in the habit of gathering about her at recess and rushed into the house, her cheeks flushed and eyes filled with tears. For a time she seemed unusually agitated. But when the schoolroom had again become quiet, she bowed her head upon her hand, the color faded from her cheeks and Ray saw she was shivering as with cold.

"Perhaps the room is not warm enough," he thought. He opens the door of the stove, creaking upon its hinges and pushes in another log, returns to his desk, takes up a worn copy of Guiot and proceeds with the class sitting in a long row at the right. Soon he lays down the book, dismisses the class and turns involuntarily to the trembling girl on the left. Their eyes met—hers fall—the crimson glow again overspreads her face. She nervously fingers the leaves of the book in her hand, then turns to the window and the lonely moor and the hills far beyond.

At the close of the day, contrary to the usual custom, Mudge lingered after the other scholars had

left the room, adjusting her books and pencils, and then turned towards the master in apparent expectancy of something from him.

At that moment Ray had on his desk the Bible which she handed him during the morning reading. Opening it, he read on the fly-leaf, "Mudge's first Bible, from Aunt Ruth."

"This is your Bible, Mudge," he said, perceiving she had evidently been waiting for it.

"Yes!" she replied, "Aunt Ruth gave it to me."

"I hope you love to read it, Mudge."

"I don't," she quickly answered.

This unexpected acknowledgment was a surprise to the master, and for a moment he knew not what to say. At length, with that touch of tenderness in his voice, which real gratitude inspires, he said, "Mudge, I thank you for coming to me the other night with your timely warning."

Mudge started, lifted her eyes for an instant to his face, and without reply, was preparing to leave the room, when Ray continued, "I was sorry not to have you one of the party last evening."

"I couldn't go," she said, her eyes filling with tears, at the same time reaching out her hand for the Bible.

"Mudge," said Ray, "why do you not like to read this book?"

"I don't know."

"The life of Christ is herein revealed, you know Mudge, a perfect example for us. It is the Book of books, and tells us how to live good and happy lives."

"Yes, I know all that, but I can't be good." Her eyes were cast down—her lips parted for a moment as if to pour out the utterances of her heart. The rays of the setting sun streaming through the ice-fretted window panes fell upon her bowed head, and crowned her with coils of gold. Psyche, when followed with persecution, and left to roam through the world could hardly have presented a more striking picture of beauty and despair, than this child of thirteen years, standing before the master with her sad, tearful face bent over her breast, as if in the very agony of hopeless grief. For a moment the eyes of the master were fixed upon the picture before him, and he was silent. At length, he said gently, "God helps them who ask him, Mudge."

"He won't help me," she answered, in low weary tones.

"Do you ask Him, Mudge?"

"Sometimes."

Ray hesitated. What was just the word he could utter that would reach this young heart, and inspire it with hope and confidence?

Suddenly Mudge looked up and said in more cheerful tones, "I'm going to the prayer meeting to-night."

"To be with Christ's people helps us to be like him. I'm glad you are going, Mudge."

"It won't help me any," she said, with returning tones of despair.

"Then why are you going, Mudge?"

She stood silent and thoughtful for a few moments, and then replied in the same low, weary tone, "something tells me to go."

Frightened, as it were, that she had thus laid open the secret evolutions of her hidden soul, her cheeks became crimson, and again she turned to leave the room.

Ray felt impelled to say something that might encourage the child, and in order to detain her, asked, "Would you not like your Bible, Mudge? We are very much aided in the Christian life by a careful study of this Book."

"Oh! I'm not a Christian. I can't be one. Mother says I'm the worst girl she ever saw. I shall never be good."

Mudge looked up with a half ironic smile, as if trying to make light of the more serious convictions of her heart, at the same time reaching out her hand for the Bible. The sacred book had seemed to open itself in his hand, and as Ray looked down upon the printed page, his eye met these words: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He took out his pencil and drew a heavy mark around the verse, and handed the Bible to Mudge. She glanced at the marked passage, looked up thoughtfully to the master and then walked slowly from the room.

Ray's eyes followed her until the battered panels swung to and shut her away from his sight. Suddenly it came to him that twenty-four hours before, he was forming certain plans by which he might

testify to this young girl his appreciation of her interest in his behalf, and looking forward for an opportunity to put them into execution. Had he done it? He stepped down hastily from the platform and walked towards the girls' entry. Mudge was reaching up for her hood, which hung above her head beside the door, as Ray opened it. Her hand fell. Ray took the hood from the nail and handing it to her said, "Let me again thank you Mudge for coming to me the other night. I shall never forget your courage and your kindness in thus warning me of what was going on among the boys. I can hardly tell you, Mudge, how much I thank you."

Mudge took the hood from his hand, stood for a moment gazing upon the black, dingy, snow-trodden floor, and then replied. "Wrong *must* be right—*sometimes*."

She put on the hood, and while Ray was considering the force of the proposition she had just assumed, disappeared through the open door.

VII.

The memory of his mother was engraved upon the heart of Ray Gordon in such a way as to elevate every other woman in his estimation, and to place her upon an Egerian pedestal, where like Numa of old, man might become imbued with the spirit of wisdom and influenced to higher and nobler purposes in the daily walks of life. Her words of tender encouragement, her gentle admonitions, or when necessary, her mild reproof, her prayers at his bedside, her years of patient suffering, her sweet resignation, her trust, and the faith that supported her in times of disappointment and sorest trial, had left an impression upon Ray, which ripened into firm religious faith and an exemplary Christian manhood. He had often been to the little prayer-meeting, since he came to Wendham, occasionally taking part, and always manifesting a deep interest in the good to be accomplished. Perhaps the advent of this earnest young Christian might have done something toward bringing about the religious awakening, which was now prevailing, to some extent, in the community.

Ray's conversation with Mudge at the close of the school, afforded an additional motive for him to be at the meeting that evening, and a little later than usual, he entered the crowded room. Mr. Grant, the aged minister, who for years had stood in the sanctuary of the Lord, and administered to the people upon holy things, without any visible effect upon their unholy lives, opened the Bible and read from the fourth chapter of Philipians, ending with the very words Ray had marked in Mudge's little Bible.

In the explanation which followed, the pastor was inclined to dwell upon the punishments of an avenging God, rather than to exhort in the manner of the apostle, from whose writings he had selected a portion for the evening service. In closing his somewhat lengthy remarks, he said: "The Lord is at

hand, and the doors of mercy will be closed against you who have been warned again and again, and yet are clinging to your sins."

With a heavy stroke he closed the Bible and sitting down behind the desk, bowed his head upon his hand, apparently impressed with the picture he had drawn for others to contemplate.

Poor Mudge! She was one of the listeners, and as she believed, the very chief of sinners. The words fell upon her ear, but failed to touch the heart. The avenging power, as represented, was of too worldly a cast—too much like the despotism of her daily experience. She must worship mercy, love and peace, if she worship at all. She had come to the meeting for comfort, for an indescribable something which life was withholding from her. She had hoped to find it here. But alas! The words were death to her newly-formed resolve. They had shut out the rays of light which had begun to gleam through the darkness. Where could she find forgiveness, hope, life?

Ah, Mudge! They are coming to you. They will be revealed in Christ's great unmistakable, undying love. The light is near, coming into your very heart, to dispel doubt and despair, to comfort you from day to day, to bless all your future life and to shine down into the chamber of death.

Dr. Deems rose to speak. Mudge had seen much of the doctor from time to time, and loved and honored him more than any other man in Wendham. As he commenced, her dark, tearful eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity so absorbing, that it seemed powerful in bringing his whole soul to bear upon her own despairing heart.

Having called attention to the verse "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," he exhorted to prayer and supplication; to an intimate relationship with Christ, so intimate, that every desire be made known to Him, even as to a beloved father. "Christ loves to come into the desolate places, and into your desolate soul," he said. "He is waiting at its very door. Will you not admit him, to be always yours—your friend and counsellor?"

Mudge caught every word the doctor uttered, who although speaking at length seemed to adapt his appeals to her special necessities, and they produced the effect this earnest disciple of the Master had most desired.

He sat down. There was a moment's silence. When from a clear, strong voice, rang out the words:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Soon a chorus of voices joined in the singing, and it became general throughout the room. A little to the right of him, Ray heard the trembling notes of a child's voice, growing stronger and more fervent through the first and second stanzas, but poured

forth with such deep and thrilling pathos, in the fourth, that he involuntarily turned his head in the direction whence the voice proceeded. There sat Mudge, her eyes raised to the ceiling—one ungloved hand resting on her breast, the other lying passive upon the coarse woolen shawl thrown carelessly about her person. Evidently she realized and deeply felt the words she was uttering:

"—— poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

As she went on—

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive"—

her features seemed as it were, transfigured with holy love and trust. After the music of the last line had died away, Dr. Deems again rose and said: "Yes, O Lamb of God we come! Let us pray!"

There are times when the Holy Ghost rests upon God's people and they seemed filled with power as effectually as were his servants of old, when there came a sound of a mighty wind and cloven tongues as of fire into their midst. One little soul, "poor, wretched, blind," was just beginning to behold the light of redeeming love, and the heart of the speaker was poured out for her, as only those hearts are, which are touched with the Spirit of God.

At the close of the meeting an opportunity was offered to any who wished to come forward and kneel for prayers. There was a slight movement in the direction of Mudge, and Ray distinctly heard the words "You shall not go Mudge." Then followed the answer, "Mother, I must go. Jesus calls me. I want Him and I must find Him."

Ray turned towards them just as Mudge left her seat, her loosely worn shawl, hanging in the woman's grasp—a tall wiry woman, with a hard face, and in whose compressed lips was the spirit of unflinching reproach toward the child who was openly disobeying her expressed command.

Mudge knelt down with a few others and bowed her head low upon her hands, in the attitude of deep and humble supplication. After the prayer, they were invited to remain for conversation at the close of the evening service. But Mudge returned to her mother, and when the benediction had been pronounced, putting on her shawl, she was preparing to leave the room when Ray turning towards her said: "You've chosen the good part, Mudge. You'll never regret the decision you've made to-night."

A smile peculiarly sweet and peaceful was upon her lips, the color came to her cheeks, her eyes were raised to his for a moment, and then fell as she said "Thank you."

There was a native grace and courtesy about Mudge that Ray could not account for, as it was far from being indigenous to the social atmosphere of Wendham, and he now saw it could not have been acquired from her mother at home. Mrs. Maguire stood near with eager curiosity upon her sharp features.

"This is Mudge's mother, I infer," said Ray, extending his hand cordially towards the woman. "You must rejoice in the light that has come to your daughter to-night."

She replied with assumed suavity: "Mudge is too young to know what she wants. I'd rather she'd wait till she's older before taking such a step."

"Christ said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"

"Mudge isn't a little child," she answered, with a short sinister laugh.

Mudge had moved toward the door. The mother followed and they were soon lost in the crowd.

VIII.

The sunshine, as each morning of the following week it lay upon the snow-clad hills, removed the sunshine of hope in the heart of the schoolmaster. Each night he returned disappointed from his daily task. He had never realized how great a part of the school Mudge was. But now she is absent. And what is the schoolroom without Mudge! Without her

"Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
And airy forms of flitting change."

As well might Marguerite have been left out of Faust.

Ray was ignorant of the cause of Mudge's absence until one day little Mary Deems came to him and said; "Mudge is sick. Did you know it, Mr. Gordon?"

"I did not," replied Ray, looking up in surprise.

"Papa says she is very sick and that I mustn't go to see her until she's better. I like Mudge, don't you Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, I like her."

"I wanted to go with papa last night, but he said she was too sick to see anyone."

Ray had often seen Mary fondly clinging to Mudge—twining her curls about her own dimpled fingers, and in various ways manifesting great fondness for her. And now the sweet face is suffused with tears as she continues: "Papa says she talks about school all the time. Once she said she should never see Mr. Gordon again. She don't know what she says some of the time, she's so sick."

Mary turned away and walked slowly to her seat and Ray saw the tender-hearted child was sad and weeping the remainder of the day.

The evening after his conversation with Mary the master seated himself beside the dim lamp with a new edition of *Aitken's Science and Practice of Medicine* open before him. The medical profession, which he had chosen, was the point around which his thoughts revolved; school a minor consideration—a necessity imposed by his scanty resources. Every moment, when released from its daily routine, he was pressing on in the direction of medical investigation. With an unclouded intellect, science opened before him like a vast plain reaching far beyond his angle of vision and he was traveling on

towards its further boundaries, when suddenly he has become tangled in a woody marsh. His thoughts will not assimilate with Aitken. They are wandering toward a little cottage—to the sick girl lying there talking of school and her teacher and of seeing him no more. "Is Mudge dangerously ill?" He'll find Dr. Deems and ask. He'll go and see Mudge and judge for himself. But not to-night. He removes his eyes from the barren wall opposite upon which they had been steadfastly gazing for the last ten minutes, turns back a leaf of Aitken and commences to re-read the page. But alas! the words are as unmeaning symbols to him.

Ray rose, closed the book, looked out on the snow-covered heath, walked nervously across the room, seized the tongs and adjusted the brands that had tumbled from the burning logs. Again he goes to the window and finally takes down his hat and overcoat and walks into the street. Soon he stands before the cottage. Everything is silent and dark, save through a narrow aperture between the window shade and the molding one little ray of light streams out and throws its beams far off across the dreary moor.

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world," murmurs the master. He takes a match from his pocket, draws it across his heavy boot and by its light looks at his watch. "Nine o'clock! A pretty time to visit a sick girl!" With this conclusion he walks rapidly back to his homely room, again takes up his Aitken saying to himself, "I must see her to-morrow night without fail."

IX.

"The doctor says no one must see Mudge to-night," answered Mrs. Maguire the following evening in reply to the master's inquiries.

"Yes, she's pretty sick; but I think she'll get well. She never ought to have gone out as she did. I tried not to have her go to the prayer meeting, but nothing to do, she must go."

"Did she take cold in going to the meeting?" asked Ray.

"Oh! I don't know. She got the first cold that night she came to see you about her sums. She'd never have gone if I'd known it. I don't allow her to be out nights. I told her it was very wrong for her to go off so unknown to me, and she acknowledges now that 'twas wrong. When I found it out I told her she shouldn't go to school another day this winter; but after I heard about the sleigh-ride I let her have her choice to go to that or to school. She pretended she didn't care anything about going to the ride; but I know she did, and so she went off up into her room and staid in the cold all the evening. The next morning I saw she had a headache; she said it didn't ache much; she's afraid I wouldn't let her go to school. She thinks everything of her school Mr. Gordon and it's a dreadful thing for her to be absent. She has her lessons pretty well doesn't she?"

Mrs. Maguire looked up inquiringly. She was proud of Mudge's scholarship and alluded to it on every possible occasion.

"She is very thorough in her studies," said Ray mechanically. He was wondering if Mudge was trying to reconcile her disobedience with some ethereal law in her nature that evening at the school-house when she assumed that "wrong must be right—sometimes." He believed that he now understood the train of thought that led her to that conclusion.

"She thinks more of you," continued Mrs. Maguire with a patronizing air "than of any teacher she ever had. She never used to think much of the masters. But they all said she was a good scholar. Her father was."

Ray was considering how he might most appropriately reply, when Mrs. Maguire continued, "There must have been something terribly hard about those sums! I never yet believed that's what she went to you for," and Mrs. Maguire cast an inquiring look upon Ray, as if the master would enlighten her as to the motive of the nightly visit.

"Has she a fever," he asked, avoiding further remarks in that direction.

"Yes, the doctor says it's the typhoid fever. Mrs. Towne's going to take care of her to-night. She's in there now," and Mrs. Maguire nodded toward the door slightly ajar to the right of where they were sitting.

"I think Mudge's a little out. The doctor says they're apt to be in this fever."

"I hope she'll be better in the morning," said Ray with a movement toward the door.

"I hope so. I guess her father'll feel bad enough

when he hears how sick she is. He thinks everything of Mudge."

"Then Mr. Maguire is not at home?" said Ray without any special interest in the inquiry.

"Oh, no! He's not at home. I thought may be you had heard about him."

There are people who seem to anticipate heaven through a way lined with other's faults and by exposing these to secure their passage thither; and the more intimate their relationship to the offender, the more secure they feel in the prize awarded for exposing the offence. They also expect to draw upon another's sympathy in behalf of themselves, and often succeed in awakening unmerited compassion.

Mrs. Maguire was about to give certain information regarding the shortcomings of her husband when the door of the sick-room opened and a sweet-faced woman came out, spoke a few words to her in a low tone and then softly returned.

"Mudge is so nervous!" and Mrs. Maguire slightly lowered her voice. "Mrs. Towne says she's very restless and perhaps we'd better go into another room. She opened the door of an adjoining apartment as she added: "I've been up every night for more than a week. The doctor got Mrs. Towne to come. He says she's a good nurse and I'd better try and get some sleep.

"I'll not detain you, Mrs. Maguire," said Ray, "you must need rest and had better get it as soon as possible. I shall be anxious to know how Mudge is in the morning and with your permission will call and inquire," and bidding her good-night, he hastily withdrew.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

(To be continued.)

SOME RANDOM NOTES ON THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE.

Widely diversified as are the languages of the world, they may be divided for purposes of study and comparison, if not as an ultimate fact into three great classes: 1st. The isolating or juxtapositional languages. 2d. The agglutinating or terminational. 3d. The amalgamating or inflectional. These names indicate with sufficient clearness the peculiarities which form the basis of this classification. Of the first class, the Chinese is the special and prominent type. Ideas and relations are expressed by simply putting one word after another. *Wo* means I; *chae* means company; *wo chae* means we. In the second class, the agglutinative, words are combined by mere cohesion: that is, the prevailing tendency is to keep distinct and unchanged the component parts expressive of ideas and relations. In the Hawaiian sentence, "*Ua hai lea ia ka lono*," "The news was widely told," *Ua* is the sign of the *past time*, *hai* is to tell; *lea* is much; *ia* is the sign of the *passive voice*; *ka* is the *definite article*; *lono* is rumor or report. As an example of the third class, the amalgamating or inflectional languages, take the English sentence, "Such untruthfulness must be disapproved by everyone." *Such* was originally *so like*; *untruth-*

fulness and *disapproved* may be resolved into parts, some of which separately have no meaning when taken apart from the compound word.

It may not be possible in every instance to decide under which of these three great classes a language must be placed. For life is fuller than logic, and our systems of classification are not of co-ordinate value with the processes of growth. We may be able to distinguish generally with readiness and accuracy an oak from an elm; but we find some kinds of trees which do not easily come under our logical classification, and we hesitate whether to call some species an oak or an elm. Language is the outcome of life; and therefore while we may in some general way classify languages because of certain obvious peculiarities, we cannot say that there is a distinctly drawn line between one type and another.

The slightest familiarity with the Hawaiian language, however, makes it evident that it is not monosyllabic like the Chinese, nor inflectional like the English. It belongs to the second great division of languages, the agglutinative, called Turanian by some philologists. It is the language of the nomadic or wandering tribes of Central Asia, of Southern

India, of the islands of Polynesia. However any language of this class may differ from others, they all have this one characteristic, that they keep unchanged the essential part of each word, the stem, which expresses the fundamental idea. The particles which express relation may or may not be linked on the stem so as to form a single word. There is for example, no fixed usage and no definite rule for joining the sign of the passive voice to the stem. *Ua ikeia*, it has been seen; or *ua hai ia*, it has been told, are both common expressions, printed in the first case with the passive sign united, and in the second, separated.

The agglutinative languages are spoken by nomadic tribes, who have never been formed into a lasting political unit, and who have developed no literature. The monosyllabic Chinese belongs to a rigid patriarchal social economy. Languages of the synthetic amalgamating type, like the English, are characteristic of people formed into a state, having a constitutional rather than an institutional form of government. It has been suggested that the different characteristics of these languages are the result of the different forms of social life, characteristic of those who speak them. "Languages which have no literature are liable to change quickly and become unintelligible. But among scattered peoples intelligibility is absolutely essential, if the intercourse among them, small though it may be, is to be maintained at all. It is therefore important to keep the radical portion of each word intact. Variation may be allowed in the syllables which express relation only; but no variation in the stem form expressing the radical idea."

This is a very pretty fancy, but the fact is that in the Hawaiian language there is little fixedness in the stem forms, both vowels and consonants being interchangeable without altering necessarily the signification of the words. Of its twelve elementary sounds, five or nearly one half are vocals, or vowel sounds: H, K, L, M, N, P, W are the consonants. Every syllable in Hawaiian must either be itself a vowel or end in a vowel. The preponderance of vowels is a marked difference between the English and the Hawaiian. "Thou beholdest the strength of these clamps" is a sentence beyond the ability of the average Hawaiian even to attempt to utter. While English people make great use of other organs of speech, modifying the pure resonant tones of the voice by the tongue, teeth, lips, talking much in the front of the mouth, the Hawaiian uses chiefly the upper part of the throat, so that it is most characteristically called the *kanaka* language, this Hawaiian word for *man* being an apt designation for the language as well as for the people. Of the 41 elementary sounds of the English language, 26 or two-thirds are consonants. It is difficult for the Hawaiians, accustomed so largely to the use of pure resonant tones from the throat to change their whole style of utterance and talk as the English so largely do with the vocal organs in the front of the mouth.

Their explanation of this common inability to learn the English language is a curious specimen of their common style of reasoning, from mere chance association of facts, not from any logical connection. They say that their habit of eating soft food, like poi, unfits their mouth for such words as a *haole* who eats bread and meat, hardtack and salt junk, has the strength to utter.

A Hawaiian makes eleven different words out of the vowel sounds *a, e, i, o, u*; and a sentence can be composed of vowels alone, e. g., "*A e ae oia ia'u*," i. e., "and he will give me his consent." Different combinations of vowel sounds may form different words. *Kaa*, cart; *kea*, white; *kia*, pillar; *kua*, back. Or different word sounds may signify the same thing. An oven is *imu, umu, oma*. The tongue is *telo, elelo, atelo*. Snore is *none, nono, nonolo*. *Hola, hohola, mahola*, is to spread open. Four is *ha, eha, ahua*, as the position of the word in the sentence may change the demands of euphony. This change of vowels gives a Hawaiian no more difficulty than does the change of meaning give to an Englishman, to whom the position of words in a sentence gives a decisive clue as to the meaning. "Could you bear it, that a man for a bare living should bear a bear upon his bare back?"

It is interesting to notice what curious changes English words are made to undergo in adapting them to the Hawaiian tongue. Smith becomes *Kamika*; Thurston, *Kakina*; handkerchief, *hahuka*; chisel or steel, *kila*; jacket, *lakeke*; fry, *palai*; salmon, *kamano*; shovel, *kopala*; stocking, *kakini*; scow, *kao*; gentlemen, *keonimana*; towel, *kevele*; rice, *laiki*. The newspapers reproducing foreign news, must necessarily coin many words for which there is no equivalent in Hawaiian; thus hoodlum becomes *hukalama*; Sydney, *Kikane*; San Francisco, *Kalapakiko*. Newspaper Hawaiian far exceeds in atrocity any newspaper English, and is responsible for such unutterables, as *pakalaki*, bad luck; *peawini*, fair wind; *kalaiwakaa*, carriage driver; *leko aneka*, let the anchor go; *oneki*, on deck; *weupa*, way up.

Of course objects new to the Hawaiians may be designated by modifications of the foreign name or by some apt native epithet. A plow is called *oopalau*; 'oo being the Hawaiian tool for digging, and *palau* the English word Hawaiianized. A spy-glass is *ohe nana*, *ohe* meaning bamboo and *nana* to look. Turnip is *uadapilau*; *uala*, the native potato, and *pilau*, strong smelling. A schooner is *mokukuna*; a steamer, *mokuahi*; *moku* being Hawaiian for ship; *kuna*, schooner Hawaiianized, *ahi*, fire. A horse is called *tio*, staring eyes, from the frightened look of the animal first landed at the Islands by Vancouver, pushed overboard from the vessel to swim to land.

Some of these transformations have an interesting history. For instance, the Hawaiian name for blacksmith is *amara*. Vessels of war were the first ships that visited the Islands, and in those early days the ship's smith was called the armorer. John Young's name among the Hawaiians was

"Olohana," from his so frequently calling out "All hands," when any work was to be done. Perhaps *popoki* is a queer attempt to say "poor pussy," or perhaps it is a genuine Hawaiian word, meaning short and thick, in allusion to the cat's blunt head. The native name is *uwau*, from the caterwaul, an onomatopoeic word for the cry of the cat. *Hoki* is the Hawaiian way of saying horse. But this has been confounded somewhat with *piula*, mule; and now *hoki* means a mule, *piula* an ass; and *lio*, horse. *Uwinihepa*, the Hawaiian word for bricks, is really *Winship*, the name of the captain of the vessel which first brought bricks to these Islands. It is easy to be mistaken in assigning meanings even to words in common use. *Kuitke*, cash down, seems like

a veritable Hawaiian word, *at sight*; but it is nothing more nor less than the English quick. *Maniania*, the Hawaiian name for the Bermuda grass, which is the common lawn grass in Honolulu, is popularly supposed to owe its name to a Spaniard, Manini, who introduced it; but *maniania* is the Hawaiian term for smooth, thick, velvety. Judge Andrews in his dictionary gravely defines *kupae*, as a Hawaiian word, meaning "to send away by water." It is not difficult to recognize in it, however, under the guise of changes like Josh Billings' new phonetics, our familiar phrase, "Good Bye."

C. M. HYDE,
North Pacific Missionary Institute.

GOOD NIGHT.

Say not good-by ! Dear friend, from thee
A word too sad that word would be.
Say not good-by ! Say but good-night,
And say it with thy tender, light
Caressing voice that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this.
Say but good-night.

Say not good-by ! Say but good-night;
A word that blesses in its light
In leaving hope of many a kind,
Sweet day, like this, we leave behind.
A word that taketh thee away !
Say but good-night !
Good-night !

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

In our last issue we commented briefly upon the importance of our health administration from a money point of view and showed how large the expenditures of the Board of Health were in proportion to those of other departments of the government. But large as are the sums disbursed by the Board, that body has other powers and functions whose importance is far beyond any mere money consideration. It has wide discretion and there are conferred upon it vast powers; autocratic and irresponsible powers for the exercise of which it is accountable to no tribunal. In bad hands, these powers might be exercised in a manner highly despotic and oppressive. As a matter of fact they have sometimes been so exercised and there has been no relief and no appeal. In corrupt hands, the wide discretion vested in the Board would afford ample opportunities for favoritism, bribery and similar practices. Partiality and jobbery are things not so easily proved as brutality and cruelty, but there has certainly been ground for strong suspicions; transactions which need explanation and for which there is apparently no explanation possible. In the matter of quarantine alone, the Board have an amount of power which should only be entrusted to men of the soundest judgment and the most irreproachable integrity. The case of the *Madras* affords a striking

instance of the possibilities which lie in this direction. This vessel arrived off this port with some eight hundred Chinamen on board, part of whom were for this place and part for San Francisco. Small-pox being found on board, the captain asked permission to land the Honolulu passengers in quarantine and proceed on his voyage with the remainder *including all the sick*. This permission was refused and the ship remained anchored, outside for many weeks, to the great pecuniary damage of the parties interested and the great aggravation of the sufferings of those on board. At the end of all this weary waiting, the Board suddenly reversed their policy and granted the captain more than he originally asked for. Instead of landing his well passengers, which was what he first requested, he was allowed to land them all, including those sick with small-pox. Here was apparently stupidity, certainly inhumanity, vacillation, and the opportunity and strong temptation for bribery. The expense of keeping large sea-going steamers lying idle for weeks at a time is so great that a fee of five or ten thousand dollars would not be too much for the owners or agents to offer and for corrupt officials to accept, in return for a relaxation of the rules they have it in their power to enforce. Think again what power is vested in the Board in another direction, and what a frightful engine of

oppression it can be made. The Board can, through their agents, enter any one's house, remove therefrom any man, woman or child, and that without an hour's warning, and banish them to where their friends may never see them again. This it can do on the sole and unsupported judgment and dictum of one man, without the intervention of any magistrate or court and without any opportunity for appeal to any tribunal whatever. If it be said that the Board would not push its authority to such an extreme limit or exercise its powers in an arbitrary and inhuman manner, we reply simply that it has been done, and the evidence to that effect is complete and unanswerable. Our remarks are not aimed at the present Board or at anyone in particular. We are only pointing out the importance of having the Board made up of the very best material that can be obtained. That it is not so composed at the present time goes without the saying.

The subject of ramie has been made prominent of late through discussion in the newspapers and the proceedings of the legislature, as well as through the efforts of parties interested in pushing the claims of a particular machine. That ramie will grow in this country, and grow luxuriantly, appears to be generally admitted. The success of this part of the proposed enterprise may, we think, be taken for granted. The great problem which has to be considered is, how the fiber whose beauty and value are universally admitted, can be separated and cleaned at such cost as to make it commercially profitable. This problem is by no means a new one. Other people have wrestled with it long and earnestly, and thus far with very indifferent success. The history of these attempts as given in an article entitled "Nettle Cloth," which was published in *Chambers Journal*, March 1st, 1884, and reprinted in the supplement of the *Hawaiian Gazette* of June 11th, should be carefully read by all persons who feel an interest in the subject, and particularly by any one who may think that he has invented a machine which is to supercede all others. At the time of writing, it is uncertain what the final action of the legislature may be upon the different propositions now before that body, for encouraging the growth and preparation of the ramie fiber. There are one or two considerations which in our opinion should govern their action in this matter. In the first place it would not be proper to appropriate any large sum of money to build and test any man's machine. The inventor may say and believe that his machine is the only one which can do the work efficiently and economically so as to make the undertaking a pecuniary success. Such statements though made in the most positive manner and with the utmost apparent good faith, should go for nothing unless backed up by some practical demonstration of their truth. In the present instance we are not aware that any such demonstration is offered. Every inventor of every machine which has been heretofore produced has probably made the

same or similar claims, and yet the machine or process which shall do the work in a satisfactory manner and at paying rates, still remains a desideratum. What the public want is results, and it seems to us that the proper course to be pursued would be the offering of a suitable prize for the production of a given quantity of the fiber ready cleaned and prepared and corresponding with a certain fixed standard of quality. But there is no use of demonstrating that ramie fiber can be grown and cleaned in this country unless it can be done at such rates as will make it pay. Would it not be well therefore to either make the granting of the prize dependent upon the cost of production being kept within a certain figure, or else adopt a sliding scale by which the size of the prize would be in an inverse ratio to the cost of production? Our own impression, based upon such information as we have been able to obtain, is that it is a "process" rather than a "machine" which is wanted. In China where labor is cheap and time a secondary consideration, a steeping process is resorted to for separating the fiber, as with flax and hemp. We learn from the *Scientific American* that the Belgians have recently adopted a method which is claimed to be more rapid and consequently cheaper as well as more healthy. The essential feature of this process appears to be that the branches are first soaked for a few days in water and then transferred to large cemented vats where they are treated with a mixture of pulverized charcoal and bicarbonate of soda or potash water. The whole subject is a very interesting one and we can only refer to it briefly and throw out a few suggestions. We hope the action of the legislature on the subject may be judicious and result in substantial good to the industrial interests of the Islands.

In connection with the above topic the question presents itself to our mind, why should the offer of a government prize be restricted to ramie? There is good reason for the belief that other fiber producing plants might flourish under the conditions of soil and climate that exist here. So far as we are aware the experiment has never been fairly tried. If we are in error we shall be glad to be corrected. Among the things which occur to us as possible additions to our list of productions are New Zealand flax, jute, etc. It seems to us that it would be a wise and proper thing for the government to extend the scope of its proposed offer so as to include any fiber-producing plants, whose products were capable of being made commercially valuable. In so doing it would be necessary, if any practical results are to be realized, that the time of trial should be sufficiently extended to allow intending competitors a chance to introduce and give a fair trial to the cultivation of the various plants from which valuable results were expected.

The opening of the new building of the Library and Reading Room Association is an event deserving

more than passing notice. The completion of a structure of this kind, substantial, spacious, handsome; arranged throughout with special reference to the wants of the Association and fully equipped in all respects for the carrying out of its work, is something in which the people of Honolulu can take an honorable pride. The most satisfactory circumstance about the whole enterprise is that the Association have been able to complete this structure entirely free from debt, and to take possession of their new and beautiful home with a balance in the treasury. Of course this result has not been obtained without a large amount of work and a large degree of liberality. Of the services of the officers and trustees of the institution, the editor of the MONTHLY being one of the number, does not deem it fitting to speak at length. We may be permitted however to say that the work that has been accomplished has only been rendered possible by the most unswerving faith and the most unflinching persistence on the part of those who had the enterprise in charge. For the kindness and liberality of the public, by which the efforts of the officers have been supported and made effective, no praise is too high. The list of those who have at different times and in various ways aided the enterprise, includes the names of nearly the whole community. We feel, however,

that we should not be doing our duty were we not to mention Hon. C. R. Bishop and Mr. J. T. Waterhouse, Sr., the two largest contributors and His Majesty the King and Mr. A. J. Cartwright, the two next largest. These four contributions together amounted to about one-third of all the money raised by subscription; the balance of the funds having come from two grand fairs and from the loan exhibition. It was the liberal subscriptions of the first few gentlemen to whom the list was presented which acted as an encouragement to others and made success certain. In speaking of the fair we must make especial note of the services of Her Majesty Queen Kapiolani, whose collection of goods was very large and valuable and whose table realized considerably the largest sum of any at the fair. The valuable assistance of Dowager Queen Emma should also be acknowledged. In the February number of the MONTHLY we gave quite a full description of the building. All who have contributed in any way, either in money or in work, to the erection of this beautiful and appropriate structure, have a right to feel that they have done an honor to the town in which they dwell and that they deserve the thanks of their fellow citizens. All honor then to those who have provided for Honolulu this temple dedicated to "the art preservative of all arts."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

NOT SO MANY BUDDHISTS.—It has been an impression in the minds of many students of the religious world that the number of those who may properly be called Buddhists is commonly overestimated. All calculations of the sort must, of course, be attended with great possibilities of inaccuracy, growing out of the obviously loose way in which estimates of sect-adherents, as well as of totals of population, are left to be made in countries where no exact census has ever been attempted. Naturally such estimates largely vary, and that of the total number of adherents of Buddhism has lately been put as wide asunder as the 245,000,000 of Johnstone's Physical Atlas, and the 470,000,000 of Mr. Edwin Arnold in the preface to his *Light of Asia*. And even the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* enumerates the total inhabitants of China and Japan as among them.

We have received from Rev. A. P. Happer, D. D., who has now been a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in China for nearly forty years, a pamphlet which carefully discusses this subject, and which seems clearly to demonstrate that these popular tables need large correction. He shows that, so far from the entire population of China and Japan being Buddhists, there cannot probably be fairly counted in both countries a total of over thirty-eight millions of such, out of an entire population of (say) 336,000,000; that is, only eleven and thirteen-forty-seconds per cent.—which is a very serious difference indeed. This difference is due mainly to the circumstance

that Confucianism—which is, in point of fact, the established religion of China—and Shintoism—which is the religion of the large majority of the Japanese—are both overlooked. And for a careful estimate of the total of Buddhists in the world, he gives to Ceylon and Mongolia each two millions; to Burmah four; to India—by government census, 4,342,407; to Siam and Thibet each six; to Manchuria ten; to Japan eighteen, and to China twenty; a grand total of but 72,342,407—which is only about fifteen per cent. of the wild estimate of Mr. Arnold, and less than thirty per cent. of the more moderate calculation of Mr. Johnstone.

This computation of our missionary friend seems a very careful one, which duly allows for all the uncertain factors in the problem; and we should think it ought to modify future estimates. The account which *en passant* he gives of the co-existence, or joint existence, of Confucianism in China, and Shintoism in Japan, with other religions, is curious and interesting.—*N. Y. Congregationalist*.

One of our young readers wants to know the origin and meaning of the phrase "sent to Coventry." It is probably due to the fact that the original name of the English city, Coventry, was thought to be Convent town. Of course, a person living in a convent is shut out altogether from society; hence the modern phrase is an expression to denote that social favor or notice is withdrawn from an individual.

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

I have remarked in previous letters, says Mrs. Croly in a late fashion paper, upon the absence from street dress of accessories that were formerly considered indispensable—ties, bows, cravats, broaches, chains and pendants on bracelets, cuffs, veils, and the like. The dress of women, except for skirts, is now almost as simple as that of men, and the women who still adhere to fluttering and gilded furbelows upon the street are not fashionable women, but old-fashioned women, or those who live at a distance from the centres of civilization, and who are not en rapport with the progress of ideas, or perhaps one should say the recent changes in the modes.

There is nothing more lovely and appropriate than the French nanisooks, showing tiny embroidered rosebuds, daisies and lilies, made in polonaise, trimmed in Oriental lace, and worn over a skirt of pale silk.

Creme veils are coming into fashion, and in cream and pale pink shades, are soft-looking and becoming to the complexion.

At a quiet but stylish little church wedding recently, says the New York Evening Post, the three bridesmaids wore dresses of India muslin of the palest pink, printed with geranium blossoms of a much deeper shade. These gowns were nearly covered with waves and flounces of Oriental lace, and the drapings were looped with knots and flowing ends of pink-satin ribbon. The gypsy round hats of pink mervilleux were veiled with lace pleatings and trimmed with wreaths of brown-hearted marguerites. The cream-colored Suede gloves reached almost to the shoulder; the stockings of cream were embroidered with pink daisies over the instep and worn with bronze ties. The bouquets were of white roses and pink geraniums.

Women are never too old to wear white as a house dress; indeed, white, black; and gray are the most suitable colors for age. Ladies who are fearful of being suspected of a desire to appear youthful in wearing white dresses, and so discard them, make a mistake.

With dark dresses very little white at the throat is permissible, whereas with light dresses of all kinds the more white at the neck the better the effect.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

Mats knit of yarn and worsted are the latest sensation. A grand thing they are for shopkeepers as now there is a ready sale for all shopworn, moth eaten, old style yarns and worsteds, as anything will do to knit, and the mats are "just lovely." Cast on twelve stitches of any kind or color of yarn, except-

ing black. Use very large knitting needles, larger than you would use for knitting stockings, and knit loose. Have all the colors in your knitting basket that you can buy, beg or borrow. Knit across from five or six times to twenty with one color, and knit your strip one-half yard long. If you prefer you can break your yarns into lengths from two to six or seven feet long and tie them all together before you commence to knit; the effect when done will be the same. Be careful in tying together not to put the same color in too often, and in tying or knitting put in smaller strips of the brightest colors than of dull ones. That of yellow, orange, bright red, green or blue knit less times across. Of the grays, dull reds, browns, dark blues and greens, wood colors, etc., knit across any where from twelve to twenty times. Knit thirty-eight strips. If you have fine yarn—split zephyr—or anything of that kind double or treble it before knitting. Knit one strip of plain black long enough to go clear around your mat and one strip of black long enough to go half-way round. Lay your strips one by one upon a very thickly folded cloth and put a thin piece of cloth sopping wet in cold water over and press with a very hot iron. When the wet cloth is dry, remove, lay your strip upon a dry folded cloth, and press until perfectly dry. Then put in a dry, warm room for twenty-four hours as your success depends much upon strips being well pressed and dried. Then cut the strips open in the middle and ravel each half down to two stitches from the selvage. Commence to ravel upon the end where you bound off. Buy a piece of ticking three quarters of a yard long, and sew one of these raveled strips upon every white stripe, commencing at the third from the edge and leaving three at the other edge. If your thirty-eight strips are not enough, knit more: if too many keep what are left over for another mat or give them to some one afflicted with the same craze. Cut your black strips in the middle and ravel the same and put clear around the mat; one will go around twice, you know, and the other once, which will make your border three strips wide all around. Line the mat or not, just as you choose. I did not mine; it is quite heavy without. If you do not line it, turn the edge where not selvedge up on to the right side before sewing your black on.

You can knit everything. Ravel out old hoods, mittens, son-tags, jackets, shawls, stockings, etc. You can buy shopworn worsted for five cents an ounce and Germantown yarns for five cents a quarter skein. You will find a very few cents worth of the bright colors all you want—a five cent ounce is too much for one mat, so if two or three of your neighbors can have got the craze together, one buy one color and another some other and divide. Be sure and put in some bright yellow as it is a great addition.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A law.
2. An image.
3. A tax.
4. A girl's name.

BEHEADED WORD.

My whole is an edible grain.
 Behead it and it is caloric.
 Behead it again and it is what we do to live.
 Behead it again and it is a preposition.
 Behead it again and it is a pleasant drink.

CHARADES.

1. My first is a prop; my second is a prop; and my whole is a prop.
2. My first is a company; my second is a religious person; my third is a musical instrument; and my whole is a puzzle.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.—TRANSPPOSITION.
 Tires—Tries—Rites—I Rest.

ONE WORD ANAGRAMS.—GIRLS' NAMES.

1. Wilhelmina.
2. Adeline.
3. Rosamond.

BOY'S NAMES.

1. Reginald.
2. Edward.
3. Sylvester.

DOUBLE WORDS.

1. Pea—hen.
2. Hum—bug.
3. Ant—her.
4. War—den.

THE DESPERADO AND THE PURITAN.

About the year 1851 the most influential man in San Antonio was an alleged desperado named Bob Augustine. Bob came to San Antonio with a fearful record. He enjoyed the reputation of having killed a dozen or so of men, and was respected accordingly. While he was in San Antonio he did not reduce the census at all, but that was not his fault. He had a seductive way of drawing his eighteen-inch Arkansas toothpick and examining it critically with a sinister smile while humbly requesting the temporary loan of \$5. Thus it was that Bob went about acquiring wealth and warm personal friends, but creating no funerals. There were rumors that Bob was playing bluff, but that was after he had marched away.

It was during the reign of Bob Augustine, "the long-ranged roarer of Calaveras canon," as he familiarly called himself, that a young man from Boston, named John Winthrop, came to San Antonio, presumably in search of health, as he brought very little with him. He was far gone in consumption, and nothing but the fact that he had but a short time to live, unless the climate of Western Texas saved him induced him to come to San Antonio. As everybody carried a pistol, Winthrop did not care to insult public decency by going unarmed. Besides, such a course might as seriously interfere with his restoration to health as putting on a clean shirt.

His Puritan training caused him to revolt at the idea of carrying firearms, so he resorted to artifice. He wore a holster, but, instead of keeping a pistol in it, he had his cash funds stored away in it, and nobody was the wiser for it. On the contrary Winthrop was looked up to by the best citizens just the same as if he was loaded down with deadly weapons. Of course, everybody tried to make the stranger from Massachusetts feel as comfortable as if he was at home; so he was told all about Bob Augustine, the long-ranged roarer, at least ten times a day, and

he was advised not to be particular in asking security for the debt in case the roarer wanted to borrow a small loan, unless he (Winthrop) did not wish to regain his health.

The long-ranged roarer sauntered into Winthrop's room at the hotel, but before the desperado could open his mouth or draw a weapon the unfortunate Yankee threw back his coat, and with trembling fingers tugged at his pistol holster to get at his money to appease the would-be assassin. On the other hand, as soon as the roarer saw Winthrop trying to get out his pistol he turned as pale as a ghost. The alleged desperado's knees knocked together, the cold sweat boiled out all over him, and he extended his hand and said tremblingly:

"Don't draw, good Mr. Yankee. I was only trying to fool you. My bold Arkansas heart beats for you, my boy. I just wanted to teach you a lesson. Never let any durned galoot get the drop on you. If anybody insults you, just tell them that Bob Augustine is your friend."

Winthrop, who was more scared, if possible, than the roarer, replied:

"Oh, I'll give you what you want," and kept on tugging at the holster, which came unbuckled.

With a yell of dismay the desperado passed out through the window, carrying off the sash, and ran down Commadore street, the principal thoroughfare, with the sash on his neck, howling, "Police! police!" closely followed by Winthrop, who kept on tugging at his holster, trying to get at his money, he believing that the desperado was running to his room to procure a shot gun with which to commit murder. All that afternoon Winthrop kept on hunting the roarer, to purchase peace on any terms, and the roarer hid himself to avoid the pistol of the Boston man. Next morning the long-ranged roarer of the Calaveras canon was missing, and Winthrop was the lion of the day for having run off the terror of the Alamo city.

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THE

HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL CULTURE.

OCTOBER, 1884.

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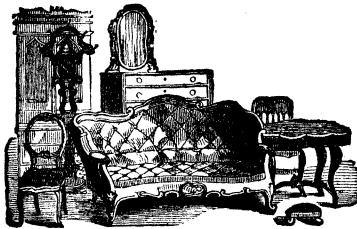
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THE HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

VOLUME 1.]

[NUMBER 10.

HONOLULU, OCTOBER. 1884.

THE RED SUNSETS.

We have just received through the kindness of a friend a translation, of an article which appeared in the May number of the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, entitled, "The Redness of the Sky." It is such an excellent companion piece to the article of Rev. S. E. Bishop in the May number of the MONTHLY that we should be glad to publish it entire did not its length forbid. While Mr. Bishop confines himself almost entirely to the mechanical or dynamic side of the problem, the writer in the *Revue*, who is M. P. Damin, of the Academy of Sciences, proceeds to elaborate the purely optical aspects of the question. Mr. Bishop shows how a great quantity of volcanic material being ejected to a sufficient height from the earth's surface, the lighter portions would receive a strong westerly propulsion which would carry them quite around the globe. He also shows how this extremely fine material having been thrown above the limits of the atmosphere, might travel westward at such a rate and along such a course as corresponds accurately with the successive appearances of the fiery sunsets as recorded by the various observers. At this point M. Damin takes up the problem and proceeds to show by an elaborate course of reasoning, based upon the laws of optics, how a mass of matter in an extremely minute state of sub-division, would, if floating at the altitude and following the course which Mr. Bishop's theory supposes, produce precisely those lurid phenomena which have so startled and perplexed the nations. Although, as already remarked, we cannot give the article of the French *savant* in full, we think a summary of his argument will be of interest to many of our readers.

We call those substances transparent which permit the light to pass through them. Only there are none which are absolutely transparent; neither the water, nor the air, nor any known substance; all weaken the rays and where there is sufficient thickness, extinguish them. In general, they act unevenly on the different colors of the spectrum, transmitting some and interrupting others, from which it follows that these substances have color.

If is an interesting question, what are the colors of the two most widespread substances in nature, water and air. This question which appears so

simple is very complex, and according to the case, the answers astonish us by their diversity. In a glass, water appears colorless and transparent. The ocean and the lake of Lucerne are green; the Mediterranean is blue as well as the lake of Geneva. Hassenfratz has maintained that the water is red. Having filled with ordinary water a long tube closed at both ends with ice, he caused a ray of solar light to pass through it. It entered white and on leaving had an orange tint. But the water Hassenfratz used was not pure. The experiment was repeated by Mr. Bunsen and others, who took particular pains to purify the liquid employed. The result was that the light on leaving the tube was colored, not orange but blue. We may regard white light as composed of three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, the other colors of the spectrum, as orange, green, etc., being simply combinations of those. When a beam of light is passed through a quantity of water, these colors are partially intercepted, but they are intercepted unequally, the red and yellow more than the blue, and consequently on leaving the water the blue predominates. This is true when the water is pure, or as nearly so as it is practicable to obtain it. If, however, we add to this water a little cologne or absinthe or any substance which will cause the diffusion through the mass of minute particles of solid matter, a portion of the light will be arrested in its passage. Experience shows that more of the blue will be retained than of the yellow, and more of the yellow than the red, from which it follows that the light on its emergence will appear yellow, orange, or finally red. According to the purity of the water it affords all the tints, blue, green, yellow, orange and red, in the order named.

The rays which are hindered in their passage through the water by these solid particles are not extinguished. They are reflected, scattered in all directions, disseminated on all sides. All translucent bodies act more or less in this way upon the light which they receive. They divide it into two portions, one of which passes through in a direct line and continues its way. This is the transmitted ray. The other portion is reflected, diffused, escapes in all directions, illuminating the matter and rend-

ering it visible. This is the diffused or reflected ray. These two portions of light are the complements of each other. As one decreases the other augments. If water is of that degree of impurity which permits more of the red rays to pass than of the blue, it will diffuse and reflect more of the blue than of the red. This is the reason why water into which a few drops of one of the substances mentioned above has been poured resembles a bluish cloud, but appears yellow or orange when we view the light through it. According to the degree of its purity and the amount and character of the impurities, water presents all possible degrees of transparency. Were this transparency absolute, the whole amount of light received would be transmitted unchanged, there would be no diffusion and the water would present what Prof. Tyndall calls an "optical vacuum." As a matter of fact this condition is never perfectly realized. Whatever pains may be taken, the water is never perfectly limpid and in any considerable quantity will always diffuse a little. This explains the marvelous color of the Mediterranean and the lake of Geneva. The celebrated coloring of the grotto of Capri is explained in a similar way. Therefore, pure water is blue; blue by transparency and blue by diffusion. But if rendered impure by the presence of fine particles of solid matter, it colors itself green, yellow, orange and even red. In the atmosphere we find the same phenomena due to similar causes, but with greater complications.

The atmospheric envelope which surrounds the earth consists of successive layers, diminishing in density as we ascend. The degree of density and consequently of pressure proceeds according to a definite and well-known law, so that the altitude can be always approximately measured by barometric pressure. The limit of the atmosphere is generally fixed at about fifty miles. This, however, is merely an approximation. The atmosphere becomes rapidly thinner as we ascend and we cannot name the point where it absolutely ends. Some scientists indeed claim that the entire space between the sun and the earth is occupied by a gaseous medium, though of course of an inconceivable degree of attenuation. At any rate, if the atmosphere extends much above the limits generally assigned, it is in a state of attenuation so extreme that observers have been unable to verify its presence by any phenomena, either optical or mechanical.

The composition of the atmosphere is variable. The quantity of watery vapor which it contains changes constantly and in proportion to the dry air, is greatest at high altitudes. In addition to its gaseous components and watery vapor, the atmosphere contains myriads of solid particles floating in its midst. Among the latter are at times minute

crystals of ice, dust of all kinds raised from the surface of the earth and diffused by the wind, and also, as there is reason for believing, cosmic dust. This latter has been gathered from the Arctic snows by Nordenskiöld and identified as the same in substance with meteoric masses. These various substances, vapor, water in different stages of condensation and solid particles of terrestrial or celestial origin are the cause of all the luminous phenomena which the atmosphere exhibits. To these are due not only the clouds and the fog, but the rainbow and the familiar circle around the moon. They cause the halo which sometimes surrounds the sun, they paint the morning and evening sky, they make the clear firmament and the distant mountains appear blue, and finally they cause the phenomenal brilliancy of the heavens which we are now considering.

These foreign substances are not evenly distributed through the atmosphere. The upper layers are comparatively free from them and present an appearance of almost perfect transparency. As we descend towards the surface of the earth, the dust of various kinds and the particles of condensed water are multiplied. The lower layers are in a state analogous to that of impure water and are capable of producing somewhat similar optical effects.

In these conditions it is evident that the air diffuses a portion of the light which enters it. A good illustration of this process is seen when a beam of light enters a darkened room through an aperture in a closed shutter. The course of the light across the room is rendered distinctly visible by the particles of dust floating in the atmosphere. If at night we watch a lighthouse which has a revolving light, we shall see, particularly if the night is hazy, an immense train of luminosity like the tail of a comet extending out from the lantern in a straight and ever widening track, and revolving around it as upon a pivot. It is this process of diffusion which during the day renders the whole expanse of the heavens visible, which illuminates the insides of our houses and all places out of the direct rays of the sun, which masks and extinguishes the stars and which makes mountains and other distant objects appear as if a luminous veil were hung between them and the eye.

The amount of diffusion varies of course according to the clearness or unclearness of the atmosphere; in other words, according to the amount of foreign particles which it contains. When we look directly up towards the zenith we receive the diffusion from all the layers of the atmosphere, both the clear and the unclear. The effect of the former predominates while that of the latter is comparatively slight, because they are thin in comparison with the whole mass, and looking at them at right angles to their plane, we are looking through their shortest diameter. Looked at in this way the atmosphere is blue, both by diffusion and transmission. At great altitudes the sky appears darker,

NOTE.—We are not quite convinced of the correctness of M. Damini's dictum that pure water and pure air are blue. It seems to us that the slight blue tint remaining in the purest water or air we can obtain is quite as likely to be due to a slight residue of foreign matter which our methods are incapable of removing, as that it is due to a color inherent in the substances themselves. The probabilities seem to us strongly in favor of such a hypothesis, and the contrary, so far as we know, is incapable of proof.

owing to the blue of transmission and diffusion, particularly the latter, diminishing with the diminished thickness of the atmospheric medium. At the upper limits of the atmosphere, there being no intervening medium to impart luminosity or color, either by transmission or diffusion, the sky would appear black. If we change the direction of our vision from the zenith towards the horizon, the atmosphere seems more opaque and the blue of the sky less marked. The reason is that we are not looking at the atmosphere at right angles or through its shortest diameter, but obliquely, or through a longer one. The difference is similar to that which is experienced by looking at a plate of glass, first directly or flatways, and then obliquely or edgewise. A plate of glass which, when looked at squarely or through its shortest diameter, appears absolutely transparent, might, when viewed obliquely or edgewise, appear green or blue and nearly or quite opaque.

But as water rendered slightly unclear by an emulsion becomes red by transmitted light while still remaining blue by diffused or reflected light, so also the unclear atmospheric layers may present us with two colors. As the sun descends toward the horizon its rays traverse those portions of the atmosphere which are more filled with foreign particles, and they traverse them more obliquely. For this reason the color of the sun itself which is due to the transmitted rays changes from blue to green, to yellow, to orange and finally to red. The clouds which are in the same line of vision or nearly so, take on similar coloring. At the same time the upper sky which is seen by us mainly by diffused and not by transmitted light continues to appear blue.

The phenomena of twilight, the continuance of light in the sky after the sun has disappeared and the gradual coming on of night, are due to this diffusive property of the atmosphere. The air remains lighted up and visible after the sun has set. If the earth had no atmosphere, it would have no twilight. The transition from day to night would be abrupt and without color. The nearer the atmosphere approaches perfect purity, as on high mountains, the nearer are we to having such a phenomenon.

The course of the sun being known with certainty it is easy to calculate its precise position at any moment even when it is not visible. So we can tell just how many degrees below the horizon the sun has sunk when the last glimmer forsakes say a certain cloud or the summit of a mountain. By a process of triangulation it is possible from such data to calculate the height of the cloud or mountain. What is true of the cloud or the mountain is also true of the atmosphere. As long as it is lighted, as long as it continues to diffuse light, we know it is still receiving the rays of the sun. When it is no longer illuminated we know that the sun has sunk so far below the horizon that the rays no longer reach it. Knowing the moment at which the twilight ceases in any definite direction, enables us to

calculate the height of the atmosphere, or at least the height to where it is too thin to produce any diffusion.

As the twilight deepens, the stars gradually come into view. The reason that the stars are invisible during the day is not altogether because of the greater intensity of the sun's rays, but because of the diffusion of light going on in the lower layers of the atmosphere. Were the air pure and free from mixture of foreign particles and therefore free from diffusion, the stars would be visible at noon-day as they are at great altitudes. As the sun sinks below the horizon and the light is withdrawn successively from the lower layers of the atmosphere, the illumination of these layers is extinguished in succession, beginning at the lowest until the stars get the upper hand and become visible.

The above is a tolerably full and we think an entirely fair statement of the line of thought by which M. Damin seeks to prepare his readers for an intelligent consideration of the phenomena of the red sunsets. The first point to which he alludes is that not one characteristic circumstance habitually indicated or announced during the day, the spectacular twilight which we were to observe in the evening. At most the sun sometimes appeared a little bluish, or veiled and tarnished by some atmospheric trouble. This remained not only during the setting but sometimes a little later. It was not until the beginning of night that the sky took on a copper tint which rapidly exaggerated and changed to a deep red, and offered except in the place it occupied, the appearance of a brilliant aurora. Following the line of argument indicated in the earlier part of the article, the conclusion is reached that in the highest regions of the atmosphere there existed a medium less dense, but nevertheless capable of diffusing the red light. This at first was screened by the ordinary twilight and did not become visible until the shadow projected by the earth had extinguished the illumination of the inferior layers.

These sunset glows were studied by the process already indicated for ascertaining the height of the atmosphere, viz: by watching for the moment when the light was extinguished and then from the known distance of the sun below the horizon calculating the height of the reflecting medium. Different observers however appear to have reached different results. This indicates either that the methods adopted were not uniform, or that the substance producing the glow occupied a much higher position at some times and places than at others. According to Helmholtz, who observed the glows at Berlin on the 28th, 29th and 30th of November, they were seen at an elevation of 45° one hour after the setting of the sun and must have attained an elevation of 60 kilometers, (about 37 miles). But Mr. Hirn, who made similar observations and calculations at Colmar, found the elevation to exceed 500 kilometers (about 307 miles). This is about six times the ordinarily estimated thickness of the atmosphere.

All the accounts and descriptions which have been received from all quarters since that time may be summed up says M. Damin, in two words. The red glow of the prolonged twilight was due to the presence of a light fog, formed of diffused dust. Its existence, says he, cannot be contested; it is verified by experiments; its height has been measured, and it has been seen by all attentive observers.

The author next proceeds to inquire into the nature of these clouds. He refers first to the fact that the sun, according to many independent observers, assumed a green or blue color, morning and evening, and imparted a similar hue to all terrestrial objects. This phenomenon was observed by the author in person, distinctly marked, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th of September. He reports that as observed through an open window, the sun had a decided blue-greenish tint and appeared a little veiled, as by a fog. He also observed the moon in its first quarter, surrounded by a pale green halo about 30° in breadth. Reports from Colombo and other places are given, showing the same phenomenon of a decidedly green sun. This peculiar coloration of the sun is attributed, in part at least, to the presence of water vapor, and this opinion is fortified by the results of spectroscopic examination. The conclusion is announced that with the dust already mentioned, there was present in the superior portions of the atmosphere, an enormous quantity of water vapor, which being condensed by the cold at the time of sunset, must have contributed largely to the formation of the stratum which gave rise to the red glows. The materials causing these appearances being situated at the extreme limit of the atmosphere or beyond it, received the solar rays long after sunset and sent them back to us. The cause of the red and prolonged twilight is thus explained.

The origin of this high-placed dust is next considered at length and the view that it came from the Krakatoa eruption of Aug. 28th and 29th is fully accepted. The terrific manifestations of plutonic energy by which this eruption was characterized are vividly portrayed, but we have no space to follow them in detail. One point of special importance must however be mentioned. After describing the enormous showers of mud, ashes, pumice, etc., which descended upon land and sea for hundreds of miles and the dense darkness by which it was accompanied, we are told that at Batavia the fall of these materials ceased one day before the return of light. This is an important circumstance, for it indicates that a dense, persistent and opaque cloud had formed and was maintaining itself in the upper air.

Considerable space is devoted to the remarkable barometric oscillations which were observed about the same time at widely scattered points. It was evident that such perturbations must have a common origin and that they pointed to some serious atmospheric disturbance having occurred at a determinate moment at some point on the globe. This point

could be none other than Krakatoa. Careful calculations have fully justified this conclusion. The pressure was transferred from place to place, diverging like the rings which are formed by throwing a stone into the water. These pressure rings marched with uniform velocity in all directions over the entire globe. They arrived simultaneously at the antipode of Krakatoa and having passed this point they returned to meet again at their original place of starting.

The investigation of this phenomenon, involving a comparison of the records of many widely scattered points of observation, an allowance for differences of time, etc., required considerable time and no small amount of patient labor. A careful examination and rigorous interpretation of recorded observations showed conclusively that the initial disturbance was produced at Krakatoa on the 28th of August, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; that the variations in pressure thereby occasioned had been transmitted from place to place, advancing in all directions from this center, with a velocity of 327 meters (about one-fifth of a mile) a second. This is almost precisely the rate at which sound is transmitted in the air. This coincidence seems to have been unexpected, though it might on theoretical grounds have been foreseen. In a certain sense it may be said that the explosion at Krakatoa was heard around the world, the barometer for the first time serving as a telephone.

It is next argued that the enormous explosive energy exhibited by the Krakatoa eruption as shown in other respects, was more than adequate to the task of propelling vertically and to the necessary height, the mass of dust and vapor required to produce the fiery sunsets quite around the globe. This point is illustrated as follows: If we imagine the barrel of an immense cannon, planted vertically and well loaded, to have launched a bomb directly upward with an initial velocity of 500 meters a second (not an extraordinary velocity for artillery projectiles,) it would rise to the height of 13 kilometers, (over eight miles). If this initial velocity was simply doubled and made 1,000 meters a second, the projectile would rise to 51 kilometers, (over thirty miles). This is ten times as high as mount Blanc and would reach to a point where the pressure of the atmosphere is less than one-millionth part as great as at the surface of the earth. There is no difficulty in believing that the column of ashes leaving the crater had at least this velocity, and as gases continue to expand as the pressure is reduced, we have here a force which would prolong its action as the mass ascended, as in the case of a rocket.

The following passage is not only a striking endorsement from an entirely independent source, of the theory advanced by Mr. Bishop, but bears so close a resemblance to the article of the latter gentleman in its way of stating the matter, that we quote our translation entire. "It is certain that on the 28th of August the volcano launched out a stream of

NOTE.—We are not responsible for any of M. Damin's figures *Ed. Monthly.*

ashes and vapor of water partially condensed, making a vertical hole in the air, passing the atmosphere and forming a sort of protuberance, in which it united an accumulation of a variety of materials. The larger ones falling around the volcano, the remainder continued floating as clouds and smoke, floating, *gliding sideways, spreading out in all directions like oil on water*, forming a superior cap, a stratus composed solely of dust and vapor of water, a persisting stratus, capable of diffusing the rays, of lengthening the twilight, of coloring the solar light, capable, in a word, of developing the optical phenomena we have sought to explain."

The two principal objections to the volcanic theory of the origin of the red sunsets are next considered.

MADELINE.

(The editor finds on receiving the later sheets of *Madeline* that the story will be somewhat longer than was anticipated. It will be necessary therefore in order to complete its publication within the time originally intended, that a larger installment than usual be given in the present number. Instead of publishing a second story, as is our custom, the whole space allotted to fiction this month will be devoted to *Madeline*.)

X.

The *Daily Telegram* is not more prolific in spreading news than was the tongue of Abiel Stevens. Any little bit of gossip was as uneasy in his capacious brain, as a five cent piece in a tramp's pocket. Moreover, it was not unusual for the three or four white-breasted bluebirds that lighted upon a branch of the budding maple in the rear of the blacksmith's forge, to be magnified by Abiel in the account given of his vernal visitors into ten, a dozen, or even twenty bluebirds. This tendency to enlarge upon whatever was visually or aurally presented to him, was not accounted for in any work on metaphysics. Imagination did not enter largely into Abiel's organization. His proclivities were like fabled Fama's who numbered so many wakeful eyes, so many tongues, so many babbling mouths, and pinched up so many listening ears. As the master was the most accessible receptacle for the oral overflow during the cold and stormy winter evenings, Ray had often been entertained with local and personal incidents, somewhat to his own discontent, as it essentially interfered with his professional research, and the loss of time therein involved was usually made up by the dim light of the midnight lamp.

Ray had scarcely time to remove his great coat and overshoes on his return from the interview with Mrs. Maguire, when Mr. Stevens entered, and after stirring up the fire and laying another log above the slumbering coals, he volunteered the novel remark: "Pretty cold to-night."

These objections are, *first*, the difficulty of accounting for the transportation and diffusion of the dust and vapor around the entire world, and *second*, the difficulty of accounting for its persistence in the upper regions of the air. Both these objections are answered very fully and satisfactorily and substantially upon the same lines as indicated by Mr. Bishop. These points, however, are familiar to those who have given the subject any considerable attention, and we will not undertake to follow, even in outline, the course of reasoning which the author has pursued. The whole article is extremely interesting and well worthy the careful study of all who take any intelligent interest in natural phenomena or the present course of scientific thought on such subjects.

A ready assent being given to this assertion, he immediately commenced to remove the pressure upon him, which he did in the following manner: "They say that gal of Maguire's is purty sick."

"So I understand," said Ray.

"Well, it beats all what some women are capable of doin'. Tho' I don't b'lieve but that the man's some to blame."

Although Ray was not given to gossip, yet it must be acknowledged that just now he was inclined to listen for further disclosures with a good degree of interest. He looked up inquiringly and Abiel was encouraged to go on.

"Why, they say Maguire was home here a few weeks ago—sent word he's comin' and when he got here the house was all fastened up and nobody ter be found. 'Twas one Saturday afternoon, and Madam, he, he, he! she'd taken Mudge and gone off up to Monsonville. She's got a sister lives up there, and they come and brought her back Sunday night. And they say Mudge never know'd a word 'bout her father's comin' home till one er the boys asked her what she went off for and locked up the house so her father couldn't git in. Some says that's what's the matter with Mudge now. 'She used to set a store by her father. Why, when they first come here to live, Maguire, he worked up there in the wire factory and I used ter see him go by ev'ry mornin'—Mudge trottin' along by his side, as purty a child as ever lived. And Abe Duncan, he worked in the fact'ry too, and he used ter say she always made her father bow down his head so she could put her arms round his neck and kiss him before she went back. And then at night ye'd see her ling'ring 'long pickin' dandelions and clover and lookin' up toward the mill till she see her father comin', and then wouldn't she jump? My, how she'd run!"

Abiel paused a moment, added a fresh log to the blazing fire and picking up the brands and burning coals that had fallen on the hearth, carefully placed them upon the already ignited wood. Then with a knowing look, which might be interpreted—the half

has not yet been told, the eager story teller limped back to his seat. Here he paused a moment as if considering the most appropriate way of continuing the narrative, when Ray, who had become an attentive listener, asked: "Where is Mr. Maguire now?"

"Oh, I don' know. Guess there don't nobody know. Didn't ye never hear 'bout the Maguires?"

"This evening for the first time," replied Ray.

"Well, I wonder I haint told ye afore! But ye see it's been talked about till it had got ter be an old story, and now its just come out 'bout his comin' home this last time. Ye see he volunteered when the war opened, and went off in the first comp'ny raised under Lincoln. Well, we didn't know much 'bout 'em then. They'd only been here a year or so. Mudge, she was a little bit of a thing then, but she used ter go into the postoffice when the mail came in and she'd sort er hang round and if anybody said a word 'bout the war she'd slide along towards 'em, and stand with her great eyes turned up to their face. They said she used ter read all the newspapers and know'd more 'bout the battles and what was goin' on than half the men. Finally Maguire, he was taken prisoner there by the Globe—er Tavern ye know. 'Twasn't long after the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. I s'pose ye remember 'bout it. And he was sent ter Libby Prison fust, and then they took him off to Andersonville, and word come that he's sick and wouldn't never live to git away. John Griffin, he brought the word home 'bout Maguire, and his boy told of it one mornin' just as school begun, and Mudge, she turned as pale as er sheet; she set awhile and then she started without sayin' a word and rushed out er the house. She went home and told her mother, and they say Mis Maguire pretended not ter b'lieve a word of what Griffin said and made Mudge go rite back ter school. She's awful hard with the gal sometimes; I s'pose Mudge tries her patience. Don't yer find her purty hard ter manage?"

"I've had no trouble with Mudge," said the master.

"Well, she went inter school and Dr. Deems, he was on the Committee then, he sat there when she got back, and she looked at him a moment, and then laid her head on the desk and when the master called her class out ter spell she never moved. And Dr. Deems, he whispered something to Duncan—he was the master then, he boarded here with me, and he used ter tell me a good many things 'bout Mudge. He said the doctor told him he'd better let her be, she felt so bad. The doctor, he'd heard 'bout her father and he's got an awful tender spot in him, the doctor has, and when school was through he waited at the door till Mudge came out. All the scholars was starin at her and my boy said she looked as though she'd cried a week. But she rushed by 'em and when she got ter the door the doctor, he tied her bonnet on and then took her in his arms and put her rite into his buggy and drove off. Then the

scholars used to call her Dr. Deems cry-baby. He, he, he!"

At that moment the story teller noticed the frowning glance of the master fixed angrily upon him. But as Ray remained silent, Abiel soon lost sight of everything but himself and what he was telling and immediately continued:

"Well, after awhile Maguire he came home. But, oh my! how he looked! There was nothin' wantin' but the coffin to make him out a dead man. 'Twas a long time afore he got over it. Don't know's he ever has. I used ter see him tryin' ter walk about a little and fin'ly he got so he could set out under that great oak tree jist a little ways from the house, and ye'd see him there 'bout all the time, and Mudge, she was always with him. Miss Maguire, she'd come to the door and holler 'Mudge' loud enuff for ye ter hear tother side o' Talbut hill—she'd holler, 'Mudge, come in this minute, and don't you go out there again; if you do I'll punish you severely. Now mind!' And Mudge, she'd walk kinder slow inter the house and purty soon ye'd see her comin' out the other door, kinder stealin' along, talkin' to her kittens and pickin' up grass and dandelions or somethin' that growed 'bout the house, or p'rhaps she'd chase the butterflies or run after the chickens till she brought up under the big oak tree 'side her father. Bill Jones, he told me 'bout it. He lived there t'other side the road and he said his wife used ter set and watch 'em. Maguire always had a book in his hand and he'd read till Mudge got back, then he'd lay the book on his bench and draw Mudge up toward him and she'd put her arm 'round his neck and then he'd tell her what he'd read and explain it all out ter her. Bill's wife said she could hear what he said sometimes and Mudge's great eyes looked way off on ter the mountains, but she took in ev'ry word, and once in a while she'd stop her father with some question and he'd explain all 'bout it and then she'd kinder draw up closer to him and Bill's wife would hear her say, 'Yes, papa, I understand now.' Then he'd take up the book and read a little more. Sometimes Mudge would read. And so they worked it a'most all summer. Mudge larnt about most ev'ry thing in that way. Maguire, he's a college larnt man ye know. I s'pose ye've found out afore this that Mudge's no fool. He, he, he!"

Whenever Adiel regarded his remark as particularly appropriate or original, it was supplemented with his accustomed manner of self-approval, which the writer fails to express by any known characters, although the "he, he, he!" with a low chuckle, may give the reader some idea of it.

"I tell my Abiel the reason he don't like Mudge is 'cause she knows mor'n he does. I tell ye what 'tis Gordon, men don't want women that know more'n they do. Sometimes my wife, why, she'll complain 'cause she can't git no time to read. I tell her I don't want her ter read; I can do 'the readin' myself. But I want her ter see ter the house and

git the victuals and do the washin' and mendin'. That's what a man wants of a wife, ain't it?"

Ray was silent, but with no intention, however, of giving assent to the proposition. Indeed, he had only followed Abiel as far as he remained with Mudge. He was not interested in the man's choice of a wife.

Lest he had not made his preferences sufficiently clear and explicit, Abiel soon continued: "Ye see a man don't want a woman ter know more'n he does. He wants ter be head one in his own house. That's my 'pinion, Mr. Gordon." He again paused for the master's reply; but Ray made no answer; indeed, Abiel's last remark was altogether lost upon him.

At length, he musingly asked: "Where did the Maguire's live before coming to Wendham?"

This inquiry again started Mr. Stevens and he trotted off even more glibly than before.

"Well, they say Maguire was a New Hampshire man. Ye see Sam Welch's got er lot of folks up among the mountains there close to where Maguire lived, and Sam he went up there one summer and they told him all 'bout Maguire's folks. Sam said they thought him awful smart up there when he was a boy. Maguire's father, he was a lawyer, a purty smart man too, Sam said, and Maguire was sent to college, but he got kinder sick, wasn't well enough to go through and fin'ly he left and went home and then he got married. He found his wife somewhere when he's in college. Sam said 'twas a terrible disappointment to the old folks—the way he done. Then Maguire's father died and left him some property. But he run it all out and then they come out here. Maguire's wife's got a sister out ter Monsonville yer know and Sam's folks thought she got 'em to come to Wendham. But I guess Maguire never got over that sickness at Andersonville. He hasn't been able to work much since. He tried ter work up in the wire fact'ry agin but he couldn't. They say he gits a big pension. He got a ball put through him ye see afore he's taken prisoner. Maguire, he never says much to anybody and folks—well they don't know much about him, only what his wife says. She tells some purty hard things."

Abiel might have continued this narrative until midnight had not his docile helpmate appeared in the doorway and begged of him to come and help her with the churning.

"It seems as though the butter'd never come," she said, "and if you'd only come and spell me half an hour or so, perhaps I could finish it."

"Well, Mr. Gordon, I s'pose I shall have to go and help the woman," and Abiel limped away, leaving Ray to his own reflections for the remainder of the evening.

XI.

At length the "last day" came. In corners of the dingy old school house were cliques of boys and girls with curious, half-frightened faces, eager to tell what each knew or had heard of Mudge Maguire.

"She's very sick. She won't live through the day. They say she's willing to die. She talks about school all the time," went echoing through the room.

Human passions lie low in the dust when overshadowed by the dark angel's wing. In the hush that followed the near approach of death, sweet things were said of Mudge by lips that never before had spoken her praise. The day passed, and partings came with words more tender and benedictions more earnest than three months before, the master would have thought it possible for partings and benedictions even to be in Wendham.

Finally all had gone, and Ray stood alone beneath the low smoky ceiling variegated with paper balls and exposed bits of lathing where the plastering had broken away. Around were the narrow, straight-backed seats, and desks cut with initials and diagrams which had been increasing every winter for nearly half a century. He was approaching his own private drawer beneath a rough slab that constituted the master's desk, when the door, slightly ajar, was thrown open and Dr. Deems entered. His face was pale and he had a worn, tired look. Seating himself in the only chair the room afforded he removed his cap, and taking out his handkerchief, proceeded to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"Your room is warm," he said, glancing at the window through which the rays of the setting sun streamed in, and lay across the rough, uneven floor.

Ray made some apology for the stifling atmosphere, and raised a window on the further side of the room.

The doctor seemed in a deep study as he sat looking steadfastly upon the desk behind which the master had seated himself. At length, turning in his chair, and as if speaking to himself, he said, "Mudge must die." Aroused as it were, by the sound of his own voice, to the consciousness of another's presence, looking up he added: "She's a very sick girl, Mr. Gordon."

Ray made no reply.

"I hope she'll live to see her father," continued the doctor.

"Is he expected home?"

"I wrote him yesterday and telegraphed this morning. But I don't believe he can get here to-day. He left his address with me when he went away, and asked me to let him know if anything was the matter with his folks. It would have been better if I had written before, but I apprehended no danger until yesterday. The fact is, the child's worn out. It's enough to have a run of typhoid fever, without being kept on the *qui vive* all the time by another's chidings and fault-findings, mutterings and groanings. Mrs. Maguire means well perhaps, and would raise up Mudge to-morrow if she could. She thinks enough of the girl, in her way—is proud of her rare gifts. But it's as natural for some people to growl as for a lion to roar. I've told her Mudge was very sick, and must be kept

quiet. But 'twas of no use. She's forever punching the child. It's like trying to rest in a bed of nettles. I've endeavored to keep Mrs. Maguire out of the room all I could—got Mrs. Towne, an excellent nurse, to go and take care of Mudge. But as soon as the poor girl was a little more easy, madame would commence, alternating her reproaches with violent expressions of grief, wringing her hands and making as loud wailings and lamentations as a native Pawnee."

The doctor seemed unusually agitated. He paused a moment as if weighing the words somewhat inadvertently spoken, and then continued reflectively:

"Mudge is most thorough. She's had a pretty hard life for a little girl. But she's secured a safe passage to the other world—no breakers ahead."

"Does she know what you think of her condition?" inquired Ray.

"Oh yes! She don't expect to live, but she's very happy—very. Yesterday she said to me: 'I'm almost afraid to get well, lest I should go back into my old wicked ways. But then,' she added with a radiant smile: 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. I need have no fears whether I live or die, need I?'"

Dr. Deems sat meditatively a few moments, and then starting up and drawing forth a well-worn pocket-book exclaimed, "I came here Mr. Gordon by order of the committee, to pay you," and taking out a roll of bills he handed them to the master saying: "you've done a good thing among us this winter—a work that will never end. God bless you and help you to continue it, wherever He calls you to labor. Good bye."

With a warm grasp he held for a moment the master's hand, then taking his cap he bowed and was gone.

And so it is over—the work in Wendham finished. The dull drudgery as it was sometimes called, ended—the fire gone out, the shutters closed, the doors barred, and the master walks thoughtfully away.

XII.

"I *must* see her once more!" The clear air of a mild Spring morning was the only auditorium to this declaration of Ray Gordon. He was hurrying over the frozen and deeply rutted road—in many places, yet covered with a thin coating of ice and snow—toward the Maguire cottage. As he approached the house, he saw Dr. Deems at the door, his bowed head and sad face indicating nothing to hope for within.

"How is she?" inquired Ray, on reaching the doctor.

"No better—everything growing worse indeed."

Ray looked hopefully into his face as he asked: "Can nothing more be done?"

"I know of nothing. Symptoms all unfavorable—they have been from the very beginning. Feeble irregular pulse—this morning up to 136—muscles of the neck rigid, twitching of the tendons, and great

prostration. You know what follows. She may get through the day."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes, I think so. Her mind seems clear this morning. That often happens towards the end, you know. Go right in Mr. Gordon," he added, taking his foot from the carriage where he had stood as if reluctant to leave the place. "Go right in," he repeated, motioning toward the door.

Ray stepped into the narrow hall where the women of the neighborhood were congregated relating in low confidential tones what they had seen and heard in the hours of sickness and death. Through the open door he saw Mrs. Maguire pacing to and fro, wringing her hands and exclaiming: "Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall I do?"

Ray deferentially approached her and taking her hand in his said: "This is the hour of trial for you my dear Mrs. Maguire. May God comfort you. Remember Jesus has just spoken very tenderly to Mudge."

"Oh yes," interrupted the woman. "Mudge has talked about Jesus all the time, begging me to give my heart to Him that we may meet in Heaven. But how can I live without her—without my dear, dear Mudge? Oh I wish; she'd never gone to you that night Mr. Gordon—then's when she took the first cold."

"Try a little of this," said Dr. Deems, who had entered and prepared an opiate for her; "and Mrs. Maguire, you must get some rest this morning," continued the doctor in a sympathetic way.

"Do you think I could see Mudge a moment?" asked Ray as the doctor took the empty cup from her hand.

"Oh yes! Can't he doctor? I'm sure she's too far gone for anything to harm her now, and Mrs. Maguire led the way to the sick room, moaning piteously as she stood at the door and gazed upon the pallid face, thin and wasted from the ravages of disease.

Ray paused on the threshold as one instinctively does in the presence of death. Upon a bed in one corner of the room lay Mudge, her great hollow eyes turned upward, and above them a few stray coils—spared by the compassionate hand that clipped the hair, hoping thereby to relieve wild throbbings of pain—slightly fluttering from the morning breeze coming in at an open window near the bed. Suspended above her head between the posts of the high antique bedstead, was a white dove with outspread wings, and holding in its bill a crown of laurels, from which, like stars, peeped out small flowers of the golden everlasting.

"That was the last thing she ever did," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire. "She went ever so far to get that laurel, poor child! That was a little pet dove her father got for her, and she used to carry it about in her arms, all over the house. Oh dear, my poor, poor Mudge!"

Mrs. Maguire was moving towards the bed, when Dr. Deems drew her away into another room, say-

ing: "Try and rest here awhile, Mrs. Maguire. We will take care of her, and if there's any change you shall know it at once."

The excited woman threw herself upon the lounge, and the sedative she had taken soon produced the desired effect.

Ray stood motionless, gazing upon Mudge. Her dark, dry lips were parted, her respiration rapid, her vision apparently obscured. One hand, white as alabaster, clasped a golden cross that lay upon her breast; the other rested upon the little Bible open at her side. Mrs. Towne, bending over her, was moistening her lips from a cup of claret and milk, and gently encouraging her to swallow a few drops of the delicate mixture. "It may give you a little strength, darling," said the tender-hearted nurse, as she proceeded to wipe the cold perspiration from her face. Then taking up a fan she gently moved it above the bed, looking down with a sweetly serene countenance upon the form that lay prostrate thereon.

Ray could discern Mudge in many things about the room. Little ornaments were scattered here and there trimmed with ferns, red berries and autumnal leaves. The furniture, of mahogany and richly carved, bore marks of hard usage. Dim old paintings twined with evergreens and leaves of holly and white everlastings adorned the walls. Books were everywhere—many of them with costly bindings, but torn and defaced. Shelves were loaded with magazines and papers, and folios of photographs from foreign lands were piled up in one corner of the room. At the foot of the bed hung a rude pastel drawing of a pale boy with a profusion of dark auburn hair. The face was sad and dreamy; the great half-despairing eyes full of pathos and expressive of a sensitive individuality which warrants most unfortunate experiences to its possessor. He seems made for suffering. His enjoyments are fine and clear as the voice of a fife, but the delicate nerves quiver at every dissonant touch and mental disturbances ensue, which to those of a healthier and stronger organization are unknown and unappreciated. As Ray looked upon those lustrous eyes gazing down pitifully upon the form extended as if for the winding sheet, he knew they must have belonged to the boyhood of Mudge's father.

Mrs. Towne continued her watchful administrations until Mudge slowly putting out her hand murmured "Thank you. Has papa come?"

"Not yet dear," replied the woman, tenderly. "This is Mr. Ray Gordon," she added, motioning toward Ray. "You remember your teacher, Mudge?"

A faint smile spread over her face as the weary eyes turned towards him. Ray approached the bed and laying his hand softly on the white fingers that clasped the golden cross said: "You know me Mudge, I trust. You remember your teacher, dear, do you not?"

The sunken eyes were fixed dimly upon him, but she made no reply.

Ray put back the hair from the damp forehead and said gently, "I'm going away to-day Mudge, but we shall meet again I hope."

The icy fingers unclasped the cross, her lips moved, "Yes, we shall meet again—thank you for all this," and the thin hand that lay upon the Bible was slightly raised, but the fingers dropped again on the open page. She attempted to speak but no words were distinguishable.

Just then Dr. Deems returned with a bouquet of holiotropes, rose buds and carnations. "My little Mary has brought these to you Mudge," he said, approaching the bed, "she has been coaxing them to bloom for many weeks."

A pleased look came over the face of Mudge as she indistinctly murmured: "Darling Mary." Her eyes turned wishfully toward the bureau on one side of the room.

"What is it Mudge?" asked the doctor.

The dry, cracked lips failed to make known her wish, but the doctor perceived it, and taking from the bureau the damp curls cut off a few days before inquired "Is it the hair, Mudge?"

A smile of assent was her only reply as she tried to remove one of the coils. Mrs. Towne came to her assistance, and as indicated by the movement of her hand placed the curl on the little Bible at her side.

"Give—them—to—Mary"—and the hollow eyes closed wearily.

Ray knelt by the bed, and laying one hand upon the thick, matted locks, asked: "Mudge, will you give me one of these curls?" Separating another coil, he placed it upon the cold white fingers that lay within his own. Slowly the fingers were withdrawn, and the curl left in his hand.

Again the sunken eyes were fixed upon the face of the teacher—again the lips moved. "Jesus calls—I must go." There was no sadness on the face. A gleam of radiant light shown forth from her eyes again turned upward. A heavenly peace was upon the lips slightly parted, revealing the dark coated teeth, a few days before white and smooth as polished ivory.

Suddenly the change came. A cold shiver shook her frame and the gray death-tinge was upon her face. Her form became rigid and convulsed—the eyes fixed and glassy.

"She is nearer the end than I thought. I must not leave the dear child now," said the doctor. "Mary is at the door, Mr. Gordon. If you can drive her home, I'll remain here."

At the door, Ray took from his vest pocket an ivory tablet, the last gift of his mother, and laying the curl within, returned it to its place.

Mary was sobbing violently. Her head rested against the side of the carriage; one hand covered her face, the other grasped the little Bible which she held close to her breast. Ray seated himself by

her side, and putting his arm around her said: "I'm going to take you home, Mary." She turned her eyes toward him for an instant and then leaning her head upon his shoulder sobbed aloud.

Ray took up the reins and drove away. When they reached home Mrs. Deems was at the door. "Your mother is waiting for you Mary," said Ray bending down his head until his lips touched golden curls. She raised her head, threw her arms around his neck, kissed his lips and then stretching out her hands imploringly toward her mother, exclaimed: "Oh! mamma, Mudge is dying."

Mrs. Deems looked up to Ray inquiringly. "I fear 'tis so," he said. "The doctor asked me to bring Mary home. He is with Mudge."

"See this little Bible mamma. Mudge always had it at school, and she has given it to me, and the curl too. Dear Mudge!" and the weeping child walked unsteadily into the house. Soon the mother followed.

Ray, after settling some trifling matters in the village, returned to his own room. Presently Mr. Stevens appeared at the door. "They say Mudge Maguire is dead—died just as her father reached home, and she wanted to see him dreadfully. It does seem too bad. The moistened eyes of the strong man drew him closer to Ray Gordon than he had ever been before.

A dinner of such dainties as Mrs. Stevens knew how to prepare was ready, although nearly an hour before the usual time.

"I told my woman to git ye jist the best dinner she could," said Abiel, as they seated themselves at the table, "for 'twasn't likely ye'd ever be here agin. I told her to git it in good season too, that ye might have plenty er time to eat afore the express man comes."

"You were very thoughtful," said Ray. "You look tired, Mrs. Stevens," he added as the weary woman seated herself opposite her husband. "It was very kind in you to get me this nice dinner."

"She could do it just as well as not, couldn't ye?" said Mr. Stevens, turning toward the thin pale face of his wife. Without waiting for a reply, Abiel proceeded to enumerate the virtues of the Maguire family, and particularly of Mudge. As Ray was little inclined to talk, he delighted himself in listening to the sonorous tones of his own voice.

Finally the leave-taking came, the good-byes being accompanied with many friendly wishes for the health and prosperity of the young master.

"Mudge Maguire died just as I drove up to the door with the father," said the express man as soon as his heavy wagon had lumbered into the yard. "Mrs. Maguire, she come out and told him Mudge was dead. My wife's just come from there and she said when Maguire got into the house he cried like a child."

The man was inclined to continue a subject of such unusual interest while driving toward Wendham station in a remote part of the town. But Ray

made few replies and finally the robust figure sat moodily upon his wagon except when chiding or cheering his hungry, worn-out horses that dragged slowly along over the muddy road.

"And so she has gone from life, as drops a star from heaven, and I shall sigh in vain for the grace that will come no more. This one avenue to a completely developed future is closed forever. How little we know ourselves! Had not the light gone out, should I have apprehended it?"

Such were among the reflections that painfully impressed themselves upon the mind of the master as the train rolled rapidly away from the station and far beyond the limits of the little town.

XIII.

A few years have passed. A few years—what changes they bring! Hopes have sprung up in many a heart but to end in disappointment and despair. Many a happy day has dawned

"When a new household has found its place
Among the myriad homes of earth"—

Many a day of mourning for homes desolate. The little child that lisped her lullabies to unconscious dolls, now warbles them to conscious infancy which hath brought to her woman's holiest crown—motherhood. The prattling boy has become strong and muscular and is making his way to young manhood, perhaps to distinction and honor.

In a quiet Massachusetts village is a small office, scantily furnished, a lounge and neatly cushioned chair constituting its chief comforts. Scattered about the apartment are mysterious looking instruments in dark cases, and cups, glasses and tubes of curious mechanism. A door standing ajar, opens into a dim, dusty closet, lined with skulls and skeletons, and near are shelves containing vials filled with liquids of peculiar odors. Here and there a souvenir brightens the monotonous dullness of the place. A sweet face looks down from a corner bracket. A group of callas—the beauty of each velvet spathe brought out more effectually by contrasting emerald leaves—adorn a table in the centre of the room. Near them, an open volume of *Bennett's Clinical Lectures*, half concealed by the *Evening Journal*, and the *March Harper*. On one side of the office a large cabinet of light wood is filled with books on medical science, the margined pages indicating critical examination of their valuable contents.

The youthful schoolmaster is transformed into the popular young physician of a country town, bordered with distant mountains and the long range of Peterboro hills. The attic gloom, and midnight lamp, and scanty rations of the plebian student have left their marks upon the man. He is thinner—paler. His seat in the great theatre of the University College was never vacant—his eye seldom removed from the professor's chair. He was the first to prepare medicine for the patient at the clinique. Not a question of the distinguished pathologist escaped

the ear of the young Esculapius—not an utterance but that he utilized for the benefit of his profession. He was in the front row of the chemical laboratory and foremost among the disorderly Hippocratians to catch the whirl of the electric bell and to welcome with his share of applause the portly man who with firm step walked across the stage and waited impatiently for the applause to cease. Night after night was the embryo surgeon investigating the intricate secrets of physiology, among the tissues and arteries and nerves in the sickening atmosphere of the dissecting room. At length it is finished—the diploma awarded, and an M. D. attached to the name of Ray Gordon. He goes to Massachusetts—to his native village, and there learns that Dr. Brainard, the widely known physician of a neighboring town is dangerously ill. He seeks the aged man, receives his blessing, and becomes “our doctor,” in the little town of Akron.

To-night, Dr. Gordon sits alone in his unattractive office. His fine features have a weary, disappointed look. He has reached the goal of his earlier ambition, but it fails to satisfy him. He is eager for higher attainments, but there is little opportunity for anything higher in Akron. Perhaps he has made a mistake in the very beginning. Should he not have chosen a broader field with avenues of success opening on every side? He is hungry for professional distinction, but impatient of the stepping stones thereto—would fain be at the top of the ladder, when as yet, he has not mounted the second round. His theory has been, earn a worthy reputation by patient toil. Is he about to turn back on his theory instead of illustrating it in his own life. He recalls his experience for the last six months in Akron. A chronic case now and then, in which Dr. Brainard had become the patient's oracle. The new doctor must keep the wheel of his chariot in the same rut or it will be upset in the false notions of a young practitioner. Colds, influenzas, sore throats, what are they? Subjects for a nurse and catnip tea, rather than an ambitious graduate of the University Medical College. He longs for a distinctive case—is willing to use the surgeon's steel, in which he hopes to excel.

Suddenly his cogitations are interrupted by a pull at the bell. Ray hurries to the door and is met by a brown-faced, yellow haired boy, who demands the doctor's immediate attendance, for “Patrick's 'mensely bad.”

“What's the matter with him?” impatiently asked the young disciple of Galen.

“An' he 'as the croup—jus' like he was afore.”

The doctor hastily prepared a package for the boy, and handing it to him said: “Give that to Patrick—one every hour. He'll soon be better. I'll come round and see him in the morning.”

The boy vanished into darkness, and Ray walked back to his arm chair before the stove. “The croup! This is the third time I've been sent for in the night because Patrick has had the croup, to find it simply

a hard cold. If one is sick—has a well marked disease upon him, a despatch goes for Dr. Bourne. Dr. Gordon can manage the *debris* of the town.”

Ray's mutterings were not altogether without reason, for Dr. Bourne of Kingston, an adjoining town of some 5,000 inhabitants, was Dr. Brainard's physician through his long illness, and many of his patients were handed over to the Kingston doctor, an elderly man, who made up arrearage in science by a big heart, wide experience and a jovial manner. He had a reputation for skill in medical practice, and several of Akron's influential citizens had taken him into their families as Dr. Brainard's successor before Ray appeared among them.

The young doctor took up the *Journal*, read a column of “items,” and laid it down again upon the table. He turned to the illustrations in *Harper*, but they failed to interest him. “May-be I ought to have seen Patrick to-night,” he said mentally, moving the callas away from the heat of the lamp.

He went to the window and looked out into the dark, slushy streets. In contrast, they brought back the great metropolis ablaze with light—the jingling horse cars and thundering omnibuses—the echoing footsteps over hard pavements—the glitter and show and bustle, the rushing, crowding, hurrying, where no one's willing to be left behind. A walk on Broadway for a few moments might be a desirable change. But that was far removed from his most cherished wish. The heart of the man sought a holier shrine. He returned to his seat in the dimly lighted room. The black, air-tight stove gave no sign of welcome. He remembered the blazing wood fire on the hearthstone of his early home—the mother, whose every act was a benediction. He longs for the blessing still—half dreams and thinks he sees her “beyond the shining battlements,” white robed—the cross at her feet and a crown on her brow. Nor is she alone. Another stands transfigured at her side—young and beautiful.

His reveries were suddenly interrupted by a second pull at the bell, followed by the presentation of a delicately perfumed note, reading thus:

“Mr. and Mrs. Murdock receive their friends March 21st, at 8 o'clock P. M.”

“The wedding party!”—musingly—“I must go, of course. A young doctor cannot afford to decline invitations like this.”

XIV.

“I was unexpectedly called away,” said Dr. Gordon in apology to Mrs. Murdock, for the lateness of the hour at which he entered her parlor the following evening.

“Always a physician's excuse,” she replied, smiling pleasantly.

“You cannot doubt its reality when such a fairy land is open to him,” returned Ray, glancing around the handsomely-furnished apartments, fragrant with flowers, and filled with the best people of Akron in their best costumes, and everybody doing his best to be agreeable to everybody else.

"Oh no! I understand the imperative demands upon a physician's time. My father was a doctor, and he was often called out in the night when I knew he needed medicine more than the patient he went to see. Have you not had similar experiences in your own practice?"

"My experience has been too limited to afford opportunities for the exercise of so unselfish a spirit."

Dr. Gordon thought of Patrick, for the powders he sent failed to produce the desired effect, and when he saw the boy in the morning, the croup was hard upon the little fellow, nor had his remedies as yet brought relief.

The young doctor, tall, strongly built, commanding in presence, genial and courteous, could not fail to attract the people of Akron, and many were the eyes that followed him as he moved from room to room, pausing for a cordial hand grasp, a pleasant word, or an introduction to one he had not met before. Everybody assumed an individual claim upon the "new doctor." He holds the keys that unlock closed doors, and has a free passport into every household.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Renten," said the hostess, as she led toward him a short, plump woman, dressed with great neatness and care—her yellowish-gray hair combed smoothly over her temples and partially concealed with frillings of white lace. The ruddy face, and hands of reddish-brown indicated familiarity with the details of her own kitchen. Her forehead was high and broad, her voice clear, strong and dictatorial, her manner egotistical and positive. With an assumed air she grasped the doctor's hand and bade him welcome to Akron.

"This is my daughter Agnes," she continued, drawing towards her a frail looking blonde, with deep-blue eyes, and a delicate mouth of peculiar sweetness. A pleasant smile dimpled her cheeks, as in a timid way Agnes put out her small white hand and raised her eyes to the doctor's face.

"I want you to know Agnes," said Mrs. Renten, "and reprove her for her willfulness. She's an invalid of long standing, and ought not to be here to-night, but she insisted on coming. As a consequence you will probably be sent for to-morrow."

Ray understood the significance of this flattering remark. He had heard of the pretty Agnes Renten, and knew Dr. Bourne had been her physician since Dr. Brainard's death.

"I hope I shall not thus be honored at the expense of your daughter's more serious illness," he replied.

"How do you like Akron?" suddenly inquired Mrs. Renten.

The same question had trembled upon the lips of every woman he had met since he entered the house. "Very much," was the answer given and always expected by the inquirer.

"Everybody likes Akron. You know Agnes' cousin, James, said last summer, it was the prettiest country town he was ever in."

"Doubtless I shall eventually be of the same opinion. An entire summer is required to bring out all its attractions."

"Perhaps Mr. Gordon, you know Dr. Winstead of Philadelphia. He's a very celebrated physician."

Ray had never seen him—might have heard of him—didn't quite remember.

"We think a great deal of him. He's a cousin of mine. We were often together when children, and we still call him 'cousin James.' His father and my mother were brother and sister."

"Hope I may have the pleasure of meeting him on some of his future visits to Akron."

"Oh yes, you will, if he ever finds time to come again. But he has so much to do! A physician's days and nights are not his own, you know. I suppose you have already found that out."

Mrs. Renten turned her head aside and looked around the room. Presently she seized the hand of a lady who was near, entered into conversation with her, and left her daughter to entertain or be entertained by the new doctor.

"This must be a pleasant change for an invalid," said Ray, looking calmly into her deep blue eyes.

"Oh yes!" she replied, blushing, "I enjoy it very much."

"I hope you will not suffer from the exposure."

"I am sure I shall not, Mamma is too anxious about me. She inclines to shut me in a room like a mummy."

Agnes smiled. Dimples came and went in the delicately rounded cheeks, and the open lips revealed small, regular teeth of singular whiteness and beauty.

"Allow me to find you a seat Miss Renten, lest you become unnecessarily tired from standing so long."

"Did you know our good doctor?" said Agnes, leaning back in the easy chair Ray had provided for her.

"I remember him years ago, and had several interviews with him a short time previous to his death."

"Oh, I loved Dr. Brainard. I have little faith in medicine, but I thought so much of the doctor that I was almost willing to be sick for the sake of seeing him day after day. His visits were like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy morning."

"And as health inspiring?"

"Even more so. I was always better for the whole day after one of his visits."

Soon tea was announced. Ray led Miss Renten to the table loaded with delicacies. The company stood around it with the exception of a few fortunate ones who found seats on the further side of the room. Ray begged Agnes to take one of these, and was standing by her side, when Mrs. Renten came up, and in a brisk, bustling way, asked the doctor to see that Agnes did not partake too freely of the dainties before her.

"One would think me a perfect gormandizer,"

said Agnes, and again the ivory appeared, and the dimples came and went.

"This cannot injure you," said Ray, handing her a glass of ice-cream. "I suppose you are a lover of flowers," he added, moving towards her a jar of white primroses that stood on a table near, in full bloom.

"Oh yes, indeed! Are not you?"

"Y—e—s."

"Not very enthusiastic, I see."

"One cannot love all flowers indiscriminately. Some delight us with their fragrance and beauty. We are naturally indifferent to others, just as some people fail to interest us, while only a glance is required to bring us into complete sympathy with others."

Agnes blushed slightly, sat thoughtful a moment, and then asked: "What are your favorite flowers, Dr. Gordon?"

"Dandelions."

"Oh! You are not in earnest."

"What is easily attained is never appreciated, Miss Renten. If there were but one of those golden stars in Akron, hundreds would flock to its shrine."

"I like rare and delicate flowers."

"Everybody can have the dandelion. It blooms for the wayfarer and the beggar, who never know the beauty of rare flowers, just as some people live for others—always doing something for somebody. Even a smile will often drive away the heart ache, and gentle words are contagious."

Agnes twirled the geranium leaf she held in her hand, but made no reply.

Tea was scarcely over before the anxious mother insisted upon taking Agnes home. Ray followed them to the carriage, lifted in the slight figure wrapt in cloak and furs, gave the parting hand to Mrs. Renten—a good night to the coachman, and he drove away.

An hour after, the doctor was wanted immediately at the house of that same coachman. His boy, Mac, in unharnessing the horses, had gone too near a refractory colt, and as a consequence, received a kick that barely spared his life. A surgical operation must be performed.

"Trust so young a man?" thought the father. "No."

"Go for Dr. Bourne!"

"No time to lose," modestly suggested Ray.

"Dr. Bourne away—not expected home until morning," brings back the messenger.

No other way. Dr. Gordon must be the operator, or the boy will die. It was a success—Mac lived—Dr. Gordon's reputation as a surgeon, was established in Akron.

XV.

No days in the year are more welcome to the New Englander than those warm sunshiny ones late in March, when clouds have given place to azure skies, and the winds of winter exchanged their howlings for the mild breezes of spring. The great

snowbanks that covered pastures, lay piled upon walls and fences, and blocked highways, are melting away beneath the rays of the sun. Buds are swelling; bluebirds skipping from tree to tree, chirping their love songs in the soft morning air; tiny blossoms are springing up from the slumbering mold, and meadows becoming green in the warm moisture of the loosened earth. But spring is a fickle maid, and her sunniest robes are often suddenly exchanged for garments white with frosts and fluttering with snow-flakes. One morning, when she had gratified her love of change in thus disappointing newly awakened hopes, and delicate buds on southern slopes were hidden beneath falling snows, Dr. Gordon was driving slowly over a rough, muddy, half-frozen, deeply-rutted road, in the neighborhood of Akron. Any attempt at speed was impracticable. In a thoughtful mood, he leaned back in his carriage, and left his pretty roan to pursue her way at her own sweet will. Naturally inclined to retrospection, and to the consideration of motives influential in bringing about certain results, he could but experience a feeling of regret, as looking across the barren pastures, his eye fell upon a rude hut on a sandy hillside, not far distant. It was the home of Patrick, and only a few days before, he had found the mother wailing bitterly over the dead body of her "dear boy."

"An' ef ye'd kum that night when I sent for yer, p'rhaps yer might 'ave saved Patrick, jist as yer did afore when he's not half as bad. But he got worse all night, yer see, an' in the mornin' 'twas too late."

"Too late!" Patrick lay beneath the ground—his grave covered with snow-flakes, scattered over it like feathers from eider wings.

"Yes, I might have saved him. Faithless disciple of the Master. Could you not watch with one of His little ones for a single night?"

Ah, this was a more practical lesson to the young physician and longer remembered than any ever given from the college rostrum.

His reflections, however, were suddenly interrupted by a halt on the part of Fleet. Turning her head round wishfully towards her master, she gave a low whinny, but refused to proceed another step. Before her lay a bank of snow, full of carriage ruts and deep holes which horses hoofs had made during the few warm days of the previous week, now stiffened with frost, and only partially concealed by the falling snow. In vain the doctor urged her on, but no, Fleet was too secure in her sagacity to venture upon such pitfalls, which might entrap her at each succeeding step. She preferred whole legs to broken ones, and for once decided to have her own way, rather than be urged into danger by her venturous young master. Again she turned her great liquid eyes toward him and looked imploringly into his face.

"Come Fleet!" said the doctor, with a gentle pull at the reins.

"No, I thank you! I'd rather not," and she be-

gun to turn a sharp corner, and to lock the carriage wheels.

"Oh Fleet, that will never do," and the doctor drew her back to her place fronting the snow bank. At that moment, he saw a horseman approaching at full speed.

"I called at your office," said the man, riding up to the side of the carriage, and drawing in his reins, "but didn't find you. Mrs. Renten sent me for you. Agnes is sick. She told me to go for Dr. Bourne, if you were not at home, but as I've found you, of course I needn't go any further. Agnes has hemorrhage again. It always frightens her mother. I s'pose 'tis pretty dangerous, isn't it?"

"Sometimes." The doctor sat coaxingly urging Fleet to proceed. But she as obstinately refused to become the dupe of such artifice as seemed to lie in wait for her.

"Agnes always was a delicate child, and she's been indulged in everything. But it don't seem to spoil her. She's one of the prettiest girls in town, I think," continued the messenger, eager to ventilate his views of young womanhood.

Dr. Gordon was still coaxing Fleet unavailingly.

"I s'pose you've seen her, haven't you, doctor?"

"Yes, I've seen her."

"Don't know but you've attended upon her, since Dr. Brainard's death."

"No! Dr. Bourne is her physician I've been told."

At that moment, the horseman inadvertently raised his whip. Fleet, with a horse's quick instinct, perceived it swaying in the air, and apprehensive of what might follow, with a bound she leaped upon the snowdrift, and in an instant, was safe on the other side, galloping over the rough highway, through mud and slush and snow. A sharp angle in the road led into the main street toward Akron. Ray did not think it wise to turn Fleet in that direction, especially as a bank of snow extended from the wall almost entirely across the road.

Ahead of them was the rude hut, once Patrick's home. On went Fleet at full speed up the hill, into the narrow by-path to the very door, giving Ray a shaking up like cubes in a dice box. With a loud snort she turned her head and nodded to her master, as much as to say—at least this was Ray's interpretation of it—"You're wanted here, Sir. Get out." He had hardly time to comply with this invitation, when Mrs. M'Hone, Patrick's mother appeared at the door, exclaiming:

"An' endade, wasn't I thinkin' 'bout yer, an' I wanted ter send for ye last night for my Johnny's sick now an' I'm afeared he'll die like Patrick died. But I's afeared yer wouldn't cum, 'cause we're poor an' can't pay yer much. An' what brought yer here now, I wonder. Somebody must 'ave told yer 'bout my poor Johnny."

Ray went directly into the house, prescribed for the boy, encouraged the mother, and left, saying: "I'll be back in the afternoon, and Mrs. M'Hone

never hesitate to send for me. I shall always be glad to come."

Ray left the house with an inexpressible feeling of relief and comfort. He now had it in his power to use his professional ability in the way of expiation for his neglect of Patrick. It proved to be a case of dyptheria, and night and day was the doctor at Johnny's bedside.

"An' he lifted my boy about an' took care of 'im jus' like he was a woman," was the mother's testimony, "an' he spake so kin'er plasant to 'im, an' kep' sich a close watch over 'im as never did a doctor afore."

Johnny got well.

Whether Ray Gordon possessed that peculiarity of great men which the enlightened world calls superstition, we will not attempt to decide, but it is certain he gave Fleet the credit of more than average human insight; nor did he ever incline to controvert Mrs. M'Hone's theory, who declared "Fleet must 'ave known my Johnny was sick, an' so he brought the doctor right to my door, an' ef she hadn't, an' surely my boy would er died jus' like Patrick, for he was 'mensely worse than Patrick was."

Moreover, Fleet ever after was indulged in every whim, even to the munching of loaf sugar and doughnuts, frequently administered by little dimpled fingers, encouraged, however, in their offering by the doctor himself.

Recovered from her fright, and having achieved success as to her philanthropic intuitions, Fleet trotted soberly to the house of Mrs. Renten, and the doctor was shown into the sick room of Agnes. He approached the bed, said a few pleasant words,, fixed his calm penetrating eye upon her, and after the manner of physicians, laid his fingers upon her white wrist. Certain examinations followed—prescriptions were written—encouraging assurances given the mother at the foot of the stairs whither she had anxiously followed him, and with a promise to see Agnes again in the evening the doctor rode away.

"He understands himself well," was Mrs. Renten's conclusion, reported to Agnes, on returning to her room. "We'll wait a day or two before sending for Dr. Bourne. He seemed to know just what to do for you."

"Well he might," whispered the sick girl, "for he looked right through me. Did you notice his eyes, mamma?"

In the evening another visit a little longer than the first. The next morning Agnes was better. Dr. Bourne was never sent for again.

XVI.

In presenting Mrs. Renten to the reader, we shall be likely to do her injustice, for her peculiarities will appear in the foreground, and in the background of the picture, her merits lie dim and obscure. As in history, conquests of war are more dazzling than those of peace, and a temperament of fire more attractive than one of marble, so in details of private

life, little eccentricities of character often stand out prominent, rather than genuine worth.

Mrs. Renten inherited a good degree of sound common sense, and also learned much practical wisdom from her father, Dea. Osborne, a well-to-do farmer of Akron. Her mother dying when the little Caroline was but a few years old, the love of the father was centered on his only child. Tired of the housekeeping he was subjected to from frequent changes and that lack of interest which must be expected from those, whose only consideration for their work is a few dollars at the close of each month, Mr. Osborne announced to Caroline, when as yet she had scarcely donned the full skirt and trailing dress, that he was about to dismiss Jane, and to install her mistress of his household. Caroline was well pleased with the prospect, and ever afterward took great pride in proving to her father that she was equal to the honor he had conferred upon her, and his confidence was daily increased by her discreet management of all family matters.

Caroline was also a delight to her father, from the active part she took in whatever appertained to the church. She was conspicuous in the Sabbath School, earnest and faithful as a teacher, always on the alert to bring in the delinquent, and unflinching in her endeavors to draw wavering ones into the fold of Christ. To Dea. Osborne, her fresh, young face was beautiful, as in her neat and tasteful attire, and with a devotional spirit, she sat at the head of the choir in the high singer's seat, her clear soprano ringing out in solos and duets, and often distinguishable above other voices and their triple accompaniment of base-viol, clarinet and violin. Nor were these attainments lost upon the young divine, who had been called to the pastorate in Akron. He soon learned that he had found a friend and safe adviser in Dea. Osborne, whose counsels were always tender and discreet. The genial hospitality with which he welcomed the young minister, made Mr. Renten a frequent visitor to the house, where he was not slow to perceive that Caroline was the center of the household divinities, which rendered the Osborne mansion so attractive. When the good deacon saw the steady approach of an incurable malady, he was only too happy in bestowing his darling child upon a man so worthy as Mr. Renten. The marriage rites were performed in the village church, where pilgrims from other towns had congregated, as well as those accustomed to worship within its walls. When a few years later Mr. Renten passed on, leaving the loving hearts of a devoted people as his wife's only patrimony, and as an inheritance for the little Agnes, his own spiritual nature, joined to a delicate, nervous organization, with the germs of consumption already taking root, the church took mother and daughter to their hearts as a cherished legacy from the pastor they venerated and loved. So accustomed had Mrs. Renten been from a child, to the deference and homage of those about her, that this was accepted as a matter of course, and

while it could not be said to lift her from her natural orbit, it certainly rendered her most conspicuous in that orbit, and so self-poised that no convulsion would, in any probability, ever move her from its plane. The father's reliance upon her opinions, his approval of her plans, and his oft repeated words of commendation, could but have created within her young heart a feeling of superiority, which rendered her opinionated and positive and which later events had only served to ripen into conceits, which every year's experience was helping to strengthen and render invincible.

These faults, however, were winked at by the people of Akron, for was not Mrs. Renten first in every good work among them? President of the Home Missionary Society, and of the Ladies' Sewing Circle? Every Fair and Tea Party and Literary Entertainment for the benefit of the church, was under her direct supervision. Barrels of clothing for indigent ministers at the far West were, and had been packed at her house. "Willing hands" had met with her when Agnes was a child and had done so ever since. The Mothers' Prayer Meeting was in her parlor every Tuesday afternoon, and her voice was heard repeating passages of Scripture in the weekly gathering at the church vestry whenever there was a lull between exhortation and prayer.

Moreover, Mrs. Renten was the paragon of excellence in all household matters, and many a young wife perplexed over yeast that would not rise, and current jelly that would not become jellied, sought advice and comfort from Mrs. Renten, who never refused to impart to others and to give valuable hints as to ways and means in every domestic emergency. A few of her experiences were of more practical value to the young housekeeper than a whole course of Prof. Blot's lectures, and her recipes more reliable than those of the best received cook books. She excelled in all departments of housekeeping—possessing what Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty," less common, perhaps, among New England matrons now, than in the days of Dr. Hopkins and Mrs. Scudder, but never-the-less to be found in many a country home where washing, baking, ironing, churning, sweeping, dusting, disappear behind the curtain as effectually and almost as noiselessly as dew before the morning sun.

It was into such a home as this, that day after day Dr. Gordon was ushered as the family physician of Agnes Renten. Her improvement was rapid, and ere long Ray felt constrained to forego his professional calls; but still he was a frequent guest at the house, and every evening when not called elsewhere, he might be found beside Agnes, his eye fixed upon her with an intensity warranted only by his profession, and making inquiries and suggestions, until Agnes declared, "There's no need of my telling him more. He knows it all."

"Agnes requires looking after," said Mrs. Renten one evening in early June. "She is so very venturesome. Why, last night she insisted on going to

the strawberry festival. You know I told you she wanted to come."

"Can't I go to the church sociable next week?" asked Agnes, fixing her blue eyes inquiringly upon the doctor.

"You must be your own judge as to that matter, Miss Renten. If you feel strong enough it might do you no harm."

"She's not strong enough. The sociables are in the vestry and it is always damp and chilly there—shut up all the week you know—no sun—the air is bad. Cousin James says those inclined to consumption never ought to go into such places. And then, the excitement of speaking with so many people—that is bad for Agnes. I think she can soon go to church, but she must never venture into that vestry this summer. Mr. Renten always came home from prayer meeting with sore throat, and he used to say sometimes, he believed he'd have all his meetings in the church. It's a bad place to go to, if anybody isn't well."

Agnes made no attempt at argument. The doctor said nothing. Mrs. Renten usually had the floor in Agnes' room. She had gained her point. She knew she was right. Cousin James was as sure as the Pythian oracle, to say nothing of her own opinion.

Although Mrs. Renten's colloquial discourses were not particularly enjoyable to the doctor, many other things were—the delicate mingling of rose color and white, the perfume of flowers scattered here and there about the room, easy chairs and lounges, the cozy warmth of an open grate with just fire enough to remove the chill of the damp evening air, books and magazines, portfolios filled with flowers in water colors, "done by Agnes"—

everything about the room was cheerful and attractive—and crowning all, Agnes' smile of welcome.

"If you feel equal to it, I will call and take you to ride to-morrow morning," said Ray, one evening on taking his leave.

Agnes' assent deepening the blushes on her cheeks was interrupted by Mrs. Renten, who thought the ride might do her good, perhaps, "But doctor, your horse is so gay," she added, "that I hardly dare trust my daughter with you."

"Oh, mamma!" and Agnes glanced toward her half reprovingly.

"Fleet is perfectly safe, Mrs. Renten; you need have no apprehension in that direction."

And so the ride was determined upon, and in the glory of a June morning, when the earth was decked as for its bridal day, Agnes, in soft blue cashmere, the white gossamer thrown about her like cirrus clouds over the blue sky, was carefully lifted into the carriage, and the doctor with tender inquiries as to ease and comfort and warmth, and where she would ride, and how far, and with the promise to bring her safely back in one hour, seated himself by her side, and drove away. The effect of the ride was so invigorating that it was repeated, and soon it became a part of the doctor's daily practice. Agnes improved rapidly.

"The doctor understands her case perfectly," wrote Mrs. Renten to cousin James. "She is gaining every day—wish you could see her. She is prettier than ever and in such good spirits! The doctor is becoming very popular in Akron, and I think he is very fond of Agnes."

SARAH M. WYMAN.

(To be continued.)

A RUSSIAN FABLE.—A neat illustration of the folly of depending on anybody's merits except one's own is thus given in the form of a fable.

A peasant was one day driving some geese to a neighboring town where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and to tell the truth he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit, and not only geese but men must expect to suffer if they hinder gain.

The geese, however, did not look on the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveler walking along the road they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he

never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor."

"But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors"—

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes; but what have you done of the kind?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you, then? Do leave your ancestors at peace! They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."

Little things console us because little things afflict us.—*Pascal.*

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.—*George Eliot.*

GROWING OLD.

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant Home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight:
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling,
Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest:
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story,
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

Never a feeling of envy nor sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between:
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy years,
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears:
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of the coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive;"
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL FUTURE OF HAWAII.

This the veil of the future hides. To inquire therein partakes much of uncertain speculation. The future when realized, commonly proves quite different from anything that was looked for. Still, much may be approximately guessed. To consider future probabilities may steady our aim and make action more confident. It may also tend to juster estimates of present appearances, whose pretentious follies often assert supremacy.

Seldom has any country had more diverse and antagonistic elements acting to determine its future than this little kingdom. Few will question that the present is a period of transition—of wide change in the social and political state of this nation. Thirty years ago this was a nation of Polynesians, which, though greatly reduced in numbers, still maintained much strength of national life, with a loyal clinging to their old chieftaincy. At that time the hereditary native Monarchy was the natural and desirable political form, and for the native people any other was scarcely possible. Under the benign shaping of a Christianity pervading the nation in a most active and controlling way, the Hawaiian monarchy was most happily enabled to assume those liberal and constitutional forms which were indispensable to its continued toleration by the powerful nations whose citizens dwelt and traded here in increasing numbers. Thus the Hawaiian national sentiment and the imperative foreign demand for free and enlightened administration of government were harmonized and enabled to coexist.

In this ninth decade of the century we find that a

great change is going on and growing apace. The fast decaying Polynesian people already constitute less than half the population. They will soon be but one-third, and then one-fourth. The other and growing half is composed of several thousand European families, and of Chinese, chiefly males, in still larger numbers. The great bulk of the property in the islands and nearly all of the business are in the hands of this foreign half of the people. In the undisturbed peace, substantial good administration and high material prosperity which have prevailed, all rude shocks have been withheld and the old political form of monarchy survives undisturbed. With a predominant foreign population, we still have, and under very favorable circumstances of able and honest administration, we may continue for some time longer to have a monarchy with a sovereign of the ancient native Alii lineage. But this order of things is manifestly transient and in the ruthless logic of inevitable tendencies, is going on towards a change.

It is difficult to understand how anyone can suppose the Hawaiian Kingship to be other than a very transient institution. Under the condition in which it exists, it is in the first place, a most unique and unparalleled political arrangement and due to a wholly exceptional combination of circumstances. Unparalleled, because there is not now in any other country, and never was elsewhere in recorded history, a state where foreigners conducted all the business of the country, and the native race still continued to exercise the sovereignty. Everywhere

else, just as soon as foreigners have exclusively created any considerable trade and commerce in a country, they have also taken possession of the government. It is thus that the commercial and governing European races rule in Hindostan, Java, Malacca, Burmah, and have assumed the sway of every Pacific island where they have any considerable colony of traders. Hawaii is the one and strange exception where the weaker and less active native people hold the reins of power and control legislation and administration. There was a period in the forties when they nearly lost their privilege. That they did not, and that Hawaiians retained their sovereignty was by the most special favor and indulgent good will of the great powers. That good will and favor the Hawaiian people merited by their kindly, hospitable, cordial treatment of foreigners, by their eager reception of the religion and institutions of Christian nations, and by the just, wise and moderate course of their chiefs.

This unique favor shown to the Hawaiian people has been cordially given. We whites of Island nativity delight in the fact and are proud of the kindly and honorable relations between the two races which have secured and maintained so interesting a result. We have a peculiar sentimental interest in the honor and continuance of the Native Hawaiian throne as a noble monument of the worthy and generous mutual good-will and wise co-operation on both sides of a generation which has passed away. We earnestly deprecate all that seems needlessly to imperil it or bring it to a premature end, frail as its tenure may naturally seem to be. And when the hour of change arises, we earnestly hope and in heartiest good will shall strive for the continued political privileges of our exceptionally favored Hawaiian fellow-citizens. But yet we cannot fail to distinctly perceive that in the nature of things it is wholly impossible that their unprecedented distinction of being the ruling race with a native sovereign can be permanent, or that in the rapid decrease of their numbers and growth of the white race, a Hawaiian throne can long continue, even under the most favorable circumstances. The base of the throne is decayed, and no severe shock will be awaited to topple it over. We hope a wise conduct may continue for it a useful existence for a while longer, to ripen and prepare the coming institutions of a larger day.

In respect to social conditions, the rapid current of change is no less marked. An obvious token of this is the growing use of English speech. This is going on to become the speech of the whole people and their chief medium of intercourse. This means the Anglicizing of the whole mixture of races here in their customs and opinions. The higher civilization of the Pacific is English. Its commerce is English. Its literature and culture are English. No other than an Anglican culture can possibly prevail here. The social order and moral standards of the coming generations of Hawaii nei, whatever their

blood, are inevitably to become English in type as in language. By English of course we mean not British, but the "Greater England," and America being our nearest and overshadowing neighbor, it must be Anglo-American.

Our literature, our art, our manners, our moral and political opinions will be mainly American, modified and broadened by that cosmopolitan tone which our increasingly central position gives us as a halting place for travelers of all nations. Chinese ways and opinions however tenaciously adhered to, can have no comparative value or force, and the Chinese here will exercise social power only as they learn English thought and English ways. Our leading churches and leading newspapers are fully American in their tone, and American of the better type. The same is true of our schools and of our courts of justice. Thus is manifested the fact that the guiding and enduring elements of society have already shaped themselves in American forms. There are diverse and conflicting social tendencies, but all these, whether Portuguese, Chinese or from a smouldering heathenism, are wholly overshadowed by those which rule and must rule in society, by reason of superior character and intelligence.

To the question then as to our future social state, the probable answer is obvious. It will be in harmony with the best Anglo-American types, in morals, in religion, in the family, in education. Whatever in our growing populations may be adverse to this higher type of Christian civilization, will be overpowered and take the place of subjection, until it can be regenerated and assimilated to the better culture. That it will not be permitted to greatly mar and hinder a pure and worthy social development is reasonably assured by the constant reinforcement our higher social elements must continue to enjoy from the United States as well as from England.

The foregoing also indicates the necessary answer to the question as to our political future. The coming form of government will be that of America. It will be Republican. Republican government has passed beyond the stage of experiment and established itself as the true and the best form for all enlightened peoples. Long since established in the American majority of English people, it has become virtually the political form of all the rest. Monarchy in England has surrendered all its power, and retains only its dignities. It is unreasonable to suppose that these Islands as a civilized community will not in due time follow the general example. As in due time the native sovereignty comes to its natural end, whether by the decay of the native people, the lack of chiefs, or a general end of its usefulness, there will cease to be any other possible rallying point for a throne, even if there were any further call for such an institution. Republican government will be the natural, fitting and obvious arrangement. No other seems possible. How long before the inevitable change occurs, will depend much upon the

degree of careful, reasonable and economical administration that the monarchy may continue to afford. Failure in this will merely precipitate the change that might otherwise have been usefully delayed for the needed elements of good Republican government to have become better matured and developed in an increased intellectual and moral growth of the people.

How the transition when it comes will be effected and the necessary constitutional alterations made, it does not concern us now to inquire. When the time is ripe and the necessity imperative, a sober and enlightened community will readily accomplish the change. It may be hoped that this will be done peaceably and with as much good feeling of all parties, as was effected forty years ago, the greater change from arbitrary to constitutional government. In the presence of considerable elements of hereditary incapacity and ignorance, especially from alien sources, an influx from which may continue, it will doubtless be needful to restrict the suffrage with care in the case of persons of foreign blood to those at home in the English tongue, and therefore likely to comprehend English institutions, and act intelligently in voting.

Are these Islands to continue independent, or are they to become one of the United States? Both our isolation and our past history indicate independence as our natural condition. Little could be gained by union and much would be sacrificed. Belonging to the Union in case of war, we should be the most exposed outpost for hostile attack. Independent, the powerful Union will absolutely forbid any other power to take possession of her little neighbor. Independence will secure a larger national dignity and consideration, than could be had as a little dependency of the United States. As a Republic, the Hawaiian State would certainly command the confidence and respect of foreign powers not less thoroughly than now as a Monarchy. With annexation would come useless and annoying complications of the imperial politics of the United States. A not less evil would be a constant influx of political adventurers tending to disturb and derange our natural and wholesome autonomy. The best hope of the future includes the perpetuity of that political independence which Hawaii has never yet lost.

One very unfavorable element in the outlook for a healthy social future remains to be adverted to. That is, the great lack of a rural yeomanry. Our

rural population is too much composed of capitalists on large properties, and their laborers, and too little of small but prosperous farmers on their own homesteads. Unless a very considerable change takes place in this respect, the future prospect is dark. A state must be founded on the independence and prosperity in their own homes of the masses of the people who compose it. Herein, too, we are probably in a state of transition. The difficulty of supplying large companies with laborers will tend ultimately to break up great estates. The physical conformation of the greater half of the Islands also tends to small holdings. Many of the most fertile tracts, like Kona, are impossible to cultivate in large estates. As population begins to crowd and diversified industries arise, a multitude of small prosperous homes may be looked for in the hands of patient industry, where only cattle have ranged for generations past.

There is unquestionably room in these Islands for many times the present population. In climate and in scenery this country, we have learned to think, surpasses every other. The soil is reasonably productive. It is becoming more and more in the track of commerce. With a transit for shipping across the American Isthmus, it will become the chief way-station of the Pacific. Every natural gift fits this group to become the home of one of the noblest populations of the world, and one of the very happiest. This bright possibility will be realized or will fail, just in accordance with the social tendencies that shall prevail here, those that lift men up into purity, wisdom, integrity, or those that drag them downwards into bestiality and worthlessness. The evil tendencies are strong, and find large elements favoring their growth. The upward tendencies will prevail and save our future, only as their supporters continue devoted, determined and enterprising. We confidently believe that this will be the case, and therefore look forward with much assurance of hope to a bright and honorable political and social future for Hawaii nei.

The foundations of the coming state are now being laid. For its prosperity and welfare all enlightened effort contributes—all wise and loving labor for the cleansing and upbuilding of human souls consolidates its basis.

God save the State of Hawaii !

SERENO E. BISHOP.

We omitted to mention in the introductory paragraph of our article on the Red Sunsets, that the translation on which it was based was made by Miss J. Bolte.

Mr. Bishop's article on the social and political future of this country is well deserving of careful reading and candid consideration. There are doubtless those who will look upon such discussion as pre-

mature. We do not so regard it. Events move fast in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, and they are moving particularly fast just now in Hawaii nei. It is none too soon to consider seriously and discuss openly the goal to which we are hastening. We hope Mr. Bishop's article will have the effect of eliciting further expressions of opinion from those whose views are entitled to weight.

SOME RANDOM NOTES ON THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE.

SECOND PAPER.

Few people think of the difficulties with which one must contend in mastering an unknown, unwritten language. It is like fighting in the dark, single-handed, against combatants of whose number, weapons, and style of attack one is completely ignorant. When Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr. went to the Gilbert Islands to introduce Christianity and its blessings among the savage tribes who inhabit those low-lying coral islands, he early began to make a vocabulary of the language. Wishing a word for *prayer*, he showed the picture of a man kneeling in the attitude of prayer, and tried to get their word for praying. He thought he had succeeded, but when he would say to the natives "Let us pray," he noticed that they would be all on a broad grin. It was some months before he accidentally discovered that he had failed to give the right idea, or get the right expression. Instead of saying "Let us pray," he was saying "Let us have some fun;" for the native to whom he showed the picture had utterly misunderstood it and the gestures with which he attempted to illustrate it, and supposed he was making grimaces to excite laughter.

It is not strange that with all the fullness and general excellence which characterize Judge Andrews' Hawaiian-English Dictionary, (and none can be too thankful for his prolonged and invaluable labors in its compilation and publication), that there should be some few errors, some very ludicrous blunders. He has sometimes mistaken phrases for words, as *amaamau*, which he defines *satisfied*, when it is really *e ai a mau*, eat on till you have had enough; *aliane*, shew it to me, which is really the phrase, *alia a nana*, be still and look. *Keki* he does not define at all, but one has only to divide aright the phrase he gives in illustration to recognize the familiar expression, *o ke kino a me ka uhane*, soul and body. *Akuli* he defines as damming up water; in the words *ua pii ka wai a hiki i ka akulikuli*, the true meaning is, the water rose up to the *akulikuli*, a species of water plants growing on the banks of water-courses.

There is sometimes given in Judge Andrews' Dictionary a wrong derivation or composition; thus, *aiataala*, a scrofulous sore on the neck, is analyzed into the two radicals *ai*, to eat, and *ala* sweet, when the true etymological roots are two very different words, *a'i*, the neck, and *alaala*, sore. Indeed, this one topic of the possible erroneous divisions of Hawaiian words, the analysis of Hawaiian names to ascertain their etymological significance, might pleasantly and profitably occupy this whole paper.

The difference just mentioned between *ai*, to eat, and *a'i*, the neck, is one of the peculiarities of the Hawaiian tongue, which it is not easy for foreigners to catch. In *maikai*, good, a Hawaiian will bring out a click or peculiar sound at the top of the throat,

which very few foreigners attempt to reproduce. This click, *kai'i*, gives a peculiar charm to Hawaiian singing, like the little tricks of the stage in which famous actors sometimes indulge, the peculiar sneeze, or smirk, which others may imitate but cannot reproduce. Fortunately there is only one click in the Hawaiian language; in the Zulu there are twenty-six. The same letters may mean one thing or another, according as the click comes in, or not. Thus *ko'a* is the coral rock, but *koa* is a soldier; *la'e* is a smooth calm place on the sea, *lae* is the forehead; *mo'a* is cooked, but *moa* is a fowl; *pi'o* is an arch, but *pio* is a prisoner; *nono* is to snore, but *no'ono'o* is to reflect, consider; *i'a* is a fish, but *ia* is the third personal pronoun. One of the American Missionaries, soon after his arrival, preached a sermon, as he supposed, on "the fear of the Lord," *ka maku'u i ke Akua*; but from failure to observe the guttural click, his talk to the Hawaiians was about the Lord's "fish-hook," *makau*, being the beginning of wisdom.

This guttural click is represented in printing by an apostrophe (') before the following letter. It is supposed that, like the Greek digamma, it represents a sound or letter, now dropped in the pronunciation of Hawaiian words, but still found, heard and represented in other cognate Polynesian dialects. *Pua'a*, the Hawaiian word for pig, is in the language of the South Sea Islanders, *puaka*, equivalent to the English porker. We may see in such a fact as this, if we only look at things and their relations, words and their uses, through Judge Fornander's spectacles, an intimation as to the probable origin of the Hawaiian people. *Hawai'i* is properly pronounced with a click before the last *i*, and therefore is probably, if printed or pronounced in full, *Hawai'iki*, little Hawaii." Judge Fornander's theory is that migrating races will give to localities, in their new places of abode, the names of familiar places of similar aspect in the old home land. England and English towns are thus reproduced in New England and in the Australasian Colonies. *Hawai*, which may be analyzed into *hawa i*, burning mountain, is *Java*, that great volcanic island of the Malay Archipelago reproduced in these Hawaiian islands, and *Hawaii* is really Little Java. But the Hawaiians are not Malays. They are an earlier race, pushed onward and outward into the vast Pacific before vast hordes of the newer Malay race, swooping down upon them from the teeming hive, originally located in Central Asia. The Malays in turn were pushed out by the races that now occupy Southern India, their former home. The historical parallel to this is the case of the Celts of Great Britain, driven westward into the fastnesses of Wales, before Angles and Saxons, to whom succeeded Goths and Visigoths, migrating westward from the same central home-hive in the regions of Armenia and Meso-

potamia. This ingenious account of the origin of the Hawaiians, giving them an antiquity beyond other nationalities as probably a primordial race, finds some plausible support in their facial characteristics. A visitor from the United States, of Anglo-Saxon race, sees in the Hawaiians who have come eastward, from the garden of Eden, while he has been traveling westward to meet with them midway in these Pacific seas, lineaments that he recognizes as of kindred origin with his own. Here, in this half-way house of the Pacific is the meeting-place of brethren, traveling in opposite directions from the common home to greet each other with fraternal fondness in the hackneyed phrase of romance writers, "My long-lost brother!"

That there are so few resemblances to the Malay is a fact that goes to confirm Judge Fornander's theory that the Polynesian is a distinct and an older race. Hawaiian traditions point to Tahiti as the immediately proximate locality from which their ancestors immigrated, or were driven to the Hawaiian Islands. The channel between Lahaina and Molokai is called *Kealaikahiki*, the road to Tahiti. They came about as eagerly doubtless, as the Micronesians of the present day, who in the labor contracts kindly furnished for them in English by the Hawaiian government, affirm that "being desirous of immigrating to the Hawaiian Islands, etc., etc., we hereby agree, etc., etc."

The resemblance often noticed between the Hawaiians and the Japanese in their appearance, character and customs, finds no sufficiently adequate explanation in the fact that Japanese junks may have drifted to these islands, as we know some have done within the last fifty years. A plausible supposition is that the Japanese are a branch of the same primordial race as the Polynesians, but driven northward in the onward push from over populated regions of Central Asia, while the Hawaiians were driven or drifted to the eastward. The resemblances early noted between some Hawaiian customs and traditions and Jewish usages and narratives, were also mistakenly attributed to identity of nationality, rather than community of origin. The resemblances noted would indicate a common Asiatic origin, rather than the identity of the Hawaiian people with "the lost tribes of Israel."

The Hawaiian is not a difficult language to learn. There is no trouble in mastering its orthography. Every letter has but one sound, (with a very few apparent exceptions); there are no silent letters as in our English word *subtle*; and no equivalent letters, as in *beau*, *sew*, *coal*, to puzzle the foreigner attempting to learn English. It is an easy language in which to make compound words to express new ideas. *Upa* is to open and shut, like a pair of scissors; *makani* is wind, *upamakani* is a modern Hawaiian word meaning bellows. *Kahu* is a keeper; *waiwai* is property; *kahuwaiwai* is trustee. As there is no primitive Hawaiian word for conscience, one has been compounded and is expressively sig-

nificant of one chief function of this inward monitor; *lunaikehala*, the observer of guiltiness. *Ali*, skin, *omo*, to suck, *wai*, water, put together as one word, *iliomowai*, will mean the suction hose of an engine.

It is not always desirable, however, thus to coin new words for new ideas or new objects. It is often the easiest and quickest way to transfer the foreign name. *Telephone* is one of these words quick to find its way among the people and brings in the new sound represented by *f*. Sometimes old people find it difficult to frame their utterances to correspond to those strange sounds. *Ieku* is sometimes heard, rarely however, for almost every Hawaiian can pronounce the name of Jesus. *Ki* is spelled in English key; *pepa*, paper; *eka*, acre; and home has been translated bodily, though the Hawaiian *ho-me* is unfortunately still a very different place from what a Christian home ought to be.

There is difficulty to a foreigner in distinguishing between words of similar sound. *Hoao*, to try, and *hooao*, to proclaim the bans of marriage, are words of similar pronunciation, but not identical in either signification or utterance. *Kauo* is to draw, but *kauwo* is offering. *Wai* is water; *wae* to choose. *Haalulu* is to tremble; but *halulu* is to thunder. *Ao* is the dawn; *au* is a current; *mae*, withered; *ma'i*, sick; *mai*, come here. The Hawaiian ear is as quick to discern these slight differences in the vowel sounds or pure tonics, as the English-speaking people are apt in combining such consonantal sounds as we utter in the question, "why lengthenest thou thus thy thralldom?"

The usual rule in Hawaiian, as in English, is to accent the penult of words, the last syllable but one. Yet there is a long list of words, whose meaning is entirely changed by changing the accent. In the following examples, the word first given has the accent on the penult; the second of the pair is accented on the last syllable. *Huna*, a small piece; *huna*, to hide; *kaua*, war; *kauwa*, servant; *mano*, 4,000; *mano*, shark; *pahu*, a container; *pahu*, to push; *papa*, a series or a board; *papa*, to forbid; *poho*, to blow gently; *poho*, to sink; *mama*, to chew; *mama*, light weight, speedy; *wahi*, place; *wahi*, to cover.

It is interesting to compare Hawaiian words with those of similar radicals, or similar meaning in other languages. *Kahuna*, priest, bears a striking resemblance to the Hebrew name for the same office, kohen. *Au*, time, has evident affinity with the English *ever*, Latin *aevum*, Greek *aion*. *Ola*, life, has its counterpart in the Latin *olim*, and the Hebrew *olam*. *Hala*, guilt, a word whose primitive meaning is to miss the mark, corresponds in significance to the Greek word *hamartia*, which also means to miss the mark. *Hewa*, sin, is really crookedness, deviation from the right. *Malama*, to care for, has radicals similar to the Greek word *melomai*. *Pihano*, sitting still in time of *kapu*, what is it but the Italian piano? We find the equivalent of our English word *sin* in the Hawaiian *kina*, fault, or blemish; *limu*, moss, of which we have so much in

our Honolulu water pipes is only our English word *slime* in a cognate form. Indeed, the resemblances of Hawaiian words to English are very striking. A Yankee sees at once that *apo* is hoop; *wiki*, quick; *paha*, perhaps; *mauna*, mountain; *hoka*, to hoax. *Loko*, would seem to be the English *lake*, and there may be a correspondence in the primitive meaning, within, interior. Of course there is the possibility of making ludicrous blunders in transferring words of one language to another. In the museum of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Boston is a Hawaiian canoe paddle, staringly labeled, "a Native Hoe," for in Hawaiian, *ho-e* is the word for *paddle*, a very different implement from the English *hoe*. A still more complicated and ludicrous blunder is the label *Pemican* on some Hawaiian *maika* stones, such as were used in the old times on the Hawaiian bowling grounds.

Of course, onomatopoeic words, or words imitative of natural sounds, have their resemblances in the two languages; yet also, as might be expected, the Hawaiian has its characteristic differences from the English. *Ohumu*, is to murmur; *wawa*, to babble; *pakapaka*, to patter, as the rain; *pio pio*, to peep; *uiui*, to squeak; *nakaka*, to crackle; *pukaka*, to cackle or cluck; *nunu*, to coo, like a dove. Here again an incautious reasoner is apt to make mistakes. It is very natural to fancy, as Judge Andrews does, that *kalepa*, the Hawaiian word for traffic or trading, is traceable to the Hawaiian word for flag, *lepa*. The white cloth hung out of the *poi* vendors' shops, and *flapping* in the breeze, is a very common sight in our Hawaiian streets. But the Hawaiian word for trading, *kalepa*, is more correctly traced to the clipper ships which were the trading vessels that first visited the Hawaiian Islands.

A topic of great interest could it be properly treated, would be the words and phrases in which we find fixed in permanent shape "the fossil poetry" of the language, as Archbishop Trench calls those words in which the metaphorical significance needs to be dug out, as it were, from its environment to show its real vital significance. *Kapae*, to embezzle, to pervert to wrong use, means to turn aside, as when ordered by a chief to attack a friend, thrusting the spear between the arm and the side; where it would do no hurt. *Kakahiaka*, morning, is literally the breaking of the shades of night. *Makahiki*, hail stone, is literally, eye of the thunder. *Kiaaina*, governor, is literally, pillar of the land, a similitude not often verified in the political experiences of the Hawaiian people, either in ancient or modern times. A more truthfully expressive epithet is *aimoku*, to enjoy, or quite as correctly, to eat up the district. *Ahonui*, literally, to take a long breath, is the common word for patience. Patient waiting, for which there is abundant necessity, as well as opportunity, for every one who has anything to do with Hawaiian easy-good-natured dilatoriness, finds expression in the still more common word, *hoomanawanui*, be patient. *i. e.* take plenty of time. *Akiaki*, to nibble, is equivalent to our pilfer, while *akilou*, to steal, has an English word of corresponding significance, to hook, implying that the method of conveying away another's property was by an ingeniously contrived hook.

There are racy expressions, so to speak, phrases that smack of the soil, that could have had their origin only among such people living among such scenes as the Hawaiians have done. "He has come to lick the *ki* leaf," is the common expression for

one who comes late to a feast; for the common Hawaiian plate or platter is the broad leaf of the *ki* plant. These phrases may degenerate into slang, which is tabooed in dignified, respectable talk; or they may well be gathered and preserved in anthologies, and collections of folk-lore, and proverbial apothegms as illustrating common characteristics of human nature, or distinctive peculiarities of idioms, usages and experiences among the Hawaiians. The language is far richer than one would suppose in such pithy sayings, which are brought in by speakers of tact and ability to embellish their rhetoric, as classical allusions are introduced by English writers. It requires better knowledge than we have now of Hawaiian legendary lore to understand and appreciate these brief phrases, as with us it needs a knowledge of general literature to comprehend the significance of such phrases as "Herculean tasks," "out-Herod Herod," "the old man of the sea." The Hawaiians have their own ideas of literary style and finish and the attempt ought to be made to save from oblivion what they would regard as master-pieces. Though they had no way of recording and so preserving the knowledge of the past, they had their rhetoricians and their orators; for among them, as in other nations, there is great difference in natural qualifications; some have a genius for language, an inborn tastefulness, so that the choice of fit expressions and the utterance of agreeable sentiments is easy for them, requiring no laborious effort either for preparation or for delivery. To know the Hawaiian language only from the school books or the religious treatises that have been printed and published for their benefit, is like such knowledge of English as one might get, if confined to studying Willson's primers and reading books.

There is this saddening fact to be noticed in the language, how full of obscenity it is; and how the moral corruption of heathenism infuses its polluting taint into the national vocabulary. It is not an extravagance to say that there is hardly a word in the language that is not thus tainted by some veiled allusion to indecencies, that among the Hawaiians as among the nations of Christendom are made more attractive by such partial concealment. Mountain, wind, cloud, streamlet, are all thus degraded into the service of the vilest debauchery. The programmes, elaborately prepared for the *hula* dances that so disgracefully closed the performances of the recent "Coronation," and for printing which the proprietor of the printing office was prosecuted and punished for issuing an obscene publication, though they contained only the first lines of the songs which accompanied the several dances, could only be translated by one who knew the Hawaiian language so well, as to tell at once what the vile allusion was in the apparently innocent phrase. This tendency to revel in filthiest lewdness is the sorrowful fact inherent in heathenism. That heathen obscenities should be revamped now under the court patronage of this last Hawaiian dynasty is a more alarming fact than the development and spread of leprosy. Physicians can tell how many young men have been quietly sent out of the country tainted with the virus of that loathsome disease, and how the number is increasing. Others know and could tell, were it proper to make such facts public, how many sad hearts and homes there are to-day in the higher circles of society among our foreign residents, sad with inexpressible sorrow because their sons and daughters have given themselves over to the indescribable bestialities of the *hula* dances of heathenish obscenity.

C. M. HYDE.

North Pacific Missionary Institute.

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

A fashion must often undergo wonderful changes and amendments before it succeeds in really becoming established in general public favor. Thus the Jersey has required four whole years since its first conspicuous appearance, to become an ordinary article of dress, and only succeeded in doing so after it had freed itself from the eccentricity of the first shape, and instead of that now appears in a more pleasant and practical style. A dark Jersey will be found an excellent en-tout-cas, especially useful when traveling. Fastened in front, with a pretty well made back and broad trimming or braiding it will always be found elegant and useful.

The dressiest Jerseys have white silk jersey cloth waistcoats, and are made of silk jersey cloth for the jacket in all colors and black, and these are frequently decorated with embroideries of fine beads.

The skillful adaptation of old-fashioned things, or rather anything one happens to have on hand, is a great thing with practical ladies, and we are always glad to advise and assist in such matters as far as our power, or our space will permit.

To-day we offer an excellent example of what may be done with flat three-cornered lace shawls, such as, large or small, are to be found in most wardrobes amongst the dethroned glories of bygone fashions. There is really no reason why the shawls should not be worn just as they are, but young ladies especially do not seem to take kindly to them, even though the beautiful, often costly material can with very little trouble be transformed into an exceedingly becoming and dainty mantle. It is best to arrange the shawl upon the wearer's own figure, as the back part must be arranged in small folds sewn firmly together at the waist, when they are allowed to fall loosely down. The top edge is gathered in, so as to form a full frill round the neck. In front the edges are put plainly together and the ends are simply knotted. A ribbon at the waist gives the whole stability and form.

The shoe of 1884's summer has a heel of less than an inch in height and placed where it belongs. The toe is round and wide. The entire outline is not quite that of a human foot, but as nearly so as previous condition of compression permits. The material is not the inelastic glazed stuff long in use, but soft calfskin of the same kind used in men's shoes. The make is masculine, even in such details as beveled soles and yellow stitching and especially in the fact that the surface is not to be daubed with a black shiny varnish, but blackened with pigment and brush, in the way heretofore distinctively and exclusively male. The exception in this latter respect is the sole made of real or imitation crocodile skin, reddish yellow in color and making the wearer

look as though she was on her way to a base-ball match. An artist friend, rapturous on the subject, declared that an era of naturalness had at last begun and that uncontracted waists would be the next happy attainment on the part of our fashionable girls.

The most unique dress for this season was designed in Philadelphia, for a young society belle. It is of a very light weight Gilbert cloth, in a kind of smoke blue. The lower skirt portion is laid in large box pleats, each one ornamented with a spray of Kursheedt's silk embroidered purple and white clover blossoms. The front width above is garnished with a half wreath of clover blossoms and a brilliant hued peacock stands in the center. The pointed corners of the over-drapery, at each side, are finished like the front, with semi-circle of clover blossoms and Kursheedt's peacocks. The jacket has a row of the flowers up each side, collar and cuffs to match. The rustic hat is trimmed with folds of velvet and cluster of artificial clover blooms, with butterfly and peacock's feather eyes.

White has never been so popularly worn as this summer. It is seen on the street almost to the exclusion of everything else, and in the house it is worn both during the morning and evenings. Some pretty dresses recently seen, made of soft creamy mull, had the skirts trimmed with two rather deep flounces of the mull edged with oriental lace about three inches wide. The drapery was arranged across the front in graceful folds and edged with the lace. At the back it was very full and caught up on the waist. The latter had a square neck with the lace joboted, and elbow sleeves.

Charming afternoon dresses of pink or blue surah have the skirt covered with flounces of Bretonne lace. The pointed corsage is of red or blue velvet with a yoke set on, and sleeves made of long rows of narrow lace separated by narrow tucks of the surah.

Violetwood fans, pleasantly fragrant, are made with smooth sticks, on which ladies who draw well make outline sketches of their friends, sometimes slightly caricaturing them, and the friends are expected to acknowledge the likeness by adding their autographs.

Amber colored tortoise-shell has suddenly come into prominence in England for all ornaments. Of course it is set with jewels rich and rare to heighten the cost, though quite expensive even when undorned with gems.

Pet Angora cats are the rage.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

CHARADE.

My first in my second sat; my third I ate; my whole cannot be satisfied.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A British title.
2. A disease.
3. A measure.
4. A sly look.

FLOWERS EMBLEMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Pertaining to a monastery, both the man and the dress.
2. A number.
3. Something that is cold, white and a plaything.
4. Seen in every face.
5. A city and a sin.
6. Never ending.
7. A musical instrument.
8. A willow.
9. A tree.

The initials of the answers to the above spell the name of the flower.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Par—the—non.

ANAGRAMS.—GIRLS' NAMES.

1. Constance.
2. Alexandra.

BOYS' NAMES.

1. Cadwallader.
2. Cornelius.
3. Adoniram.
4. Bertram.

DOUBLE WORDS.

1. Bar—bed.
2. Ash—ore.
3. Cur—few.

WHIMSICALITIES.

WAS SHE A FLIRT?

"I wonder if that pretty girl over there is not a flirt," said one drummer to another on an incoming Illinois Central train the other day.

"She looks like it," said his companion, "and what is more she and I have passed a good many happy hours together. I've staid many a night at her father's house, but I don't do it any more, and if you can make a mash on her, go ahead."

The other drummer went over to where she sat and said:

"Permit me, Madame."

"Certainly," she replied.

"My friend over there says he has known you for some time," he continued as he sat down. She blushed and smiled sweetly as she acknowledged the old acquaintance.

"Very nice fellow," said the drummer.

"I—think he's ever so nice," said the woman, modestly.

"Bully fellow, but he ain't very popular with the girls. Don't seem to care very much about 'em."

"Don't he?" she archly inquired.

"Not very much."

"I like him ever so much. I have thought the world of him for a long time."

"Happy old boy! Say, you couldn't love me a little as his proxy, could you?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Well, that's pretty tough on me; but if you think so much of him, I'll get up and let him come over and sit by you."

"Oh, I wish you would!"

The masher looked red and blue by turns, and got up and went over and told his companion what she said, and added:

"Say, old fellow, you've got her dead. She's mashed on you the worst way, and wants you to come over and sit with her."

"Is that so?" queried the other, with a satisfied smile, rising and bowing to the lady, who beckoned him over to the seat with her. And then he went over and put his arm around her, and when the conductor came along he pointed them out to him and began to tell him what a mash the other fellow had made, when the conductor smiled blandly, and told him to go and soak his head; that she was the other drummer's wife, and he had known her ever since she was a baby. The masher got off the first time they came up with a freight train, and went the balance of the way as live beef.

The champion light weight. The Kalakaua dollar.

The Freshman who translated *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, "From the dead nothing but bones," has a brilliant career awaiting him in the medical profession.

A boy found a woman's switch in the opera house and returned it to her. "Thank you, my little man," said the lady; "you are an honest boy." "Oh! no, I'm not so very honest: but I know what I am." "What are you then?" "A hair restorer."

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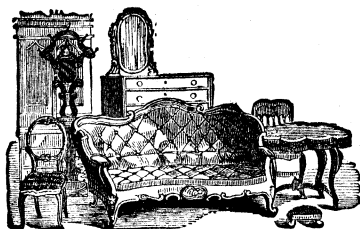
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T H E
HAWAIIAN MONTHLY.

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THE FUTURE.

Mr. Bishop's article which appeared in the last number of the MONTHLY has evidently had the effect which was intended and hoped for. It has attracted general attention and stimulated discussion. There are times when men's minds are much occupied with certain political or social problems, and yet from some restraining considerations, whether of courtesy, of propriety, of expediency, or even of fear, the thought of the time fails to find adequate expression either in print or in public speech. A condition of things somewhat akin to this has prevailed among ourselves. Many men, including those ordinarily considered conservative and cautious, have been seriously pondering the question of the Hawaiian future, and have thought out a great deal more than they cared to publicly express. At such a time it is needed that some one should, as it were, break the ice and speak out boldly the thought which many cherish but hesitate to utter. Such a service Mr. Bishop has rendered this community, and the result thus far has been most satisfactory. Two leading articles in the *Advertiser*, the same in the *Hawaiian*, with more or less extended notice in all the other local journals, and a general interchange of views among intelligent and thoughtful people are the first fruits of its publication. These wide-spread indications of public interest testify not only to the ability with which Mr. Bishop has treated his subject, but show that the subject itself is regarded as one of intrinsic and vital importance. The general willingness which has been shown to discuss the political and social future of these Islands proves that in the opinion of intelligent people such discussion is neither premature nor superfluous. At the same time, the excellent tone and spirit in which the discussion has thus far been carried on is a hopeful sign and an encouraging indication of the ability of our people to meet such questions with the calmness and seriousness which their importance demands. In view of recent events and present tendencies, our political and social future has become a "live" question, and is being so regarded. We venture, therefore, to express both the hope and the expectation that the discussion thus begun may continue. We are sure

that much good will come of it. By due and timely attention being given to questions of grave importance which must be sooner or later met, and which we may have to meet very soon, our people will be the better prepared to act with wisdom when the time of action shall arrive.

We have neither the space nor the inclination to take up the several carefully prepared newspaper articles which Mr. Bishop's essay has called forth and consider in detail the various views expressed therein. We would however call attention to one remark of the *Advertiser*, which, while objecting courteously but decidedly to nearly all of Mr. Bishop's conclusions, admits at the same time that his article is "a thoughtful expression of the average white man's ideas about the subject." If we are not mistaken, this admission involves considerably more than its writer probably intended or realized. "The average white man's ideas" on this or any other subject of general public interest are something which cannot be safely ignored by those who would correctly forecast our political and social future. Whether Mr. Bishop fairly represents the views of "the average white man," we do not now inquire. If he does, then he certainly represents an influence which must be steadily increasing in weight and importance with every passing year—an influence which, whether we like it or not, or whether it be for good or evil, must ultimately be dominant in Hawaiian affairs. We notice also that while there is considerable difference of opinion with respect to the final outcome of influences now at work, there is, with the single exception of the journal just named, a substantial agreement in the view that the Hawaiian Kingship "is a very transient institution;" that it is fast outliving its usefulness and that in the inevitable course of events it is destined to soon pass away. In this view we fully concur and in so doing we find ourselves in full accord with the almost unanimous sentiment of those whose intelligence and knowledge of affairs are such as to render their opinions of any value. It is idle to say that the same peculiar and excep-

tional combination of circumstances which brought about our peculiar and exceptional political condition will ensure its permanence. It is true that like causes produce like effects, but the causes which were instrumental in establishing the Hawaiian monarchy on its present basis have already in large measure ceased to exist. There may be those who honestly differ with us and who can see nothing in the expression of such views as the above but unfriendliness to the Hawaiian monarchy and the independence of the country. To such people we would suggest that they cast aside prejudice and personal feeling and look squarely at the facts. We are quite sure that if they will study those facts in the light of history and with due regard to the elements now at work they will see that anything like permanence under our present anomalous political arrangement is virtually impossible. The composition of the population, the numerical strength of the different races, both absolutely and relatively, the agricultural and commercial development of the country, the ownership of the land, the proportion of the sexes, the spirit of the government, its attitude towards its foreign subjects; in fact every important element in the problem has changed greatly within the last thirty years. To ignore such facts as these, facts which are plain to every observer, is the part of neither intelligence nor candor.

How long it will be before the inevitable change comes, is what neither we nor any one else can tell. Any predictions on this point must be made subject to that element of uncertainty which belongs in a greater or less degree to all future events. The continued existence of our present form of government depends of course on providential events which cannot be altogether foreseen. So far, however, as human wisdom can discern and human conduct influence the result, it depends mainly upon the course which may be pursued by those holding the reins of power. For our own part we should like to see the Hawaiian monarchy with a native chief at its head continue as long as possible. We should like to see it continue until it should be evident to all, that it had accomplished its mission, and that its further existence was neither practicable or desirable. In other words, we should like to see it continue until it should die a natural death, with the consent and approval of all classes of the community. Such a course of events would give time for the maturing and developing of those elements in the body politic whose supremacy is essential to the successful working of a more liberal form of government, and it would afford opportunity also for a careful and deliberate consideration of the question of what kind of government should succeed the present one, and by whom it should be administered. With prudence, patriotism, honesty, economy, and a fair degree of ability on the part of our rulers, the above desirable

consummation may be secured. Without the exercise of these qualities the end, will certainly come sooner, and may come suddenly.

Such a result is a thing to be deprecated. All sudden changes in forms of government and in the fundamental law, even when accomplished without violence, are fraught with danger. This is true where the population is in the main homogeneous in race, language and religion. How much greater then would be the danger with such heterogeneous and ill-assorted elements as compose the population of these islands. We have, however, sufficient faith in the better elements in our population to believe that though not numerically strong, they would in an emergency where public peace and order were seriously threatened, come promptly to the front and exert a controlling influence by virtue of superior courage, character and qualifications.

In estimating the chances for a continuation of this government on its present foundation, it will be well to consider to how great an extent the independence of the country has been already sacrificed, and how seriously the dignity of the Sovereign has been compromised. First, in the matter of debt. It is an old and familiar saying that "the borrower is servant to the lender." In a very real and serious sense this is true. "It is hard," says Poor Richards' Almanac, "for an empty bag to stand upright," and from the same storehouse of wise saws we learn that "he who goes borrowing, goes sorrowing." The Hawaiian treasury is a very empty bag. So far from being able to stand upright, the combined efforts of the government and its friends can scarce put coin enough into it to prevent its entire collapse. During the last two years the country was run in debt to the amount of about a million of dollars, and as much important government work remained undone and large accounts unpaid, and as improvements to which the administration was especially pledged were not even begun, it is safe to assume that want of funds was what stood in the way. In other words, our government during the last two years borrowed all the money its credit would command and would have taken more if it could have been had. The appropriations made by the late legislature are about two millions of dollars in excess of the probable income of the country, and if the projects contemplated in the appropriation bill are carried out, the money must be got by borrowing. Our government is now in the market as a borrower, both at home and abroad, and so far with very indifferent success. The money which was obtained during the last bi-ennial period came not from our own people, but from foreign capitalists, and was furnished only on conditions which no government would be justified in agreeing to, except under the direst necessity. The main hope of raising any further large loans must be from foreign sources and

the amount is not likely to be furnished unless our bonds are sold at a ruinous and illegal rate, or conditions are exacted which will seriously compromise what still remains of our political autonomy. It has been publicly and repeatedly stated and never denied, that government bonds are now due and unpaid and that the government has been obliged to ask for an extension. If this is the case with our present indebtedness, how is it likely to be should the government by extraordinary concessions to the money lenders succeed in increasing the the public debt to double or three times what it now is. It matters not for the purpose of the present argument how this state of things has come about or who is to blame for it. We state simply facts which are well known and many of which are matters of public record. A small and feeble country whose finances are in this condition is certainly in a precarious situation so far as its independence is concerned. It may be considered to have fairly entered upon the road by which Egypt and other countries have reached a condition of political vassalage, their rulers selected for them and their whole public policy dictated by foreign governments acting in the interests of foreign bondholders.

There are other, more personal aspects of the question, arising from this dependence on foreign capital and subserviency to those who furnish it. Respect for high station and the proprieties commonly supposed to be due under a monarchical government forbid our printing what is common in men's thoughts and is freely expressed in conversation wherever our public affairs are under discussion. Truly the borrower is servant to the lender, but in this case the servant seems to rather glory in his subjection and take pleasure in parading it before the world. With a ministry selected for us in California and the financial policy of the country dictated by parties outside the government; with a private citizen of another country openly boasting of his ability to make and unmake cabinets, and an executive ready to make good the boast; with these and other things of similar tenor generally known and freely commented upon, well may Mr. Bishop say, "the foundation of the throne is decayed and no severe shock will be awaited to topple it over." To those who are familiar with the facts of the case and with the current comments thereon in well informed circles, it may well seem that the Hawaiian monarchy is but a shadow which is destined soon to vanish away.

Before leaving this subject for the present, we will call attention to one more phase of the question. The white race is aggressive, ambitious, pushing. It possesses in an eminent degree both the appetite and the aptitude for rule. When this government was first established on a constitutional

basis, the native population was three times as numerous as now, while the foreigners were a few score, or at most a few hundred in number. At the present time the natives are scarcely one-half the total population and the proportion is constantly diminishing. Let all who are interested in the permanence of this government, and especially the Hawaiians, reflect soberly on these facts and see what they indicate. We have a considerable number of men of Hawaiian blood who are connected in one way or another with the government of the country. They are nobles, they are representatives, members of the Privy Council, etc., etc. They are—at least some of them—men of intelligence and education. To such we would present this question: is there now or has there ever been an instance in recorded history where the white man has consented to be ruled by the black man or the brown man, after he had once become strong enough and numerous enough to take the reins of government into his own hands? One such instance, and one only can be found, and that is in the Hawaiian Islands. The judicious and far-seeing policy of the first Kamehameha, imitated by his successors, recognized the inevitable changes due to the coming of the white strangers. With statesmanlike wisdom and entire good faith, these rulers sought to put themselves and their government in accord with the altered condition of things. They cultivated the friendship of those who they believed to be the wisest and best among the foreigners, and as a result of this policy the government was settled on a basis which, while fully recognizing and protecting the native in all his personal and political rights, offered to the foreigners those legal forms and constitutional guarantees to which they had been accustomed and upon which their respective governments considered they had a right to insist. By a steadfast continuance in this policy of mutual conciliation and goodwill, peace and order have been secured, prosperity has prevailed and the Hawaiian throne has stood firm.

It rests mainly with the native Hawaiians, particularly those in positions of power and influence, to decide how long the native monarchy shall last; whether it shall live out the full measure of the years which in the nature of things are possible for it, or whether it shall come to a premature, a disastrous and an ignominious end. It is a matter in which they are in some respects more deeply interested than anyone else. In a peculiar sense this is their country, their government and their king. We would that they might rise to the level of their opportunity and act with that patriotism and good sense which would insure the best results, not only for themselves, but for all dwellers within their borders. Whether they will prove equal to the emergency, the immediate future will determine.

MADELINE.

XVII.

"Did you see Agnes Renten last Sunday? She wore the prettiest hat in church."

This remark was the beginning of a brief conversation which the author begs leave to introduce as a little episode in *Madeline*.

Place:—Ladies Sewing Society of the first parish of Akron.

Speakers:—Ten ladies—ages varying from sixteen to thirty.

Theme:—Agnes Renten and Dr. Gordon's motives;—curiosity, jealousy, envy and in some instances, love of truth.

"She always does have the prettiest bonnets in church, and how she gets them is more than I can tell, for she's never well enough to go and select them herself." This was said by Amy May, an aspirant for a city millinery establishment.

"Why, Mrs. Renten selects them, of course."

"What is there that Mrs. Renten doesn't do?" There was a faint look of disdain on the lips of Julia Wren, an ambitious young woman of twenty-seven.

Isabel Dorr, gentle, meek-eyed, with soft yellow hair, ideality predominant—as a phrenologist would say—had been counting the meshes in a piece of embroidery upon which she was deftly at work. This task completed, she looked up and said enthusiastically: "I do think Agnes Renten has the sweetest face of any girl in town."

"Present company excepted, please."

"Why yes, of course, if they wish it"—a few blushes visible—"but she did look so lovely as she sat there, her eyes fixed on the minister as if drinking in every word he said."

"Yes, and Dr. Gordon never took his eyes off of her during the whole sermon," chimed in Maria Snow, just married, and as fond of match-making as robins in spring.

"And pray where were Maria Snow's eyes all that time?" gaily asked Ruth Somers.

"On her husband, where they ought to be. He and Dr. Gordon sat side by side. Our pew was full and so Thomas went into the doctor's."

"That gay dress and lace fichu, with pink ribbons was extremely becoming," said Isabel with instinctive love for delicate combinations.

Mrs. Snow's ideas of combinations went beyond those of dress. "Dr. Gordon and Agnes would make a splendid looking couple," she ventured to say.

"A splendid looking couple?" jerked out from the lips of a tall muscular woman, who until now had remained silent. "Do you suppose Dr. Gordon would be foolish enough to marry a sick girl, past recovery?"

"I don't know that she is past recovery," said the gentle Isabel. "Doctors often do marry sick girls."

"I know it," said Julia Wren, "and they stay sick too. There's Dr. Brainard's wife was an invalid for years."

"Dr. Gordon will never marry Agnes Renten," persisted the tall woman rather spitefully.

"I don't think we know whether he will or not." Maria Snow was thinking of her surprise when she first found that the rich, handsome and courted Thomas Snow wanted to marry little Maria Remington, plain, timid, ignorant, and altogether without feminine attraction or grace.

"Love goes where'ts sent," snapped out black-eyed Mary Mott, who was in the daily hope that an arrow would soon be aimed at her from a quiver brimming full of it.

"Dr. Gordon is too ambitious a man to incumber himself with such a burden," insisted the muscular woman.

"Besides, he would prefer a wife with more strength of character and greater mental acumen. Why, Agnes has scarcely any education. She never went to school much, was never able to study." Such was the opinion of a Normal graduate.

"Some people are educated without going to school," said Isabel.

At that moment there was a quick step in the ante-room—a hasty putting away of bonnet and shawl—a peep at the glass—a smoothing of the yellow-gray hair, and Mrs. Renten presented herself.

"Oh! do excuse me for being so late," she exclaimed. "I waited for Agnes to get started on her afternoon drive. The doctor was an hour behind time—called away, I suppose. There isn't much reliance to be put in a doctor's promises."

Mrs. Renten gave a little sly, satisfied laugh, as she took up one end of a patch-work bed-quilt, and commenced sewing together the squares.

"Agnes' health must be very much improved," remarked her right-hand neighbor. "I saw her at church Sunday."

"Oh, yes! She is remarkably well for her. The rides she is having do her an immense amount of good." Side glances and covert smiles passed around the room.

"You must look out, Mrs. Renten," was the warning of Dea. Fay's wife, whose daughter had just left father and mother and gone with her husband to Minnesota. "They say the doctor is more attentive to Agnes than his professional services would seem to require."

"Yes, he'll be carrying her off one of these days," broke in Maria Snow.

"He does seem very fond of Agnes," returned Mrs. Renten, "but I don't know as Agnes cares much for him."

"Now dear Mrs. Renten, why did you say that? There is much truth in an old French proverb—

'We only use words to conceal our thoughts.'

Mrs. Renten had too often seen the blush on Agnes' cheek at the mention of Dr. Gordon's name, and her pleased look at his approach, to believe for an instant that the gentle, trusting girl was unaffected by the attentions of the young physician. But the truth was, she was very much in doubt as to the doctor's intentions. He was often with Agnes, but she knew he was ambitious in his profession. Agnes' case was a study for a young doctor, and Mrs. Renten often thought—a thought she would never have given expression to under any circumstances, but still it would force itself upon her—that in those eyes so often fixed upon the invalid, there was more of study than of that subtle passion—love. Mrs. Renten was a close observer—how could she be otherwise when the happiness of her only child was at stake, to whom disappointment must be death? She admired Dr. Gordon, and if she only knew! But she did not know. He was so quiet, frequently so abstracted, even in Agnes' presence. He seemed pre-occupied, and Mrs. Renten often fancied him to have had experiences known only to himself. Once it flashed across her that his heart was buried somewhere in some distant grave. "How foolish to imagine such a thing," instantaneously followed the flash. "Very likely Dr. Gordon's profession makes him thoughtful. Some sick patient has his heart for the time being, rather than a beautiful girl in a lonely grave."

Agnes was never the wiser for these reflections. Mrs. Renten knew that she was living in the present—living and loving—in an atmosphere before unknown to her. Could she for a moment dim its light by the darkness of a doubt? She could not recall the past—how could she change the present so full of happiness and strength? Perhaps no change was necessary. If she only knew? But she did not know—could only observe and wait. The afternoon at the sewing circle she sent out that small flash of artillery, her first defence against the gossip that would inevitably follow should her fears prove to be well grounded. But the missile was altogether unnecessary, as she soon after learned to her great satisfaction and relief.

The afternoon ride was longer than usual, for Dr. Gordon had to visit a patient in a remote part of the town, and he ventured to take Agnes with him. There was something novel and very attractive in coming out from the sick-room to find those blue eyes intently gazing toward the door, to see the face brighten as he appeared and to hear her low assurances when expressing fears that he had kept her waiting too long. Agnes was usually silent. The doctor did not encourage conversation lest it should weary her too much and it was enough for Agnes to sit beside him; to feel his presence; to know he was near; to answer back with her blue eyes the look often bent upon her; to experience his care, and be the object of his tender solicitude.

One day when late in the afternoon the carriage

stopped at Mrs. Renten's door, the mother, who had been at the window looking for her return, noticed that Agnes seemed nervous and confused. A flush was on her face as the doctor lifted her out. She paused, hesitated a moment, and then turning to him, said: "Will you go in and see mamma now?"

"Certainly, Agnes, if she's not engaged." He drew the hitching weight from the carriage and placing it beside Fleet, followed her into the house. Soon Mrs. Renten entered the parlor—a few hasty words were uttered which crimsoned the blushing Agnes. Mrs. Renten hesitated—feigned great surprise—didn't know what cousin James would say—but finally yielded an apparently reluctant consent. Ray soon rose to go. "Stop and have tea with us," said Mrs. Renten.

"Not to-night, thank you—I've several calls to make yet," and taking her extended hand, he added: "I shall owe you a debt of gratitude for the happiness you have conferred on me to-night." Putting his arm around Agnes and pressing his lips to hers, he said: "I hope you've taken no cold during the long drive," and then hurried away.

The sequel to this little interview was soon familiar to everybody in Akron. "Agnes Renten and Dr. Gordon are engaged," and many averred they saw Cupid busy with his arrows the very evening Dr. Gordon first met Agnes at Mrs. Murdock's wedding party.

Mrs. Renten was so surprised—didn't know what cousin James would say—Doctor ought to have given them longer to decide a question of such importance. A physician's wife was subject to great inconveniences. Could Agnes' feeble health bear such irregularities as his profession necessitated?

Agnes listened, apparently with becoming respect to her mother's implied negations, but in reality, knew not a word of what she was saying. Her cup of happiness had suddenly become filled to the very brim, and she could think of nothing else. Upon the plea of fatigue she retired early to her own room, and then, kneeling among the rose-colored draperies, enveloped in a flood of moonlight, she poured out her thanks to God. Mrs. Renten stopped at the door to inquire if Agnes was comfortable, or if she wanted anything.

"Nothing at all, mamma," she answered. "I have everything." Everything! Yes, she had everything in that one gift.

Dr. Gordon at a late hour entered his office. Striking a light, he threw himself wearily upon the lounge. The evening had been spent with his patients, leaving no opportunity for reflections. Now he had time to think over the events of the afternoon. Had he acted wisely—done the best thing for Agnes and for himself? Best thing for Agnes—"there can be but one conclusion as to that," he assures himself. There was comfort in the assurance. He rose from the lounge, read a few pages from a medical work lying open upon the table, took out his pencil and margined

half a page—closed the book and sitting down, leaned back in his arm chair with a weary, anxious expression upon his face. Slowly, as if hardly conscious of what he was doing, he drew from his vest a small ivory tablet. Between its leaves lay a curl of hair. He took it up and the silken coils hung suspended from his fingers. Drawing towards him a sheet of note paper, he placed the hair upon it and proceeded to remove from the tablet a small pencil sketch. It had dropped from a book in school at Wendham, and he had forgotten to return it to its owner. Finding it in his desk the "last day," he placed it in the tablet. It was a picture of Mudge. The downward light of the shaded lamp fell upon the face—perfect in outline. There lay the exquisitely formed mouth and chin. The dreamy eyes, partially shaded by the long, delicate lashes, seemed to look inquiringly into his own. Coils of hair, even in the unbroken stillness, appeared to flutter around her face.

Ray gazed long at the picture—took up the curl and sat gazing alternately at each—then turned thoughtfully away toward the barren wall.

"Everybody loves Agnes," he said at length, "but this rare creature," he continued again fixing his eye upon the pencil sketch in his hand. "Who could know?—a diamond hidden in its native alluvium."

There was a step in the hall, the door slightly ajar was pushed open, and a boy half breathless entered, exclaiming: "Mrs. Renton wants you to come quick. Agnes is very sick. She's fainted away," he added as the doctor replaced the tablet and prepared to follow him.

XVIII.

October came and went—cold, wet and dismal—with none of the golden days peculiar to this brilliant month of the year. Early frosts withered autumnal foliage, blackened luxuriantly twining vines and blasted the ripening fruit. November followed with winds and storms, and ice-coated streams and roughly frozen roads, upon whose margins lay the aster and golden-rod, black and shriveled as if a scorching fire had swept along the highway. Icicles hung from the eaves and doorposts sparkled with frosts. Barrels were hurried into cellars, and herds into their stalls. Winter had prematurely come and many a home was unprepared for its advent.

Agnes was too frail not to be affected by these autumnal freaks. A slight cough alarmed the anxious mother, and Ray was equally alive to the danger that awaited his betrothed. He could take care of Agnes better if she were his wife, he argued. At first Mrs. Renton demurred. Cousin James must be consulted. He approving, however, the mother at length consented, and so Ray's Christmas gift was a bride, beautiful and white and frail as the wind flower on the mountain slope. Nothing could have so completed the happiness of Agnes as this consummation of her wishes. There was now something for

the mind to dwell upon and she often sat for hours thinking of the husband God had so kindly given her—as she sometimes expressed it—and watching for his return.

The smile upon her lips and the depth of love which beamed upon him as he entered her rose-tinted chamber, sweet with the perfume of flowers and daintily fresh and neat and clean, was a welcome that a prince might envy.

Ray usually spent a greater part of his evenings in his office. "Physicians must be students in order to keep out of ruts," he once explained to Agnes, when she ventured to suggest that he should not go out again after he had been riding most of the day.

One evening after lighting a fire in the black, dismal looking stove and adjusting the wick of his kerosene lamp, Dr. Gordon took the *Journal* from his pocket, and opening it, his eye fell upon an item of New Jersey news. He glanced over the remainder of the column, then laying down the paper exclaimed: "I must write to Dr. Mackintosh. I'll do it this moment. What will he think of me?"

He leaned forward, took up a pen and upon a sheet of commercial note began:

AKRON, Jan. 27, 18—

Dear Uncle Hugh:

Don't cut me off nor judge my boy by the infrequency of his let—

A strong pull at the bell. The pen drops upon the table and Ray is at the door. Before him is a stalwart figure wrapped in stout overcoat, muffled to the eyes in fur and a soft fur cap pulled over his face. "Hullo, my boy! How are you an—I've found you at last," and uncle Hugh's arm was around Ray's neck and a thickly gloved hand patting his shoulder right lustily.

"Well, old fellow, this is your hiding place, is it?" he added, following Ray into the office—"tucked away like a chick-a-dee in a woodpecker's nest. Ha, ha, ha," and the strong man drew off his glove, disclosing a hand white and soft as a dove's breast.

"You look thin, my boy," he said, fastening his keen searching glance upon the young physician. "Working too hard, eh! Don't study all the time, I hope?" glancing at a copy of *Hammond* lying on the table.

He removed his cap, took the fur collar from his neck and unbuttoning his overcoat grasped the sides and threw it back from the broad and visibly beating chest.

"A pretty good pull I've had to find you my boy. Went to the hotel first. Don't board there now?" He drew the arm chair towards the stove and setting down, stretched out his great soft hand towards its inviting warmth. The heavy eyebrows were separated by deep furrows of thought. Abundance of hair, silvery white, crowned the massive forehead, and from his prominent chin hung a white flowing beard. The fresh evening air had brought the rich blood to his cheeks, and as he sat there in the glowing warmth, a modern sculptor might have made of

him a subject with which to compete with the genius of a Phidias.

"Well Ray, what has the new year brought to you?" he asked. "Business good?"

"Considerable sickness in town just now."

"There is, eh! Well established by this time, I suppose?"

"Don't know, eh! repeating Ray's modest reply. "Plenty of wood in Akron, from the way this stove gives out the heat," he exclaimed, jumping up and giving a pull at his overcoat.

"Yes Dr. Mackintosh, take off your overcoat; should have mentioned it before, but thought we'd go over to the house."

"House, house! What house?" with a deepening of the lines between the eyebrows.

"Where I live," said Ray, smiling, a faint blush visible.

"Ain't keeping house?"

"No, uncle; we board."

The keen eyes looked up inquiringly. "Who's we?" was the thought, not expressed.

"I had just commenced to write you, uncle Hugh, pushing toward him the sheet upon which he had begun the letter.

"You had, eh!"—a long pause—"Any news to write?"

There was that in the demeanor of the young man that revealed more than Ray supposed. "Something he hasn't told me," mused the doctor.

"I was just writing you of my recent marriage."

The searching eyes were immediately turned from Ray to the stove.

"Married, eh!" he said at length emphatically.

"We board with my wife's mother. Better go over to the house and get a cup of tea after your cold ride."

"Yes, yes; I'd like a cup of tea."

Mrs. Renten received Dr. Mackintosh with that old school hospitality with which her earlier years had been so thoroughly conversant, that it sat naturally enough upon her still. When he entered the pleasant dining room, fragrant with heliotrope—the windows filled with geraniums and hanging vines—and saw a daintily spread table—tenderloin smoking beneath melting flecks of gold, surrounded with crisp toast, peaches in a sea of amber, warm biscuit, and cake covered with untarnished frosting, and back of the bright teapot the neat figure and ruddy face of Mrs. Renten; and when she urged upon him a cup of cocoa—evidently prepared by an expert's hand—adding, "Cousin James always takes cocoa after a day's exposure"—and evinced a commendable degree of concern as to his comfort and preferences, and furthermore, explained the relationship between cousin James and herself, ending with the inquiry: "Perhaps you know Dr. Winstead?"—when Ray returning to the parlor drew up a soft easy chair for the doctor and settled into one himself. Dr. Mackintosh's mental conclusion was: "Well, she understands housekeeping and how to make

folks comfortable, and the boy's managed to get a good home, that is, if he likes it. But—this was the afterthought—"where's his wife?"

Mrs. Renten soon entered, and addressing Dr. Mackintosh, said: "Agnes would be glad to come down and see you to-night, but she felt considerably fatigued and retired very early. I don't think she'd better get up, do you doctor," she added, turning to Ray.

"Oh! certainly not," replied uncle Hugh, forgetting for the moment that he was not the only physician in the room. "Certainly not, I'll see her in the morning."

"Agnes is something of an invalid," explained Ray, when they were again alone.

"She is, eh! Her name's Agnes?"

The two men sat awhile—certain explanations—an occasional inquiry—a few words in reply. The manner of each was constrained and formal. At length Dr. Mackintosh pleaded a dull headache and begged to be excused for the night. Alone in his room, the pressure removed, and the following mental ejaculations burst out like a volley of torpedoes on the morning of the "great and glorious 4th."

"And so the fellow's married! Foolish boy! I did think Ray knew better! Married to invalidism of several years standing! Yoked to a sick girl, and whatever load he has to draw up the hill, he must drag her along by his side, mamma carrying the whip and cousin James the reins. Yes, I did think the boy knew better. Well, my plans are upset this time, and I may as well take myself back to Mellissina and be content."

The brows were knit and on the doctor's face a look of marked disapproval. "Does the boy think he can make a well woman out of her? He must know better than that. He evidently means to steer his own boat in future. He always did, in fact. Perhaps I've let him alone too long—might have stretched out my arms toward him before. But then the old man didn't think it best."

Dr. Mackintosh took from his pocket a small bible bound in blue velvet. As he lay it on the table the cover fell back. On the fly leaf was written "Agnes Mackintosh." Tears sprung to his eyes as he looked down upon the page. He grasped the book, sat thoughtful a moment, then—there was a thrilling pathos in the half-whispered words—exclaimed: "Ah! sweet Agnes, you were an invalid; Hugh Mackintosh was your husband, and oh, how he loved you! Bet here I am censuring the young man for doing the very thing which I look back upon, as the most satisfactory link in the whole chain of my existence. 'O Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him!' Forgive my harsh censure. How can I judge another's heart, or read his motives, or know his love? Ray, my boy, forgive your hard old uncle, and God forgive him too"—The knees were bent in supplication, and an earnest prayer for forgiveness offered, and for blessings upon

the dear boy who had so long dwelt in the heart of this self-accused disciple of the Lord.

"I shall be obliged to go pretty soon, I suppose," said the doctor to Ray, the following morning. "What time does the train leave?"

"Nine o'clock; but you mustn't go in that train, uncle Hugh, I want you to see Agnes."

"Yes, yes—I must see Agnes. Won't be down to breakfast, eh?"

"She doesn't rise very early and takes breakfast in her room. Stop through the day, doctor. I'll take you round Akron—give you a drive with Fleet."

"Yes, I see—I'll wait till another train—must be in Boston to-night. Fleet serves you well, does she?" Fleet was Dr. Mackintosh's gift to Ray, sent the first week of his practice in Akron.

It was nearly ten o'clock when uncle Hugh was shown into the rose-tinted chamber made warm and cheerful from sunbeams that lay across the floor, and a wood fire that flickered and blazed in the open Franklin.

Agnes sat in one corner of the room dressed in a white wrapper with blue trimmings. The excitement of seeing a stranger had flushed her cheek. Her eyes were turned up to Dr. Mackintosh as she attempted to rise and extend her hand in welcome.

"Don't get up, my child;" said the doctor, shutting up her hand in both his. "Don't rise, my dear," and he bent down and kissed her burning cheek.

"And so the good Lord sent you this beautiful gift on his birthday, and you never told me Ray. A bad boy, wasn't he, Agnes?"

The flush deepened—her eyes were fixed upon her husband's face, but she made no reply. Mrs. Renten undertook the apology. She enjoyed the sound of Mrs. Renten's voice, and the opinions of the individual *ego*, or its counterpart, cousin James.

"Well, you mustn't blame him doctor. He's had so much to do—patients all the time. Then we've been so anxious about Agnes—she's not as well as she was in the fall, you know. He gets so tired, he needs some rest."

"I have rest enough," interrupted Ray, rather unceremoniously. "I acknowledge my negligence and beg forgiveness—if not for my sake, I know you will pardon me on Agnes account." He was standing by his wife, and as he said this her face was upturned to his, and her glance fixed admiringly upon him.

"Yes, we overlook everything for Agnes' sake, and yield a willing obedience to her slightest wish," interposed the mother.

"Agnes is never exacting in her demands," again interrupted Ray. "Have you noticed Wachusett," he added—willing to change the subject of conversation and to give Dr. Mackintosh an opportunity to put in an occasional word—"like a grey giant rising above the adjacent hills? Wachusett is Akron's Mecca, and you would never satisfy us without

a passing comment upon the object of so many pilgrimages."

"A grand mountain! I remember the old fellow when I was a boy on the other side. I thought it touched the sky, but was very curious to know what was beyond." Dr. Mackintosh took out his watch. "I must be starting," he exclaimed—Ray thought in a tone of relief. Taking Agnes' hand, he placed it in Ray's and covering both with his broad palm, "God bless you my children," he said fervently, "and make you altogether His and everything to each other."

He kissed away the tears that welled into the eyes of Agnes—pressed his lips to hers and was gone.

"Dr. Mackintosh is the most interesting man I ever saw," said Mrs. Renten the following day to her nearest neighbor. "He reminds me so much of cousin James."

XIX.

"I don't understand it," muttered Dr. Mackintosh, as the thundering train went whizzing out from the station, blue wreaths of smoke curling and leaping into the cold winter air. "But I must wait and see, not judge unkindly the orphan boy. God knows—He has plans that I wot not of—wiser plans than mine, too. I must cheerfully bide their unfolding." He pulled his cap over his eyes, folded his arms, and was half asleep, when an hour later the train entered the depot of a great city.

Dr. Mackintosh and his sister Mary were the only children of a New England farmer. Mrs. Mackintosh, the mother, was a woman of great intellectual strength, vigorous, persevering, critical in the moral distinctions of life, sound in judgment, firm in principle, and with deep, abiding religious faith. When Hugh was only nine years old and Mary an infant of ten months, Mr. Mackintosh was thrown from his horse and so severely injured that he survived only a few hours.

"You, my dear boy, must be a father to this darling babe," was Mrs. Mackintosh's injunction to the lad as with Mary in her arms she stood weeping beside the coffin of her husband.

Hugh manfully assumed the responsibility thus thrown upon him. The little Mary was looked upon as a sacred trust to be cared for by him even as a father careth for his own child. As she grew older she was guarded with a jealous, lover-like devotion, which increased when a few years later the children were left motherless.

At the age of eighteen, Mary married Mr. Gordon, a promising young man and greatly approved by Hugh; but the union proved unfortunate and brought many trials to the young wife which were shared by the tender-hearted brother, until death came to her release. Hugh had been for weeks watching by the bedside of his wife—occasionally hoping, but oftener fearing—when news came of his sister's death. When, soon after, the gentle Agnes was laid away, covered with lilies and immortelles, her

white face sweet and beautiful, a babe upon her breast, the heart of the man was stricken with grief. When at length the sudden anguish softened, to be succeeded by subdued but lasting sorrow, his love became centered upon Ray, Mary's only surviving child. Much as his heart was bound up in the boy, Dr. Mackintosh had never sought to influence him as to his course in life. "He must think and choose and decide and act in order to be a man. I must not shut him up in my little attic. I can breathe in it, but it may be too narrow for Ray. He must find his own place, lay his own plans, be an independent thinker. I shall keep an eye on the boy, of course. He must neither drift upon the shallows, nor be drawn into whirlpools. But while he keeps in clear water let him go ahead and paddle his own canoe."

Such were the doctor's mental disquisitions concerning the training of boys in general, and Ray in particular. Although he had made no endeavors to influence the young man in his professional choice, yet the uncle was greatly pleased when he found the boy had determined upon a medical course of study, and afterward looked upon his standing in college and the medical university with a good degree of justifiable pride. He was not averse to Ray's making Akron the scene of his first professional practice. "He must have experience somewhere. It may as well be in Akron. The boy has much more to learn than he thinks. It may come to him there." Ah! it had come faster than the good doctor expected, and in a somewhat different way and he was disappointed.

Dr. Mackintosh had commenced practice in Mellissina among a wealthy and cultured people. He had been eminently successful and had acquired an enviable reputation for professional acumen and skill, which brought his services into requisition in many of the adjoining towns. When he left Mellissina for Akron he had resolved to invite Ray into partnership with himself. At least to talk with "the boy" in a round-a-bout way—draw him out a little and finally disclose his own wants, and give Ray an opportunity to assist in supplying them. "I'm getting to be an old man," he meditated—"not as vigorous as twenty years ago—am easily tired—practice is becoming more and more of a drudgery—am less interested in anything but exceptional cases. The race is to the strong. Why not let Ray have it? He's a good boy—a true man—has ability—has chosen wisely—why should I not give him a lift and help him a little? When I am to throw off these shackles and am about to lie down beside my sweet Agnes, there will be comfort in knowing the dear boy is here, ready both to sprinkle purple lilies on my grave and to carry on my life work. Yes, I'll go and talk with Ray. It is a good opening for him—only twenty-five miles from New York, where he's well known among the distinguished men of his profession—work enough for us both—a chance for him to rise if he has the stuff in him, and I think he has."

The following day Dr. Mackintosh was on his way to Akron. But alas! the roses with which he had planned to surround his declining years had withered in the budding. Ray had found his Agnes too frail to be transplanted and he must tarry by her side. The doctor returned to Mellissina without in any way alluding to the main purpose of his visit.

XX.

A few years after the events just related, in one of the handsomely furnished apartments of the Lynde House, sat a young man of somewhat distinguished presence, bearing the military title, Col. Hoixetr. Although several years before, having obtained permission to loosen sash and shoulder straps, he retired from the army and transferred his executive ability to the profession of the law, an adaptability for which he had inherited through several successive generations; still there were refined rigors of West Point in his erect figure as he paced up and down the room, and in the disciplined composure of limb and attitude when at length he sunk into one of the luxurious chairs the spacious apartment afforded. Joined with military exactitude was the hauteur and polish of early Southern life. These had left with him a certain courteousness and style of manner sometimes overlooked in the anxious and hurried preparations for the varied departments of business life.

It had been a hard day in Wall street. A panic was imminent and Col. Hoixeter had endeavored to prepare his clients for the disastrous results. Business demands had kept him at the South during the winter and he returned to New York a few weeks before to find numerous professional requisitions awaiting him. Late in the afternoon he took the train for Mellissina, where he had engaged rooms for the summer at the Lynde Hotel, rather than be compelled to exist night and day within the heated compartments of a great city. He had risen that morning with a headache. It ached still. Although very tired, he was too restless to rest. He walked the room, his hands pressed against his throbbing temples. A chill came upon him. His teeth chattered and he quivered from head to foot. It rained—was dark and dismal without—it seemed cold and dismal within. He rang the bell and ordered a fire and ginger tea. The chill continued even when wrapped in overcoat and blankets. He rang again. "Go for Dr. Mackintosh," he said to the waiter, in the tone of one accustomed to command. He drew himself up before the glowing grate. The chill gave way, but was succeeded by burning heat. He only moved back from the fire, too languid to remove his heavy covering. A tap at the door and the waiter appeared with: "The doctor, Sir."

A tall man entered, scarcely his equal in age, with deep-set, dark grey eyes overshadowed with heavy eyebrows, a full mustache and a complexion browned from travel and exposure. "Col. Hoixeter?" he

asked with a deferential bow, and advancing a few steps from the door.

"Excuse me, sir," returned the patient, "but there must be some mistake. I sent for Dr. Mackintosh."

"At present I am practicing with Dr. Mackintosh. He has been riding most of the day and is suffering from acute neuralgia of a somewhat serious character, and consequently asked me to come and see you. My name is Gordon."

There was an ominous scowl upon the brow of Col. Hoixter—in part no doubt from the intense pain in his head—as he lay back in his chair and silently regarded the doctor standing before him.

With the utmost composure his scathing glance was returned, while stepping back toward the door and placing his hand around the knob, Dr. Gordon replied: "There are several excellent physicians in Mellissina, I am told—I have been here but a short time—and I hope you will allow me to order one more satisfactory to a sick man than an entire stranger can possibly be."

Slightly bowing, he was about to open the door, when Col. Hoixter with an impatient air threw off his blankets, exclaiming: "I beg pardon, sir! About six months ago I had a similar attack. Dr. Mackintosh gave me almost immediate relief and I hoped for the same good fortune now. But as he cannot come, will you look me over a little and see what can be done for me?"

Dr. Gordon drew a chair toward the patient, made inquiries and examinations, recommended rest, prescribed remedies, and after a little pleasant conversation, rose to go, saying: "I'll see you in the morning if agreeable."

"Certainly, Dr. Gordon, certainly," and Col. Hoixter rose and bowed a good evening to his professional guest.

During Dr. Gordon's absence a messenger had come for Dr. Mackintosh, representing Mrs. Lee, a former patient and highly respected woman, as "very sick; may not live till morning, and begs Dr. Mackintosh will come and see her at once."

"Yes, I'll go," said the doctor to the messenger—to himself, "she's a good woman and poor—I must go—her children need her—may save her life," and before Dr. Gordon returned, he was driving through the storm to the relief of the suffering woman.

"I tried all I could not to have him go out this stormy night," was the apology of Margaret, Dr. Mackintosh's faithful housekeeper for many years. "But he never thinks of himself. He'll always go if anybody is very sick—never refuses Mrs. Lee. 'The children need their mother,' he says, and off he'll go. No person on earth can stop him when he once makes up his mind. Mrs. Lee has a great many sick spells. But the doctor'll get sick himself if he isn't careful, just like he was last winter. Nobody thought he'd live then."

Dr. Gordon felt the force of Margaret's conclusions, for it was during that illness, Dr. Mackintosh

wrote him expressing doubts as to his ever being able to engage again in active work and offering his nephew the place and practice he had acquired through many years of earnest professional effort.

Dr. Gordon went into the library and sat down before the lighted grate. Margaret said the doctor would need a fire when he got home, and so a fire was made.

"I'll sit up for him and see that he's all right," volunteered Ray, in answer to Margaret's fears as to the doctor's being cold and getting a chill after going to bed. At length she consented to leave him in the hands of Dr. Gordon and went out of the room, but immediately returned with the caution: "He'll never stop to get his feet warm unless you tell him. His slippers are in the closet there—guess I'll put them where they'll be warm," and Margaret took out a pair of embroidered slippers and putting them down on the hearth, said: "Mrs. Lee, the woman he's gone to see gave them to the doctor last Christmas. He thinks the world of those slippers. You see they're lined with lambs wool. Mrs. Lee made them herself."

Margaret held the shoes up for Dr. Gordon to examine and then placing them before the grate again left the room, returning however to say: "There's plenty of hot water and I've put an extra blanket on Dr. Mackintosh's bed."

Ray looked after the retreating "Margaret" until he heard the echo of her busy feet in a distant corridor, then turning to the light he took up *Scribner* and carelessly looked over a page from "Topics of the Time." The air of the room was becoming oppressive. Going to the window, he let down the sash. The smell of apple blossoms floated in and the sound of rain drops pattering from the roof. He looked out a moment upon the shadowy veranda, twined with honeysuckle and budding rose bushes, then turned back into the mellow lighted room and drawing to the table a chair on its smooth-running castors, took up a pen with the vague impression, "there are letters to be written." But the pen lay poised between thumb and finger, and the eyes of the doctor were fixed upon a portrait of his mother that hung over the mantel. The hair, in the subdued light of the room, softened into a golden brown, was combed smoothly over the temples and upon the features was an expression of calm repose. In her hand she held an open Bible, and as the mild, tender eyes followed every movement of Ray, he seemed to be at his mother's side as in days long gone by when he sat at her knee and she told him the old, sweet story of Jesus, making God and Heaven and Christ such blissful realities to her youthful listener. He gazed upon the picture until the serene face seemed crowned with a halo of glory and her soft hand to rest upon his head in blessing. Laying down his pen he gave himself up to the impressions of the hour, and before the "eyelids dropt their shade" a "Dream of Fair Women" floated by. The maiden who braved storms without and threats

within for his sake, but disappeared from his sight as vanishes the rainbow from the child, stretching out its palms to catch the beautiful bands that span the sky—Agnes dying in his arms with his name upon her lips, when as yet she had been scarcely a twelve-month wed. "Better to have passed away thus," he murmured, "than to have died with an unrequited love hidden like a thorn in her breast." He paused and "In yearnings that can never be express," saw yet another face, radiantly beautiful. As the notes of the *Choral Symphony* thrilled the soul of its great composer, although deaf to the impassioned music his genius was creating, so in the dim watches of the night fell her memory upon his yearning heart. He starts up from his chair and strides across the library. The soft downward beams of the lamp partly hide its rich appointments. Around him, on this side and on that, volumes rise from floor to ceiling. He pauses before one of the dark book-cases and looks at the lettering on the various bindings—takes down a copy of the *Divina Commedia*—turns to that part of the poem so full of tenderness and light—of Nature, as seen in shining days and stormy nights—in her mountains, her rocky solitudes and deep ravines, and with Dante, is being led by Beatrice through the *Paradiso*, when Dr. Mackintosh returns.

XXI.

Before proceeding with our narrative, a few words may be necessary relative to events during the years that intervened between its last two chapters.

The death of the gentle Agnes—too frail to encounter the rigors of another winter, as may already have been inferred—occurred a few days before the first anniversary of her marriage. Dr. Gordon immediately decided to continue his professional studies in Europe, a thing he had long contemplated, but which want of means had prevented at an earlier date. The following spring he took passage in one of the Cunard steamers in season to attend the medical congress which met that year in the British capital. After a season of travel in England and Scotland, he proceeded to Vienna where he devoted a year to study and was spending a few weeks in Rome before continuing his investigations, when the following incident occurred, already briefly alluded to. One bright October morning he entered the nave of St. Peter's, passed the cherubs supporting the holy water fonts, and the High Altar, and was about to ascend the porphyry steps leading to the tribune, when his attention was arrested by a figure at a little distance from him, standing with clasped hands, the eyes raised and fixed upon the dove in the centre of the window above the choir of St. Peter. A soft dress of creamy-white woolen stuff, fastened at the waist with a silken sash barred with crimson clung to the exquisitely moulded form. Her hat, with long drooping ostrich plume, also of creamy white, had fallen back from the face, around which fluttered a few spiral threads, released from

the wavy mass and coiled at the back and fastened with a pin of gold. The dark eyes seemed to grow radiant with intensity of feeling as the girl stood motionless, her lips parted, gazing upon the dove surrounded by gilt clouds and cherubs and rays of glory.

Near her was a woman with a sweetly serene face and wearing the heavy garb of deep mourning. Her soft brown eyes and delicately formed mouth, expressive of a soul at peace, were framed about with white locks soft as silk and slightly stirred from the motion of the fan waving in her hand.

Ray, partially hidden from view by one of the broad pillars, stood riveted to the spot. Unconscious of time, he was gazing upon the beautiful face upturned to the dove, when there was a slight tremor of the figure in black and a hand stretched out as if for aid. Suddenly the lustrous eyes were withdrawn and the maiden sprang forward, her loose sleeves falling back from the white arms extended to receive the fainting woman.

Ray stepped from behind the pilaster and approaching them begged to relieve the one, while he lifted the other to a position wherein the weight would fall upon himself.

"Oh! can some one call a physician?" spoke the girl in low agonizing tones of distress.

"I am a physician and with your permission will administer a restorative," said Ray looking down into the pale face of the maiden who knelt chafing the white hand of the sufferer.

Without waiting for a reply, Dr. Gordon took a morocco case from his pocket and filling a small silver cup, placed it to the gray-white lips. Soon the remedy had the desired effect. The woman opened her eyes upon the form kneeling at her side and clasping the jeweled hand murmured, "Madeline."

A few words were whispered in reply, but too indistinctly for Ray to catch their meaning.

"I'll be better soon," returned the woman. "Don't be frightened Madeline. I often have these attacks, you know."

"Shall I now call a physician for you, Madame?" said Ray, addressing the woman, but with his eyes bent upon the figure kneeling before her.

The shadow of a smile passed over the girl's face as she replied: "We are fortunate in having found one already at hand. This gentleman is a physician," she added, in answer to the woman's look of inquiry and for the first time raising her eyes to his.

Suddenly the red bloom rushed to her face and instantaneously left it white as marble.

Until now the fainting woman seemed unconscious of another's presence. She proceeded to express thanks for his assistance and with his further help walked to a seat near by. Ray found a chair for Madeline and retired to a remote part of the tribune, fearing his constant interference had already embarrassed the beautiful stranger. Soon, however, seeing the woman was making an effort to rise,

he went forward and again proffered his aid, and almost lifting her in his arms, easily bore her through the lofty nave, into the vestibule, across the piazza, and placed her in the carriage waiting to take the tourists to their Hotel.

"I am so grateful to you," said the lady in black, leaning back against the cushions and languidly extending her hand upon which sparkled a brilliant solitaire.

Madeline turned the radiance of her eyes upon him, soft cornelian tinged her cheeks, as in low, emphatic tones she pronounced the simple words, "Thank you."

The carriage drove away.

Dr. Gordon stepped back upon the piazza, passed the fountains and obelisks and for the fourth time during the week he had been in Rome stood upon the stone from which radiate the columns of the vast colonades. Above him were lofty balustrades supporting statues of saints and bishops; on the left the Basilica, the Vatican on the right; at the corners of the steps leading up to the facade, colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. He lingered awhile among these immense works of art and then advanced into the tribune and stood by the choir of St. Peter, his eyes upon the dove, his thoughts upon—Madeline. Scarcely conscious whither his steps were tending, at length he found himself on the Bridge of St. Angelo, calling to mind the multitudes that had traversed this monument of solidity and perfection in the structures of ancient Rome, and immediately fell to wondering if Madeline had been one of the multitude. He had promised the following morning to a friend and to Michael Angelo, as seen in the Sixtine Chapel. As well might he have been one of the group ferried across the Styx, as far as any appreciation of the great fresco representing it was concerned. At an early hour he excused himself and went out into the netted sunlight, wandering among the temples and palaces of the Imperial city. But he was as one having eyes and seeing not. His mind was occupied in bringing the *pros* and *cons* to bear upon silent interrogatories concerning himself. "Shall I find these two women—seek them at their hotel?" was the inquiry that obscured every outward object. It was not alone the younger of the two that he was interested in, he assured himself. The evidently delicate health of the elder lady aroused his sympathy. He thought he foresaw she would not immediately recover from the attack at St. Peter's. She might be very sick, and they strangers in Rome. Would it not be an act of kindness on his part to render them assistance if they were traveling alone, and one suddenly ill? They could not regard it as an offer of his professional services. This suggestion was speedily rejected. But the ladies might look upon him as altogether too presuming, should he make the little incident of the preceding day a pretext for opportunity of further acquaintance. Why should he institute any inquiries concerning them? He would

soon leave Rome and probably never see them again. He was traveling for other purposes—was ambitious of scientific research. Should he allow this interruption? What interruption would there be in just calling at the Hotel and making some inquiry concerning the health of—whom? If he only knew their names! Of course he would not ask for Madeline; that would be inexcusable familiarity. No! there would be no interruption in this. He was not studying in Rome, except it were her sculpture and picture galleries and other works of ancient art. Perhaps he might study these with the fair Madeline.

Whether the above rapturous mental suggestion decided him or not, we are unable to relate, but it is certain the following morning found Ray Gordon in the clerk's office at the Hotel de Turin asking for the two ladies he had seen at St. Peter's, the one quite young, the other an elderly woman and very ill.

"Voulez—vous parler de la belle Madeline et de sa mere agreable?" answered the clerk in the language Italians usually prefer in addressing strangers.

"Oui, oui! Madeline—that's the name," replied Ray exulting over the little foothold he had gained.

"Elles sont parties aujour' hui de grand matin." The clerk seemed equally exultant in giving this bit of information to his eager inquirer.

"Parties? Ou—for what place?"

With evident appreciation of the dispiriting nature of his reply, the clerk answered that he did not know where they had gone.

"What was the name of the elderly lady," inquired Ray, with no attempt to disguise his desire to find not only the name but the ladies themselves.

"Le nom—je ne sais non plus," with that indifferent air the Italian knows so well how to assume.

There was evident disappointment on Dr. Gordon's face as he turned and walked away.

The clerk looked after him in a quiescent way, saying to himself: "C'est certainement un amoureux de la belle de moiselle."

Dr. Gordon left Rome, believing the little incident would soon be forgotten. But in this he was mistaken. The face as he saw it in the tribune of St. Peter's was constantly before him—like the *Penates* borne across swelling waters, and as we have seen in the stillness of night, beside him at the hearthstone of a new home.

Ray was continuing his studies in the institutions of Paris, when he received Dr. Mackintosh's letter, already alluded to, and shortly after sailed for the United States. Both his own interest and his regard for Dr. Mackintosh decided him to accept the latter's proposal and to withdraw permanently from the scene of his early practice.

Mrs. Renten was greatly distressed at this unexpected decision of her son-in-law. She had been impatient for his return, often giving it as her opinion that he would be glad enough to get back and she hoped he would stay contented. "Cousin James

said he was doing well enough in Akron, and there was no need of his going abroad in the first place," was usually the closing statement in her diagnosis of Dr. Gordon's interests.

After the death of Agnes and the departure of the doctor, Mrs. Renten seemed in a measure to lose her ascendancy among the people. As often happens when an elderly person is left alone, her old acquaint-

tances dropped away and there were few new ones to take their places. Her opinions were regarded with less deference than in former years. Her advice, always freely given, was seldom followed, and she found herself fast losing prestige among a people who had once vied with each other in their tokens of regard.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

Prince Thorndyke once held wassail in his hall,
And, growing merry as the wine went round,
He threw his mailed gauntlet on the ground,
And laughing gaily challenged each and all
To meet him there at early bugle call.
The revelry grew riot and soon drown'd
The sobbing music, till a babel-sound
Of curses echoed from the Palace wall
And died as echoes die. The morning came:
A hundred knights assembled in the court,
And, jesting, laughed; the King was still abed.
The sun rose full and red in rosy flame,
But still he slept. Then ran a wild report
'Mid whisperings of fear—the King was dead.

ARTHUR JOHNSTONE.

HONOLULU, October 20th, 1884.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

Japan is a country that has had much written about it within the last few years, and those who wish to know of its history, its wars and political revolutions will find abundant material in the many books found in almost any good library. In order to explain more fully the condition of education in Japan, it is perhaps desirable to touch lightly upon three distinct historical periods into which Japanese historians divide it. From its earliest history to the 12th century of our era, the emperor of Japan was its sole ruler. He commanded his armies in person, and appointed his civil officers. From this time, the 12th century, to the year 1868, his political functions were almost entirely taken from him, originally by an usurping general or Shogun, in whose family the title and office became hereditary. In 1868 a revolution occurred by which the Shogun was dethroned and the emperor again rules, as in the earlier history of the country. I speak of these three distinct periods in order to show the changes which education has undergone.

Like all, or nearly all of the surrounding nations, Japan received her first letters and literature from China. It is now generally agreed to by Japanese scholars, that Japan had no letters and no system of writing before the introduction of Chinese characters. The first introduction of Chinese literature into Japan dates as far back as A.D. 275. It is also a fact to be noted, that this introduction did not come directly from China, but through Corea. Corea was to Japan, what Normandy was to England. In

the reign of the Japanese Emperor Ojin, the Coreans presented him four volumes of the works of Confucius called *Rongo* (Discussions). Shortly afterward a Corean professor named Wani was invited to Japan by Ojin, and the young son of the Emperor was placed under his charge. At first the Chinese characters were taken simply as phonics to represent the Japanese sounds, sometimes as syllables, sometimes as entire words. This method was found to be cumbersome and unsatisfactory, and about the seventh century of our era, the Japanese alphabet or rather syllibary, known as the *i, ro, ha*, was invented. This alphabet is a simplification of certain familiar Chinese characters, and is used in the simplest styles of writing. Very soon after this, still another style of alphabet was brought out, called the "grass-hand," which is used at the present time, unmixed with Chinese, chiefly by women, in letter writing. The first mentioned of these alphabets called the *Kata-kana*, or borrowed names is generally used, together with the Chinese, in learned books, dictionaries, &c. The *Hira-kana* or grass-hand is used unmixed with Chinese, and is the very simplest form of the language. If the Japanese had been content to use this simple form of their written language, what an immense amount of time and vexation would now be saved; but it was not thought to be learned, was, like the English of the fifteenth century, deemed a vulgar tongue. They are now suffering for their pedantry and want of foresight in their cumbersome and unwieldy

written language. The Chinese writing has been used so many centuries, and has become so incorporated as their own, that, willing as they would be to be rid of it, they cannot do anything without it. As it is, the Japanese written language, is, perhaps, the most difficult to master of any language, either ancient or modern. It presents so many difficulties that very few foreigners, if any, ever attain any degree of perfection in it. One must not only understand the Chinese, pure and simple, but the pure Japanese style, and the Chinese-Japanese style which is more difficult than either.

Although the educated Japanese can with ease read and understand the Chinese books, and the Chinese can do the same with Japanese books, it must not be understood for a moment that their spoken languages bear any relationship. The native Japanese speech is no more like the Chinese, than English is like Russian. It will be seen from this very brief sketch, that the Japanese student of modern science has no easy task before him. In addition to his own and the Chinese language, he must master one of the three well known European tongues as a medium for scientific pursuits. How well he does this, will be shown later on. The condition of education was very flourishing in the first period of Japanese history, particularly from the eighth to the eleventh century. In the eighth century, the University of Kiyoto was established by the Emperor Quammu. It was divided after the fashion of old Chinese universities into four departments: Moral Philosophy, Law, Medicine and Mathematics. Schools were also established, modeled after this central one, in several of the provinces. The eighth, ninth and tenth centuries were the golden period of Japanese literature. This period is indeed fruitful in names of literary fame.

In those days, court nobles and ladies of the Imperial circle were enthusiastic students of both Chinese and Japanese literature. The compilation of the principal historical books was undertaken in this period. Composing poems in the pure Chinese and the pure Japanese was then, as it is now, a favorite amusement in the Imperial court. There are now extant many literary productions of this period in the form of *monogatari* (novels) and *nikki* (diaries) which are deemed perfection in literary form and expression, and which serve as models for the modern student. It was also at the beginning of this period that the compilation of the *Kojiki* took place. This is the oldest book, the earliest written records that the Japanese possess, and may be called their bible. After the 11th century, when feudalism began to be established, education began to decline. From the latter part of the 12th to the beginning of the 16th century, the feudal lords of Japan kept up a constant warfare. During this period, education was confined within the sacred walls of temples. In 1602, Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns (Tycoon) which ruled until the revolution of 1868, tranquilised the

entire country, and directed his attention toward national education. The great university established at Kiyoto and its branches in the provinces were for the expressed purpose of educating the higher classes to fit them for their functions as government officers. They did not extend their benefits to the lower classes. Whatever education the merchants, farmers and artisans received was at home or in the temples. Hence, the common words for school and pupil are, even at the present time, *Terakoya* and *Terako*, which signify respectively, temple and temple-boy. The education which the common people received was the merest rudiments, the simplest form of reading, writing and arithmetic. It speaks well, indeed, for these classes that, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, few of them were entirely illiterate.

I shall now attempt to give an outline of the kind of education which a young Japanese student received in these old universities, and the way in which he received it. At the early age of six, he began his school career. His first task was to learn the Japanese Kata-Kana or alphabet. After this the difficult task of learning to read and write Chinese began. This is not a simple and single, but a three-fold process. It usually took three teachers to instruct a class in Chinese—a pronouncing teacher, a meaning teacher, and a writing teacher. The class in unison follow the teacher in a loud and sing-song voice, and learn to *pronounce* the characters without any reference to their meaning. After this process, the meaning teacher explains the signification of the characters, and finally the writing teacher instructs the class in the fine art of writing them, for writing is considered both in China and Japan, a fine art. When these processes are completed, the students begin to read books, a list of which would perhaps be tiresome, but which treat chiefly of duties to parents, morals and etiquette. When the students complete this course, which is usually at the age of sixteen or eighteen, they enter the university. In the higher department, there were professors of distinguished reputations as Confucian and classical commentators.

I shall now attempt to carry you to a lecture hall in old Japan. A large hall, containing no benches, no tables or desks, except a very small one in front of the lecturer, is the scene of daily lecture. Here are some hundreds of students athirst for knowledge. The professor occupies a seat a little more elevated than the students, yet all are on their knees, the native posture. The students open their books and lean their heads downward, presenting the aspect of numerous criminals ready to receive their just sentences. The lecturer is a very singular looking man. His clothes are of course cotton texture, simple and plain, perhaps to show his disdain of worldly vanity. As he sits down, he takes off his two swords and puts them aside. In his right hand he holds a fan which he waves and strikes against the table in emphasis as he gets warmed to his subject.

Before he begins his lecture he respectfully bows to his students, who in return touch their foreheads to the floor, in devotion to their master's recognition. When this is done, he begins the explanation of some difficult text from the classics of Confucius in a fluent, colloquial style. At the close of the lecture the same show of respect is repeated by both teacher and pupils.

To develop the physical man, every school of the old type had in connection with it a race course, a large hall in which fencing was taught, and grounds for various manly sports. As the sword was the national weapon of the Japanese, great care was taken to instruct the young Samurai in its use. Fencing masters who were renowned in their art were as highly honored as their greatest heroes. Simplicity of life, obedience and gentleness in all its relations, were characteristics of the teaching of these old schools.

I take it for granted that my readers are aware of the change that occurred in Japan in the year 1868. In this year a war took place, the Shogun was dethroned, the Mikado again took the actual as well as the nominal throne, and Japan entered upon a new path of progress. In the year 1870 her system of education was reorganized. A department of education was established and a minister, equivalent to a cabinet officer in the United States, was appointed to take charge of it.

An order was then issued by the Government, setting forth the advantages of Western science and methods of education, and the old wordy quibbling over Chinese philosophy was discouraged. It was also seen that to establish a school in the Japanese language, deficient in scientific terms and the literature of science as it was, would be futile. Hence arose the University of Tokio, conducted in the English language. The establishment of a school in Japan, modeled after one in Europe or America was not an easy task. The whole system of education in the old schools was so at variance with our branches and training, that when the present university was started, it was simply as an experiment.

As before mentioned, there was nothing taught in schools of the old order, except the classics of China, the history of China and Japan, and an endless system of dialectics. It was a very difficult matter for the Japanese youth to bring themselves down to the study of such common-place branches as arithmetic, geography and algebra. What good could come of this? This class of men, the Samurais, had been from time immemorial, thinking men and soldiers. It was all well enough for merchants, men who thought of nothing but gain, to study arithmetic, in order to know how to cast up their accounts; but a student ought to be of different material. Hence they said they liked branches more in accordance with the feelings of their class. International law, political economy and the science of government, would be congenial to their feelings. Hence it was

that even the rudiments of mathematics was not introduced into the college, until 1872.

Gradually, by the influence of Japanese who had traveled abroad, and at the earnest request of the instructors in the colleges, the school was re-modeled, and a course of study made out agreeing in most respects with those of similar institutions in America. In the preparatory department of the university, there is a four-years course. To enter the lowest class of this department, requires that the student must possess a fair knowledge of English, Arithmetic, Geography, Universal History, Japanese and Chinese. During the four-years courses here the students get no Greek nor Latin, but more mathematics and natural science than is usual in our high schools. They think, and perhaps justly, that as they must get a thorough knowledge of English, both written and spoken, with the written Chinese added, they have no time for any other language, either living or dead.

The university proper embraces departments of law, science, literature, and of medicine. The scientific department has been well supplied with apparatus for physical and chemical work. Indeed, although the university has existed for so short a time, I believe few institutions in any country can boast of a better chemical and physical laboratory. In its financial and general management, the university differs essentially from any of ours. It is perhaps, in these respects, more nearly like our military and naval schools. The expenses incurred in its management come from the national treasury. The Minister of Education sets apart the amount necessary from the yearly national appropriation for educational purposes. It has as yet no endowment, no funds from which it has any income. As a rule, the students pay no tuition, nothing for their board and lodging after they get advanced as far as the third year in the preparatory department. The student class in Japan are nearly all very poor. It will be remembered that they are of the Samurai, the feudal retainers of the old barons, who by the revolution of 1868, lost their possessions, and thus left their dependents penniless. It was necessary therefore, when the government took the important step of founding a school, modeled after the experience of Western methods, to give everything free. The students were too poor to pay their way. However, the government exacts a pledge from them that they will complete the prescribed course of study, and serve in any capacity the authorities may direct for from six to ten years; the salary to be fixed by the government. There are some who pay their own expenses during their course, but these are exceptions.

There is also in Tokio an engineering school. It was organized ten years ago, under the direction and superintendence of the Department of Public Works. Its instructors are all, or nearly all, Americans, and as in the university, the instruction is in English. The buildings of this college are the finest,

or rather the most costly of any in Japan ; and the facilities which it affords for giving a thorough knowledge of theoretical engineering, both civil and mechanical, are not perhaps excelled anywhere.

The instructions given in these institutions has been, and it is at present chiefly carried on in the English language, as the Japanese tongue is deficient in scientific words and the literature of science. But it is the design of the authorities to substitute their own language as a medium of scientific instruction as early as possible. It is the expectation that in the course of five or six years all the instruction shall be given in Japanese, and by native teachers. I think this is as it should be, because the native teacher will not cost the government one-fourth as much as the foreigner will ; besides, if they never make a beginning in their own language, it will not of itself develop into a scientific one. The high standard of scholarship may, and I think it certainly will fall short of what it now is, but at the same time, the colleges will take more of an organic growth, they will be nearer to their surroundings, and to the people. A knowledge of written English will still be necessary, perhaps, for a long time to come ; but this is an easy acquirement, when compared with the time occupied in getting sufficiently conversant with the language, to speak it fluently, and to understand difficult lectures in it. In addition to the university and the engineering college, there is a naval school in Tokio, in which instruction is given in English, chiefly by Englishmen, and also a military school conducted in French.

I have now given a very brief outline of what has been done in the way of higher education, and for the higher class of people, for notwithstanding the fact that these colleges are open to all classes alike, high and low, very few of the lower class have taken advantage of the opportunities offered them. The lower classes in Japan have never had a voice in the management of the affairs of government. They never bothered their heads in political matters. All they cared about the government was that it should not burden them with too heavy taxes. They were exempt from military duty. Theirs was an easy, careless, thoughtless life, without ambition, and without any desire of change. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that they did not grasp eagerly at the first opportunity offered them, to receive an education different from that which their forefathers had received, and that too in a strange foreign tongue. All they wished was to have their sons taught to read and write the simplest forms of the language, and to be able to cast up their accounts on the *soroban* (abacus). Notwithstanding the fact that they made no demand, the government eight years ago organized throughout the empire, wherever practicable, government schools, taking ours as their model.

In this work, it was not necessary to begin from the foundation. The old schools had done something towards diffusing a desire among the lower classes,

for at least, the rudiments of education. Yet the manner and matter were all changed. Text books were either made, or translated by competent men into Japanese. These books were made into a graded series, as with us ; also charts and forms of all kinds for primary schools. They have substituted our system of figures for theirs in all their schools. The country is divided, for school purposes, into seven grand districts with as many primary, middle and normal schools as are demanded by the requirements. The first normal school was established at Tokio in the year 1872, on the site and in part of the same buildings which had served for the largest Confucian school in Japan. Great care is taken in the normal schools to teach nothing but the purest Japanese ; that spoken in Kiyoto being considered the standard. The difference in dialect in Japan is very great, and is a source of considerable amusement to some of the witty and polished students of Kiyoto, in the university. They can tell the students from the various provinces by their speech. The sources of revenue by which these schools are maintained, are : first, from a national tax ; second, from a local tax ; and finally the children are assessed a small amount per capita, provided they are able to pay. I noticed in last year's report of the Minister of Education, that between sixty and seventy per cent. of all the children in the empire had attended school.

There are also girls' normal schools—one in Tokio particularly, of which the Empress is the chief patron. She visits it frequently, gives it large amounts of money, and interests herself to see that a part of the course is industrial. In her new departure, Japan is generous and enlightened enough to give the girls an equal opportunity with the boys.

It still remains for me in a few words, to give you an idea of the youth of Japan, of the material to be formed, in these schools, into manhood and womanhood. It is a well-known fact, of which most of my audience are doubtless aware, that in England, in Germany, in France and in the United States, Japanese young men have taken first rank in all the colleges. Some of the presidents of our leading institutions have wished that there were Japanese students in all our colleges, to teach our students good manners and studious habits. In the University of Tokio, and in the engineering school, complaints are seldom heard of a want of diligence on the part of any student, from the exacting foreign professors. Still fewer complaints are heard of their want of deference to their teachers, or politeness to one another. I think the complaint is more general that many of the students study too much. It is frequent to meet a young prodigy at 12 or 15, and to see him broken down at 19. Pains in the head with hollow and ashy cheeks, resulting in permanent brain trouble, are frequent among the students. Any explanation of any lesson before a class of Japanese students is certain to meet with an acknowledgement in the form of a bow, this bow

being very low from those not acquainted with our manners.

This stately politeness and innate good breeding peculiar to all classes in Japan, are fast disappearing in the commercial ports, and at the wayside inns frequented by foreigners. If one meets with any brusqueness or rudeness in Japan, it may be set down as a fact that the foreigner is at the bottom of it. Even the students at the university are more difficult to manage than they were a few years ago; and after remaining there a short time, they lose much of their native politeness.

However good the average Japanese student may be, and we must admit that he is good, I think that we can hardly take the students who go abroad, or the students in the Tokio University as a fair average. In the first place, they are generally the best in Japan, both by hereditary culture and *selection*. In the provincial schools, if a pupil shows brightness and a particular aptitude for study, he is selected to go to Tokio—a place as much sought by the Japanese student as were Oxford, Paris and Bologne in the middle ages by those of Europe. After going through a course in the university, those, and those only, who distinguish themselves are selected to go abroad to get a more thorough practical training than Japan yet affords. Their expenses are paid by the government. I think it safe to say that most of the students abroad, if they are at government expense, are far above the average in ability. They are *all* obedient, studious and polite—qualities which render them dear to the heart of every instructor. I cannot say that they are all entirely truthful, though I am inclined to believe that they would make a good average with the best of our boys.

In a Japanese school little discipline and few rules are necessary. The students are inclined to do *about* what is right without any force; yet it is very difficult to get them to do exactly what authority says. They are obedient, but it is not an obedience from fear of authority, not an obsequious obedience. They wish to dictate, to do about as they choose. In the university the directors have long and tiresome arguments with them in regard to the course of study. They never regard the command of a teacher as final and absolute, but think the matter always open for debate. Convince their reason that you are right and they immediately give up. This seems a strange element in their natures and it perplexes their foreign instructors not a little. Such dignified politeness and such obedience coupled with a disposition to quibble with and to question authority seem to be irreconcilable. I think it arises

from this peculiar class and from their training. It is a maxim well known in Japan that the superior must ask advice from the inferior. Failing to do this, the inferior must give his advice voluntarily. This method of control seems to us subversive of all order and exact discipline. So it would be with the Anglo-Saxon race. It works badly even in Japan. I have heard many complaints from the English and French military and naval officers who are assisting to reorganize the Japanese army and navy upon a modern basis, that the private would offer his advice upon all occasions, thinking no doubt that it was his duty.

In Japan the parental authority and relationship are very different from that in Europe or America. In authority, it is, perhaps, more nearly analogous to that of ancient Rome. In old Japan, the father had absolute control of his child—even the power of life and death. I think, however, it is not from this power that he ruled his household, but rather by his kindness and reason. Japanese parents are especially gentle and indulgent to their children. They seem to let their children do just as they please; yet the children are always obedient. An excited, angry tone of voice is seldom heard in a Japanese family. The earliest lessons these children have are those of obedience to parents. The first books that they read contain interesting stories of some hero who was remarkable for his filial piety. The child must be obedient to the parent, in return the parent must be gentle and considerate to the child. Nor does age change the relationship in this respect. A man of fifty must obey his father and mother, or, having no father and mother, his eldest brother. It is a constant source of wonder to Europeans living in Japan that boys, at home and at school, can be governed by persuasion and kindness. The rod has never been known in the schools. "To spare the rod and spoil the child" has no application here. This method of government in the family and in school is not usually recognized with us. It would, perhaps, bring different results were it to be tried.

A noticeable feature in the mental characteristics of Japanese boys is that their minds mature much earlier than is usual in western countries. It is not unusual to find students at the early age of fifteen reading the works of the most advanced thinkers of the 19th century. They are always ready to stop in the middle of their regular lessons to talk about history, philosophy or some disputed point in ethics. They seem to stop in many cases where our boys begin to grow.

M. M. SCOTT.

WAITING.

I am waiting,
Only waiting till the angels open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered, weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps, and their voices far away,
If they call me, I am waiting, only waiting to obey.

DR. KOCH ON CHOLERA AND THE COMMA-BACILLUS.*

An important conference upon cholera was held in Berlin, at the Imperial Board of Health, on the evening of July 26th. Dr. Koch first showed various specimens of the bacillus and their method of preparation. This resembles that for the tubercle bacillus, viz., drying on a cover-glass and staining with fuchsin or methyl-olin. Dr. Koch then gave a history of his work while in Egypt and India. His post mortem examinations led him to believe that the intestines were the nidus of the disease. At first his microscopical examinations were unsatisfactory, but finally he got fresh dejecta and acute cases, and then discovered the comma-bacillus.

This, he said, is smaller than the tubercle bacillus, being only about half or at most two-thirds the size of the latter, but much more plump, thicker, and slightly curved. As a rule, the curve is no more than that of a comma (,), but sometimes it assumes a semicircular shape, and he has seen it forming a double curve like an S; these two variations from the normal being suggestive of the junction of two individual bacilli. In cultures there always appears a remarkably free development of comma-shaped bacilli. These bacilli often grow out to form long threads, not in the manner of anthrax bacilli, nor with a simple undulating form, but assuming the shape of delicate long spirals—a corkscrew shape—reminding one very forcibly of the spirochæte of relapsing fever. Indeed, it would be difficult to distinguish the two if placed side by side. On account of this developmental change, he doubted if the cholera organism should be ranked with bacilli; it is rather a transitional form between the bacillus and the spirillum. Possibly it is true spirillum, portions of which appear in the common shape, much as in other spirilla—*e.g.*, spirilla undula, which do not always form complete spirals, but consist only of more or less curved rods. The comma-bacilli thrive well in meat infusion, growing in it with great rapidity. By examining microscopically a drop of this broth culture the bacilli are seen in active movement, swarming at the margins of the drop, interspersed with the spiral threads, which are also apparently mobile. They grow also in other fluids—*e.g.*, very abundantly in milk, without coagulating it or changing its appearance. Also in blood serum they grow very richly. Another good nutrient medium is gelatine, wherein the comma bacilli form colonies of a perfectly characteristic kind, different from those of any other form of bacteria. Cultures of the comma-bacillus were also made in Agar-Agar jelly, which is not liquefied by them. On potato these bacilli grow like those of glanders, forming a grayish-brown layer on the surface. The comma-bacilli thrive best at temperatures between 30° and 40° C., but they are not very sensitive to low temperatures, their

growth not being prevented until 17° or 16° C. is reached. In this respect they agree with anthrax bacilli. Koch made an experiment to ascertain whether a very low temperature not merely checked development but killed them, and subjected the comma-bacilli to a temperature of —10° C. They were then completely frozen, but yet retained vitality, growing in gelatine afterward. Other experiments, by excluding air from the gelatine cultures, or placing them under an exhausted bell-jar, or in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, went to prove that they required air and oxygen for their growth; but the deprivation did not kill them, since on removing them from these conditions they again began to grow. The growth of these bacilli is exceptionally rapid, quickly attaining its height, and after a brief stationary period as quickly terminating. The dying bacilli lose their shape, sometimes appearing shrivelled, sometimes swollen, and then staining very slightly or not at all. The special features of their vegetation are best seen when substances which also contain other forms of bacteria are taken—*e.g.*, the intestinal contents or choleraic evacuations mixed with moistened earth or linen and kept damp.

A most important statement was that the comma-bacillus seems to be killed by the bacteria of putrefaction, and consequently agents that destroy the latter organisms without the former may really do injury, by removing from the cholera bacillus an impediment to its growth. As for destructive agents to the bacillus, he found it killed by solutions in the following proportions: oil of peppermint, 1 in 2,000; sulphate of copper, 1 in 2,500 (a remedy much employed, but how much would really be needed merely to hinder the growth of the bacilli in the intestine!); quinine, 1 in 5,000; and sublimate, 1 in 100,000. In contrast with the foregoing measures for preventing the growth of these bacilli is the striking fact that they are readily killed by drying. This fact is proved by merely drying a small drop of material containing the bacilli on a cover-glass, and then placing this over some of the fluid on a glass slide. With anthrax bacilli vitality is retained for nearly a week; whereas, the comma-bacillus appears to be killed in a very short time.

Dr. Koch having found and cultivated the comma-bacillus, and ascertained its distinctive character, next proceeded to investigate its relation to cholera. In all there were now about one hundred cases of cholera in which the bacillus had been found, while it was never found in connection with other diseases. Three different views, said the speaker, as to its relation to the cholera process are tenable. 1. That the disease favors the growth of these bacilli by affording them a suitable soil. If so, it would mean that the bacillus in question is most widely diffused, since it has been found in such different regions as Egypt, India, and France; whereas the contrary is

*This name has been given to this particular micro-organism on account of its supposed resemblance to a comma.

the case, for the bacilli do not occur in other diseases, nor in the healthy, nor apart from human beings in localities most favorable to bacterial life. They only appear with the cholera. 2. It might be said that cholera produces conditions leading to a change in form and properties of the numerous intestinal bacteria—a pure hypothesis; the only instance of such a conversion refers to a change of physiological and pathogenic action, and not of form. Anthrax bacilli under certain conditions lose their pathogenic power, but undergo no change in shape; and that is an instance of a loss of pathogenic properties, while there is no analogy to support the view of the harmless intestinal bacteria becoming the deadly cholera bacilli. The more bacterial morphology is studied, the more certain is it that bacteria are constant in their form; moreover, the comma-bacillus retains its special characters unchanged through many generations of culture. 3. Lastly, there is the view that the cholera process and the comma-bacilli are intimately related, and there is no other conceivable relation but that the bacilli precede the disease and excite it. "For my own part," said Dr. Koch, "the matter is proved that the comma-bacilli are the cause of cholera."

Dr. Koch then described his attempts to inoculate lower animals with the bacillus, and explained the cause of his failure in the natural immunity of the animals against the disease.

In advocating the local Indian origin of the disease he said: That the virus can be reproduced and multiplied outside the body is apparent, since the bacillus can be cultivated artificially, and its growth is not affected by comparatively low temperatures. Probably it does not grow in streams and rivers, where, owing to the current, a sufficient concentration of nutrient substance does not occur; but in stagnant water and at the mouths of drains, etc., vegetable and animal refuse may accumulate and afford the necessary nutriment. Thus is explained the propagation of cholera by the subsoil water, and the increase of epidemics with the sinking of its level, which lessens the flow and diminishes the amount of surface water. Admitting the dependence of cholera upon this micro-organism, it is impossible to conceive the disease having an autochthonous origin in any particular place; for a bacillus must obey the laws of vegetable life, and have an antecedent; and since the comma-bacillus does not belong to the widely diffused micro-organisms, it must have a limited habitat. Therefore, the occurrence of cholera on the delta of the Nile does not depend on its resemblance to the delta of the Ganges; but the disease must have been imported there as it is into Europe. It was once thought that an outbreak in Poland had a local origin until it was dis-

covered to have been introduced from Russia. Again, about ten years ago, there was a sudden outbreak at Hamar (Syria), thought to be an instance of local origin, but erroneously, as shown by a statement of Lortet, who told Koch, when at Lyons, that the epidemic had been introduced into Hamar, where he was at the time, by Turkish soldiers from Djeddah. All great epidemics of cholera began in South Bengal, where the conditions for the development and growth of the bacillus are most perfect.

Dr. Koch concluded with a reference to the prospective practical value of his discovery. It would assist in leading to intelligent prevention and treatment, and in making an early diagnosis.

After describing the bacillus and its relation to cholera, the lecturer spoke of the conditions under which it thrives in its home in India. Southern Bengal is a flat country, elevated but little above the level of the sea, and is almost completely submerged during the rainy season. In order to escape the floods, the inhabitants build their houses on artificial elevations, made by piling up the earth taken from the side of the foundation. It thus happens that alongside of every house or group of houses there is a large hole filled with water. These tanks as they are called, are very numerous, there being a thousand or more in the suburbs of Calcutta alone. The huts of the natives have no privies attached, and every kind of dirt is thrown directly on the ground, from which it finds its way naturally into the neighbouring tanks. A system of sewerage for Calcutta was introduced in 1865, and at the same time measures were taken to furnish the city with filtered water brought from the river some miles above. No improvement in the health of the city was noticed during the first few years that the canal system was being extended, but as soon as the pure water supply was obtained, in 1870, the cholera decreased, and the death rate from this cause has not since that time surpassed, on an average, one-third of its former figures. In the suburbs, between which and the city there is constant intercourse, but to which the improved water supply has not been extended, the cholera is as prevalent as before. Similar and even more striking instances of the influence of the water supply were furnished by other cities and places in India.

We are sorry that we have not the space to give a synopsis of the discussion which followed the delivery of Dr. Koch's lecture. It was participated in by a number of eminent men, and was of interest both from a scientific and a practical stand-point. There was nothing, however, brought out which has greater practical suggestiveness for ourselves than the remarkable statement concerning the effect of a pure water supply upon the public health.

A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ass or an ox that falls into a pit on the

Sabbath day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Honorable Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, daughter of Paki and Konia, and wife of Hon. Charles R. Bishop, born Dec. 19th, 1831, died Oct. 16th, 1884.

For all Hawaiians, whether of native or foreign blood, the death of Hon. Mrs. Bishop is a historical event. Through the combined influence of birth, wealth, culture and character, she occupied a position not only peculiar but unique. The representative of the most powerful line of chiefs of the olden time, she was also an exponent of the best type of foreign habits and mode of life. Retaining a natural and proper pride of ancestry and an interest in the welfare of her own people, she so perfectly assimilated the essential spirit of Anglo-American culture as to take easily and naturally that high position in the best foreign society to which her birth and fortune entitled her. She was thus a link between the old and the new, between the native and the foreign, in a sense which was not true of any other person whatever. It should be a source of pride and satisfaction alike to the native Hawaiians and to those foreigners who have labored for their elevation and improvement, that this peculiar and in some respects trying position should have been so gracefully and so worthily filled. The Hawaiian race may yet develop many noble characters, manly, brave, intelligent, patriotic men and loving, devoted and virtuous women, but the peculiar niche occupied by the lady who has just passed away, is vacant and must ever remain so.

Dr. Emerson's address on the education of Hawaiian girls, delivered at the annual meeting of the "Cousin's" society has been printed in the Annual Report of that organization and has no doubt had many readers. For our own part we are glad that the doctor selected this topic and especially that he treated it in so practical a manner. The subject is not only important; it is the most important of any which concern the future well-being of the Hawaiian race. In a society organized on an Oriental basis, with all authority, social and domestic, as well as political and public, in the hands of the male sex, and with the women in a condition of subordination and seclusion, the training which the latter might receive would be a matter of comparative indifference. But the Hawaiian political and social state is formed on Christian and Occidental models and must inevitably remain so. Revolutions of this kind never go backwards, and the problem for the consideration of the patriot and the philanthropist is how to best make the inner spirit and practical workings conform to the outward form. In that form of national life in which alone there is any possibility of a future for the Hawaiian race, the

foundation of society and the state must rest on the family, and the social quality and moral tone of the family will depend on the woman who presides over it.

We think Dr. Emerson was perfectly correct in laying particular emphasis on the importance of a *practical* training, practical in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. We cannot enlarge upon this matter, but are sure that the following passages which convey the general spirit and scope of the paper are sound and will commend themselves to the sober judgment of the thoughtful.

"Looking back to the early days of the mission, we find that nearly every missionary family and many other families of white people in this country were practically schools in which Hawaiian women were trained by the leavening influence of example in the arts of the household. We find that those Hawaiian women who went through this sort of training, though possessed of a modicum of book-education, were vastly more skilled as housekeepers, and were, as a rule, better wives and mothers than their daughters and grand-daughters of the present day, who have received many times their school education, but have not received their domestic training."

"The practical test of the value of female education in Hawaii nei, as well as anywhere else, is that it shall fit the girls to be wives and mothers. Failure to accomplish this means complete failure."

"The fault of our Hawaiian female educational method, as it seems to me, is that it relies too much on mere book education. Books can supply the knowledge needed to fit youths for Harvard or Yale or Williams or Vassar, but the book is not yet made which can teach the art of housekeeping."

We noticed that several esteemed friends who were present when the address was delivered seemed disposed to regard it as an unfriendly reflection upon what had been done heretofore. We do not think such an inference can be fairly drawn from the language of the address, and any such intention was expressly disclaimed by the speaker. Undue sensitiveness to criticism and a disposition to regard any suggestions in the way of change as implying an unfair or unfriendly attitude on the part of those making them, are things to be particularly deprecated in those who have charge of such important interests as the education of Hawaiian girls.

It is much easier to see what kind of training is required than it is to point out a practical way by which that training may be secured. No institution of any kind, whether it be boarding school, college, convent or what not can fully take the place of a well ordered home or produce as good average

results upon those subjected to its influence. In the general absence of good influences and sound discipline in Hawaiian homes, and the impossibility of providing but a very limited number of Hawaiian girls with homes and training in good foreign families, the boarding school in some form appears to be a necessity. We have not much faith in any scheme for grafting industrial education and training in the domestic arts upon our common school system. Something in this direction can be done and perhaps more by and bye. The principal use of such projects thus far seems to have been to furnish material for pompous and fine sounding paragraphs in newspapers and official reports and to point an occasional fling at what has been done in the past. At the same time we should be glad to see everything done in this line that is practicable. Instruction in the use of the needle and perhaps in the cutting and fitting of

garments might be given to some extent in connection with the government schools, but even here we are met with the difficulty that in a large proportion of these schools there is no female teacher. Even in those schools where there are female teachers we have no assurance of their fitness to teach these branches. A woman may understand books and be a good instructor in reading, geography and mathematics and yet be a perfect bungler in the use of needle and scissors. It follows therefore if this kind of training is to be furnished through the public schools, there will be needed a considerable increase in the number of instructors, and this means a considerable increase in expense. Whether our Board of Education are prepared to incur the necessary cost of making such instruction general, does not yet appear.

MR. VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

Everybody understands that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is, beyond all question, the richest man in the United States; and some speak of him as the richest man in the world. The actual amount of his wealth is usually spoken of as a matter of speculative conjecture, without precise data to confirm the conjecture. The *St. Louis Railway Register*, however, quotes the *New York Journal* as making the following statement, which we reproduce as follows:

"A few days ago Mr. Vanderbilt sent some papers to a gentleman with whom he had business relations. On looking them over, the recipient was astonished to find the rough draft of a memorandum in the czar's peculiar handwriting. It was dated January 15th, 1884, and was evidently his last balance sheet, which by oversight had been folded inside another paper. Of course the secret could not be kept, and the figures reached the *Journal*. An error or two may have crept in on their travels; but in substance they tell the following:

"Mr. Vanderbilt has registered in his name and in coupon bonds \$54,000,000 in 4 per cents, maturing in 1907. He has lately added to these \$4,000,000 in 3½ per cents, and yet retains a trifle over \$1,000,000 in 6 per cents. The 4 per cents are worth 124, and the market value of his Governments to-day is \$70,580,000.

"But the bulk of the wealth of the king of millionaires is invested in railroad securities. He holds 240,000 shares of Michigan Central stock, 300,000 shares of Northwestern, including 80,000 of the preferred stock and a block of Omaha, 200,000 shares of Lake Shore and 120,000 shares of New York Central. Besides this are smaller amounts in a score of other stocks, among which are Rock Island, of which he had 29,000 shares, and Lackawanna, where the total was 20,000. Of the others he had in all 21,840, a grand total of 930,480 shares of stocks.

"Of various railroad bonds there was an aggregate of \$22,120,000, and of state and city bonds, \$3,200,000. In miscellaneous securities, manufacturing stocks, and mortgages the sum of about \$2,000,000 was shown to be invested.

"Reckoning at present prices the value of Mr. Vanderbilt's railroad stocks is \$98,750,000; of his Governments, \$70,580,000; of his railroad bonds, \$26,857,420; of his other securities a trifle over \$5,000,000. The aggregate is \$201,332,413.

"The czar puts down an item as 'real estate, etc., \$3,000,000.' In this is included his splendid Fifth Avenue mansion, which, with its furniture and contents, cost nearly or quite \$3,000,000. His magnificent art gallery, with its gems from the best modern masters, represents almost \$1,000,000, the estimate being that of a local connoisseur who is familiar with the gallery. His stables on Fifty-first street, occupying one of the most desirable building sites in the city, represents \$200,000, while the equine beauties there luxuriously lodged would not be disposed of for as much more. Maud S. would bring \$75,000 at a forced sale, and her owner would not dispose of her for any price. Early Rose and Aldine are also held above price.

"The czar can take life comparatively easy on an income of twelve millions a year, and watch his wealth pile up without any effort of his. From his Governments he draws \$2,372,000 a year; from his railroad stocks and bonds, \$7,394,320; from his miscellaneous securities, \$575,695, or \$10,342,015 from his investments alone. Thus every day they earn for him \$28,334.25. Every hour sees him \$1,180.59 richer, and every minute means \$19.67 added to his hoard. Besides this, he calculates to make \$2,000,000 every year by fortunate sales. His reinvestments last year, he calculates, did this."

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

Fashion exhibits great contrasts this season, insisting upon both the severely plain and the gorgeously elaborate. Street suits must be plain, of masculine simplicity, while evening dresses probably were never so elaborate and elegant. The display of velvets, plushes and satins for full dress toilettes is exceedingly rich and, one might say, daring. The brocaded velvets, which are most popular, are seen in all colors and in many designs, roses and lillies, chrysanthemums, feathers, conventional and Oriental and Persian designs, are boldly wrought in plain or cut velvet upon satin or silk ground, and there is no apparent retrenchment of imagination or diminution of size. The black figures on colored grounds are the chief combinations—black or yellow, old gold, garnet or peacock blue—but often the figure and ground work are of the same color in the same or contrasting shades. Light shades are also seen, delicate blues, pinks and white for the more striking evening dresses or brocaded velvet. On account of the heaviness of the material, drapery is simple and puffing, shirring and ruffling impossible. The velvet is usually combined with satin and silk, and is used for the front of the skirt and the waist or for panels and basque or for polonaise, and for the many intricate combinations understood only by the artist of dressmaking. The fashion correspondents of New York and the West report that brocaded velvets heavily beaded with gold beads are popular, but it is probable that the fashion will not be in vogue here, since Honolulu ladies prefer quieter styles. Some silks embroidered with gold and silver threads are seen, but the most tasteful goods are the gros grain silks brocaded with velvet figures of moderate size and design. A handsome brown silk is brocaded in blocks of blue and golden brown; another, garnet, is brocaded with blocks of blue and garnet.

There is a promise that black silk dresses will be in uncommon vogue the coming autumn and winter. When good, no material is more elegant or serviceable. Tucks, both wide and narrow, upon flounces, kilts and bodice, will be very popular with the plainer styles, and rich lace, costly appliques in chenille and jet, and panes and tabliers of broche with large raised flowers in velvet, will make them exceedingly elegant.

Merchants and importers say that the large sale of silk gloves and mits for the present season has altogether destroyed the demand for gloves of kid. This is not at all strange, as the silk glove is cooler by far, while having all the trim effect of the most perfectly fitting hand-covering of kid, and coming in as exquisite coloring in the pale evening shades, or richer hues for street wear. The only trouble with the silk glove or mitt has been that it is liable to slip down the arm. A tiny silk elastic run into

the hem at the top of the glove will keep it firmly in place.

A new fancy of Worth's is the use of double sleeves, one of which represents a puffed under-sleeve with a wristband; he has also resorted to the former fashion of making the sleeves of different materials from that of the corsage, having them match the vest and lower skirt of the combination dresses.

Although the fabrics for fall wear are very handsome and many of them are exceedingly self-decorative, says a fashion writer, there is a general demand for trimmings of all kinds and grades, and never have the articles intended for ornamentation been more beautiful than they are now or used in greater profusion. Laces are no longer bought by the yard, for more than one piece, indeed, over a half-dozen pieces can be placed to advantage upon a dress. Not only are lace edgings in demand, but laces in various styles and kinds in material widths, as in the Spanish, guipure, oriental, and Egyptian net and other varieties, with edgings en suite.

Light head-dresses are the order of the day, the most remarkable specimen amongst them being a vandyke hat of yellow chip, trimmed at the side with clusters of dark grapes, or bunches of dark sugar cane. The latest fashion in bonnets is a crown of dark artichoke leaves in violet, upon which, as on the vegetable, life-like artificial snails are set. Miniature artichokes are also to be seen on the side of straw or tulle bonnets mixed with a variety of grasses amongst which fashion, in her love of natural history, is not ashamed to put even a toad made in plush.

Nothing could be more charming than the little cap which is called "Louis XV;" it is made of thread or metal lace and set coquettishly on the top of the head. A round foundation is quite simply trimmed with lace pulled on, and forms the crown. This lace is slightly raised in front by means of a stiff tulle band and a ribbon bow or a flower is fastened under it. A suitable ribbon is twisted round the bottom.

One of the new neck ornaments consists of satin or velvet ribbon set in a muslin band to keep it firm. It is secured by a clasp.

Gloves for evening wear get longer and longer; they cover the lower part of the arm entirely and are rolled just at the elbow.

Bangs are seldom seen now, the hair being brushed straight back from the forehead and arranged in little "beau-catchers" over each temple.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

FLOWERS EMBLEMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Used as a medicine.
2. A formal young lady and a flower.
3. A coin and a high state.
4. A beautiful bird and what a British subject likes to gain.
5. A prefix and what most Hawaiians do.
6. An article of food and a domestic utensil.
7. A part of a lady's attire.
8. What Scotchmen like.
9. Old and wise.
10. What brought the Magi from the East.
11. A vowel and to travel.
12. A perfume.

The initials of the answers to the above spell the name of the flower.

SQUARE WORD.

1. When fruit is best.
2. A thought.
3. A nobleman.
4. To gain by labor.

BEHEADED WORD.

My whole is a garb.
 Behead it and you have a bit left.
 Behead it again and you have a part of a harness.
 Behead it again and you have a pronoun.
 Behead it again and you have a beverage.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

SQUARE WORD.

R I T E
 I D O L
 T O L L
 E L L A

BEHEADED WORD.

Wheat—Heat—Eat—At—T.

CHARADES.

1. Footstool.
2. Conundrum.

WHIMSICALITIES.

The folly of using words beyond the comprehension of one's hearers is illustrated by the experience of an English physician who was noted for his Johnsonian English. Having on one occasion to prescribe for a dying laborer, he sent him a draught labeled, "to be taken in a recumbent posture." As to what this might be, the relatives of the dying man were utterly at fault. They sent over to the linen-draper to know if he had a recumbent posture. No, he never heard of such a thing. Perhaps it might be something in the bladder line. Did the butcher chance to have one? No, he had never heard of such a thing either. At last they worked their way round to an old woman, who never would allow herself at fault in anything. So she said, "Yes, she had one; but, most unfortunately, she had just lent it!"

A talented lady, who advocates woman's rights, and was recently speaking upon the subject, brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote; but my groom has, whose rent I pay. I have a great respect for that man in the stables; but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

Lord Coleridge is delighting his English friends with stories of his American visit, and among them with this. He was at Mount Vernon with Mr. Evarts and, talking about Washington, said: "I have heard that he was a very strong man phys-

ically, and that, standing on the lawn here, he could throw a dollar right across the river on the other bank." Mr. Evarts paused a moment to measure the breadth of the river with his eye. It seemed rather a "tall" story, but it was not for him to belittle the Father of the Country in the eyes of a foreigner. "Don't you believe it?" asked Lord Coleridge. "Yes," Mr. Evarts replied, "I think it very likely to be true. You know a dollar would go further in those days than it does now."

Lover of Antique—"What is the price of that Louis XIV cabinet?"

Bric-a-brac Dealer—"Five hundred dollars."

"Mercy! Why, a friend of mine got one just like it for \$150."

"Where?"

"At Milburgville, Connecticut."

"Oh! of course. You can't expect us to compete with Milburgville."

"And why not?"

"That's where they make 'em."

"Yes," said the old sexton, "the bell tolls the age of the departed. How unlike the society belle that comes and goes," added the graveyard wag—"she who has never told her age."

"Johnny," said the editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school?" "No," replied the youngster, who had studied the paternal sheet, "I am registered as second-class male matter."

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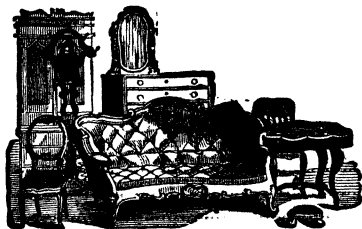
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EVOLUTION.

By the popular mind, and by those who have given little attention to the subject, the doctrine of evolution is variously regarded. Mention the theory wherever one may, to the uninstructed and to the instructed alike, and it is sure to create more or less levity and amusement. Some immediately connect it with Darwinism, or origin of species; others, the more ignorant, with the belief that man, somehow or other, by some unknown process, has descended from the monkey. Again, by many very intelligent people it is thought to apply to the development of organic life only. It will be the object of this very superficial and necessarily brief outline of the theory to attempt to show that these several notions are none true, and that what is true is only partially so.

What is popularly known as "Darwinism," never attempted to deal with evolution any further than the explanation of the origin of species, until after it had been fully outlined by other and more comprehensive hands. Evolution, as defined by its originators, means a change from undifferentiated homogeneity to a differentiated heterogeneity; in other words from a mass, all of a very like kind, with little or no difference in its parts, to a mass of an unlike kind, different, yet perfect in all its parts. This theory, therefore, is not dependent for its truth upon an explanation of any one department of nature—it is not a one-sided theory—but attempts to deal with phenomena as a whole. Thus it will be seen that Darwin worked only upon one line of the theory. That especially in which he earned his greatest fame was *organic* evolution. The theory, as expounded by the modern school, includes not only organic, but inorganic and superorganic evolution. It begins with the proposition that consciousness recognizes certain forces in nature, call them what we may, and that these forces when traced to their ultimate analyses are inscrutable.

In other words, treat the subject as best we can, turn it over with the finest instruments of science, contemplate it with the eye of the most acute mind, and the atom of the chemist is absolutely incomprehensible; yet we cannot rid ourselves of the idea that matter exists. Then the idea that matter ex-

ists is one of the ultimate data of consciousness. We are as justly warranted, therefore, in assuming that matter exists, as in starting from the idea that *we* exist. So with force or energy. We know that it exists, yet what it is we cannot know. The persistence of force, or "Conservation of Energy," as the physicists call it, is a new discovery, and a very important one; so in addition to the formula that matter cannot be destroyed, the equally important fact is acknowledged that force is persistent. And here let me say in brief that evolution or growth of structure, is nothing more than a dissipation of energy and an integration of matter, and death an integration of force and dissipation of matter. The existence of these two agents in one form or another is denied by no one at the present time. Now, these facts being granted, it is the province of evolution to take them up and to show in what way, by inherent properties in themselves, things have come to be as they are. It is a magnificent scheme! No wonder it dazzles the imagination! It is safe to say that no conception of man since the world began, can compare with it in grandeur. Instead of an endless round-a-bout of words and dialectic, as practiced by the ancient Greeks, the votaries of evolution present an array of facts and solid arguments, connected together with such significance, that no one can see and not believe. The first man or woman of intelligence is yet to be found who, after even partial investigation, does not accept, at least qualified evolution.

In regard to organic evolution, Wolff and Von Baer showed that the changes which individual organisms undergo in their development, is from homogeneity to heterogeneity—from the simple to the complex. The germ of every plant or animal is "uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition."

As some one has said: "Nature teaches this great law in the life of an egg which completes its history—a mass of organizable matter which has escaped being turned into an omelet; a spot; a line; a groove; a group of walled cells with their soft contents; self-distribution into regions; self-differentiation into tissues and organs; self-movement as a whole; self-

consciousness as an individual; emergence at length from the inviolate secrecy of the divine studio, where it has been shaped, a creature of God, full-armed to fight for life against the elements."

Now, it is the province of evolution to show that what is true of the development of the germ of the egg into the chick, of the seed into the tree,—of organic evolution—is true of all evolution, *i. e.* that it proceeds from the simple to the complex.

In the year 1857, two years before the publication of the *Origin of Species*, Mr. Herbert Spencer outlined the complete theory of evolution in the following language: "We propose, in the first place, to show that this law of organic progress is the law of all progress. Whether it be in the development of the earth, in the development of life upon its surface, in the development of society, of government, of manufactures, of commerce, of language, literature, science, art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex, through successive differentiations, holds throughout. From the earliest traceable cosmical changes, down to the latest results of civilization, we shall find that the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, is that in which progress essentially consists."

Touching for a moment upon the nebular hypothesis, we shall see what sanction it gives to our theory if it be true. Space is not sufficient to give the facts and arguments of science which make the nebular theory most probable. It is sufficient to say that the present solar system is believed by those most competent to give an opinion upon the subject, to be the result of the gradual cooling down of an indefinitely extended, homogeneous, highly attenuated gas. Now, in the state of intense heat, to which this homogeneous gas was subject, what would occur, if the hypothesis of evolution be true. Subject any nearly homogeneous mass to intense heat, or to violent motion, and so long as the agency is kept constant, the mass will remain the same, or nearly the same. Let the mass be gradually cooled, and the heavier parts will be separated from the lighter, differentiations begin, different parts assume different aspects, and finally the mass presents that difference of organization found in the most complex, inorganic structure. Thus in the cooling down of the homogeneous nebulous gas, out of which the hypothesis assumes the solar system to have been formed, we should construct, *a priori*, just such a system as we find, in accordance with the well known laws of matter and force. First, an indefinitely extended, nearly homogeneous gas, gradually cooling down, with motions gradually more complex, the mass throwing off rings and parts of itself, would result in the highly heterogeneous system of central sun, revolving planets, with their satellites as found in our solar system.

Leaving this hypothesis for what it is worth, let us come to the earth itself. Here, we leave the region of speculation, and come into the sphere of positive knowledge. From all appearances, the

geologist has arrived at the conclusion that the earth was, at one period of its history, in a state of intense heat. Leaving theory out of the question, and dealing with "geological times" only, we know that the crust of the earth is far more complex the nearer the surface. Strata of different degrees of thickness, and of complex chemical texture are presented to us every few feet. So it will probably continue to be for all time.

To return to the subject of organic development: Prior to the first quarter of the present century, it was the almost universal belief among biologists that the germ of every organism was a minute reproduction of the fully developed parent. The investigations of Wolff, of Von Baer, and of scores of embryologists since their time, have proved the falsity of these assumptions. No biologist of any repute pretends to maintain such an opinion at the present day. The germinal vesicle of the chick, or any other organism, so far as the microscope can show us, contains no indication whatever of structural difference. A mere speck, consisting of two or three chemical elements, it has no seeming relationship to the developed organism. The germ of a highly organized animal may be described almost in a word, while it might take a highly learned disquisition of a volume or more to explain the heterogeneous structure of the organism itself.

Note, now, the course of development from the germ to the organism. Take, for instance, the germ within the hen's egg. We have the authority of Wolff, Von Baer, Haeckel and Agassiz, and of all others who have made investigation in embryology, for saying that at certain stages of progress in development, one animal cannot be determined from another. As all know, the first step in organic evolution is by fission, or self-division of the germ or speck into two, then into four, eight and so on, until a line is formed, then a groove; a group of walled cells, tissues and organs. Now, in all this, nothing like an unfolding of a minute organism is seen. A tiny foot does not protrude itself in one place, a wing in another and a beak in another. Instead of an unfolding heterogeneous organism, is noted without exception, the evolution of a homogeneous mass into a heterogeneous individual. One further aspect of embryological development: The first differentiation or step in the development of the embryo is not sufficiently marked to show the investigator what kind of animal it is to be. It shows only whether it will be a plant, or an animal. The second step determines whether, if an animal, it will belong to the vertebrates or invertebrates; the third, fourth, etc., to what order, family, genus and species. Agassiz, although a believer in qualified evolution only, said that not until a comparatively late stage of embryological development could he determine the difference between the pig, dog and cat. Has all this any bearing on our hypothesis? We think when taken together with the support which paleontology gives, it has a decided bearing.

It is well known to everyone of any intelligence in geology, that, for ages past there have been found imbedded in the earth the petrified remains of an almost infinite number of animals and plants that have existed on the earth in past "geological times." It is further well known that, as a rule, the older the strata in which the remains are found, the lower the organism. It is not claimed that this is true in every instance, but in nearly every one. Space forbids going into the subject of paleontology in detail, but it is pertinent to say that all geologists recognize a progressive development of organisms, from the lowest to the highest, since the beginning of life upon the earth. In the oldest strata we find the remains of the organisms to be few, and of a very simple kind, gradually increasing in number and in heterogeneity of structure, with more or less sudden transitions, until the present time. And let it be remarked here, that these sudden breaks in the chain do not, in the least, negative the hypothesis of evolution.

For a long period of time, even until very recently, two schools of geologists carried on a fierce controversy about "Catastrophies" and "Uniformity." The "Catastrophists," noting the difference in the geological ages, believed they were so clearly marked that nothing less than a convulsion or catastrophe in nature could have ended one and begun the other. More careful knowledge in geology, consequent on a better understanding of strata led many to believe that, after all, no decided difference was discernable between the ending of one series and the beginning of the next one; until at the present time, all geologists agree in "uniformitarianism"—that the changes that have occurred in the crust of the earth, since the beginning of "geological times," have been produced by nearly constant and uniform agencies, like those now in operation. But, even after the uniformitarianists in geology had won the fight, there were catastrophists in biology. Viewing the distribution of the animal world in *time*, and noting also, as they had to do, a seeming jump from one series of strata to another, they maintained that a sudden catastrophe only could have produced such a sudden ending of one kind of animals, and the beginning of another. In short, that a violent convulsion of nature must have put an end to all existing organic forms, and that a new creation had filled their places with a somewhat allied, but different fauna and flora. It is needless to say that, on further investigation, this illogical position went the way of its geological predecessor, and now, all biologists of note agree upon the hypothesis that the present race of animals and plants have come down in one unbroken series, by development, from the few simple kinds, found in the earliest geological ages. How well, then, the evolution hypothesis is supported both by embryology and paleontology. We notice throughout geological ages constantly varying forms, differences being greater the greater the time intervening. So in embryology; the differences in ap-

pearance of the embryo of varying organisms being greater, the nearer the time of complete development. And if there be somewhat sudden breaks in the chain, in time, is it to be wondered at, when we take into consideration the small area of the earth as anything like completely explored, and the further fact, how unlikely it is that more than a mere stray form of any extinct species has been preserved. Want of space, in a single article, compels the leaving out the further support which both Morphology and Distribution of Organic Forms in Space give to the evolution hypothesis; and now we shall proceed to that which can be more plainly seen in society.

Fortunately the evidences are here so plain and easily to be seen that little need be said upon the subject. Tribes of men yet exist in various parts of the world, among whom a very rudimentary condition of society is to be found. Among the Damaras, the aboriginal tribes of Australia and the Ainos of Yesso, there exist but weak tribal affinities. Here, although no one would pretend to say that some progress has not been made, yet it is of a very simple kind. Each man acts, to a great extent, as a whole community of highly civilized people act, in that he does everything for himself which certain others of the civilized community do for one another. Every man is his own instrument maker; he hunts his own food, and prepares it when he catches it; he makes such clothes as he wears, builds his house and is his own doctor.

Now contrast this homogeneous mass of people, each in no perceptible degree, in his social or industrial relations, different from another, with the highly complex relations of highly civilized England. Here we find some agriculturists, some manufacturers, others lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers and so on to almost infinity; and not only do we find this, but in every industrial class named, there arises from the simple class, differentiations again to almost the same extent. Take for instance manufacturers. Who without a technical knowledge of the subject could mention the various occupations and kinds of texture in even one branch of manufacture. Look at iron workers. Do all engaged in the occupation do the same kind of work? Turners, moulders, blacksmiths, lathe-tenders, etc., are engaged in a special department; and these several kinds of workers go on and differentiate, until we find, even in Adam Smith's time, fifteen specialists at work on the common brass pin. Note, then, what goes on from the simple social relations of the North American and the aboriginal Australian through all the varying, intermediate conditions, to the enlightened Englishman. Here we have an ample illustration of social progress. From the simple and homogeneous to the complex or heterogeneous is the universal law.

In government it is the same—from the simple to the complex. In all cases, in early stages of governments, laws are few and of a very simple kind.

What is law in one part of the domain is law in any other part. In advancing civilization, laws are general, specific and complex. National authority, state, county and municipal, all have their binding force; and the different departments require specialists for their interpretation.

Passing from the evolution of the social organism to language, the same law holds good. The lowest form of language is the exclamation, by which vague and indefinite ideas are expressed. We have no means of knowing to what extent this law holds in regard to absolute primitive language, from the simple fact that in most of the languages of even the lowest tribes, very great progress must have been already made. We do know however that there are extant languages that have differentiated no further than the noun and the verb. These differentiations once begun, continue through the various parts of speech found in the highly developed languages. At the same time differences in mode, voice, tense and gramatical structure continue. As it is in spoken language, so it is in written. There is little doubt that written language, painting and sculpture have a unity of origin. The Ancient Egyptians and Babylonians in the earliest times used a kind of picture-writing, as did the more recent Mexicans; and by gradual changes, it was turned into ideographic writing. Sculpture was developed in the same way, most likely from the picture in base-reliefs at first, as also found in the ruins of Assyria. In like manner, into whatever department of human endeavor we go, the law of development from the simple to the complex forces itself into prominence.

We now come to that point in evolution where many cry halt! The doctrine so far, though it has been inadequately put, is comparatively easy of comprehension, strengthened as it is by what is constantly going on around us. It is possible, they will say, to accept the theory of development so far, but that the grand mind and the noble morals of the most highly civilized type of man in the nineteenth century has been developed from cosmic dust, seems preposterous. No one can recognize the inherent difficulties of the acceptance of this theory more than the evolutionists; yet it is evident that it must stand or fall as a whole. No rational believer in a part, can, after careful investigation, it seems to me, stop at any half-way station. If species are mutable, genera must be the same, and so through from the earliest simple, physical life on the globe to the latest development—man included. And if this be accepted, then the other must follow as a corollary. It may have many limitations as at present expounded; but it seems, in the main, that the one part must follow the other.

St. George Mivart declares that while agreeing with Mr. Darwin as to man's zoological position, he nevertheless regards the difference between ape and mushroom as less important than the difference between ape and man, so soon as we take into account "the totality of man's being." In this em-

phatic statement, there is, in a limited sense, a certain amount of truth. If we compare the psychical operations of the ape with the few most intellectual specimens of the most advanced thinkers, the position may be unassailable. Between the mind operations of Gladstone and his authropoid relatives, there is most certainly a wide difference. But is the comparison a legitimate one? Ought it not to be between the lowest Australian type of man and the ape? Huxley says the difference between the highest ape and the lowest man is greater than between the lowest and highest man. In the adjustment of inner to outer relations, and whatever thought that may imply, it seems to me there is a greater difference between the Magpie on Hotel street, which, in not very choice language perhaps, calls for a cracker, and a well known physician, than there is between the indefinite movements of a rotifera, with its acts seemingly adjusted to no end, and the actions of the lowest savage.

And notice the difference of gradation in intelligence throughout the animal world, from the lowest to the highest. Do we not find the law of constantly increasing complexity to hold good? I believe no rational interpretation of mind is valid which does not take into consideration the psychical relation of man to animals; yet in the intellectual development of the infant to adult man or womanhood, is sufficient evidence of progress. Watch the new born infant. How does its intellectual condition compare with that of a Newton? A few convulsive movements, indicating either pain or hunger, is about all we can say of it. Still further on in its development, a few sense perceptions, first noticing a red something placed before it. Its intelligence seems on a par with its movements—simple and uncertain. Now, as advancing age comes, the sense perceptions are still predominant; then memory, imagination, and finally the highly complex reasoning faculties begin to develop. This much is known empirically to every young woman who essays to teach a primary class in our schools. And here let it be said, that if it were more generally recognized and attended to, we should have better teachers to instruct our infants. The fact, then, that the intelligence develops in the same way that other things do, is a part, and confirmatory, of the great law of evolution.

And let me here disclaim in behalf of evolution, most emphatically, that its conclusions are "material." Its discoverers and promoters have been stigmatized as "materialists." No doctrine, so far as we know, has proven scientifically the difference between matter and mind. As Professor Tyndal says, if it be possible to prove that a right spiral movement of a certain nerve, excited by something externally, goes on always in a given case, it does not explain the *idea* of red found in the mind. It is true that mind and matter are intimately associated, and evolution teaches that they have a genetic connection—this far and no farther may materialism be attributed to evolution.

Lastly, what has evolution to say about morals?

Does it teach that morals are intuitive or derivative? In a sense it says neither, and yet it holds to both qualifiedly.

Perhaps the two theories of morals best known by modern moralists are those of Locke and Kant. Locke took the ground that the mind was a *tabula rasa*—a perfect blank, like a sheet of white paper, without either intellectual or moral intuitions. This left both the contents of mind and morals to be written upon the blank page, and of necessity both, when fully developed, depended entirely on the scribblers who happened to be nearest at hand. Kant, with far more acuteness, observing in the mind of man certain organized intuitions, both intellectual and moral, took the ground that morals were intuitive; that these lately developed moral intuitions were ultimate and incapable of analysis. Locke believed what are called moral intuitions simply result from what the individual finds useful. It is easy to see without further light that the supporters of Kant would always have the better of the argument. Although the law of heredity was little thought of at that time, the common sense of mankind knew something was needed further than "environment," to account for the moral eccentricities of a man whose environment had been good, but whose morals from some cause were bad. Evolution here steps in and, as in so many other jarring systems, reconciles the two theories. It makes Locke and Kant metaphorically, lie down together. It recognizes in Kant's moral intuitions the recently worked out law of heredity, and in Locke's blank page, the power of surroundings, *i. e.* of environment, in determining the moral status of the individual.

It would require more space and more power than I possess to make plain the elementary moral beginnings of our race which evolution points out, and I would refer all those interested in the subject to Mr. Darwin's *Descent of Man*, and Sir John Lubbock's *Primitive Civilization*. Mr. Darwin believes, and he offers abundant facts for the faith within him, that the germ of morality, as distinguished from mere utility, is traced to the prolongation of the period of infancy, as man emerged from a very low condition. A prolongation of infancy was the prime factor in the family group, and the integration of the family, the association for a long time of the parents while rearing their offspring, at the same time others being born to them, is the beginning of the family tie—the cause of associated groups. From the family it is but a step to the tribe; and given the tribe, however crude, it is easy to trace the nascent moral life.

Those qualities in the savage which are most highly prized are strength and courage. Beside the rude virtues necessary to his association in his tribe, he must possess bravery in war against his neighboring tribe, because cowardice or treachery on his part may endanger the whole tribe. Here, the good of the individual begins to give way to the general good. Private ease subordinates itself to the benefit

of all, and selfishness is punished by reprobation, and perhaps by death. A love of approbation begins to grow, and those incentives to actions which the tribe recognize as useful, at the same time make themselves felt. Now in doing all this, the savage does not stop to reason out whether it will be useful to the tribe or not; he does it, most likely from a love of approbation and from perhaps other simple motives, that have grown in like manner. The "utilitarian" philosophy begins ever here to fail.

Granting, then, the genesis of the moral faculty in the way, or something like the way I have pointed out, let us follow its full development.

Moral conduct includes the whole of conduct. Although many actions, perhaps most actions, which every person daily does, are a part of conduct upon which ethical inquiry does not pass judgment; yet a survey of the entire conduct is necessary to the complete understanding of the moral life. That life which is the fullest, in which all the faculties are within due degree exercised, would be recognized, I take it as the best, *i. e.* the most complete. Duty to one's self, to his family and to his kind is the highest kind of duty.

The conduct of the savage does not fulfill any one of these requirements in but a limited degree. He is perhaps concerned almost entirely in performing those actions necessary to self-preservation. His family comes in for his care after, and are of secondary importance. As the tribe advances in civilization, conduct is greatly differentiated—its complexity increasing as civilization increases. Note also, what the difference is between what is deemed moral in the savage, and that called so in the civilized man. The immediate good is always the greatest good with the savage. Nothing more distinguishes the highly civilized and moral man than the subordination of present gratification to future good—an evolution of conduct which the savage could not understand, neither could it be of use to him. Now, in the constant development of civilization, do we not notice a concomitant evolution of conduct—answering outwardly to a corresponding moral faculty within? So that which has been found useful—that kind of conduct which has been conducive to the fullest life of all, becomes registered organically in the moral faculty of the race, and this evolution recognizes as the "inherent moral intuition."

In conclusion, let me say this doctrine of derivative morals holds out the highest hopes for humanity. It distinctly discards utilitarianism. It most emphatically enjoins *right* conduct, as distinguished from expedient conduct. It points out to humanity the unerring certainty of punishment going along with wrong action and wrong doing, and as Mr. Evarts well said, at the dinner given to Mr. Spencer in New York: "We must all agree that it is practical (the knowledge given by evolution), that it is benevolent, that it is serious, and that it is reverent; that it aims at the highest results in virtue; that it treats evil not as eternal, but as evanescent, and that it expects to arrive at what is sought through faith in the millenium—that condition of affairs in which there is the highest morality, and the greatest happiness. And if we can come to that by these processes and these instructions, it matters little to the race whether it be called scientific morality and mathematical freedom, or by a less pretentious name."

M. M. SCOTT.

MADELINE.

XXII.

The morning after Dr. Gordon first saw Col. Hoixter, he found the latter still in need of medical advice. After professional inquiries had been made and prescriptions written, the two were having a little pleasant conversation together, when a waiter announced, "Tirzah, with a message for Col. Hoixter."

"Ask her to come in," said the colonel, his comely visage lighting up with evident satisfaction. "Yes, tell Tirzah to come right in," he added, at the same time turning to the doctor with, "excuse me, Dr. Gordon. Tirzah is the servant of an old friend, and with your permission I'll see her a moment."

The door was thrown open and a young colored girl entered, bearing in her hand a profusion of rare flowers, exquisitely arranged in a basket of curious and delicate workmanship. Her hair was combed back from her low forehead, and evidently fastened high upon the head, although concealed with a narrow brimmed straw hat, decorated—as is usual among her people—with yellow flowers and lace, and feathers, and ribbons of gorgeous colors. A short dress, trimmed with bright red bands, disclosed her small well-formed feet and ankles, which she used with peculiar ease and grace.

"Ah, Tirzah! how d'ye do?" said Col. Hoixter. "Hav'n't seen you for many months. How've you been, Tirzah?"

The white of the eye and the white teeth were strikingly conspicuous as she replied in the sweet tones this unfortunate race have so richly inherited, "Quite well, Sir, thank you."

Advancing a step toward him, she placed the basket on a table near, saying, "Miss Madeline sends these, with regards."

"Oh! thank you, Tirzah, and thanks to Miss Madeline. Hope she is well."

"Berry well; and she begs me to inquire, Sir, pertic'ly arter yourself."

"Oh, I'm much better—that is, I suppose so, Dr. Gordon."

Ray bowed gravely, repeating to himself, "Madeline! Madeline!"

"Many thanks to Miss Madeline; and how are Mrs. St. Claire and her son?"

"All berry well—and—and will be glad to see Col. Hoixter at Linden Ledge"—an invitation evidently originating in Tirzah herself. With a graceful little courtesy, she immediately withdrew.

Col. Hoixter took up the flowers, already filling the room with fragrance, and turning them round, found among some English violets a small envelope bearing his name—the superscription evidently in a familiar hand—which brought to his face the light of a glad surprise.

"You'll not require my services any further today," said Ray, facetiously, a smile upon his usually thoughtful features.

Bowing in happy recognition of the inference implied, Col. Hoixter followed the doctor to the door, and then returned to the flowers and the note.

With "Madeline" trembling on his lips, and scarcely knowing whether he was in Lynde Hotel, or in the nave of St. Peter's, Ray hurried down the stairs, out into the open air. Nature's tonic seemed to restore the equilibrium of the man. Involuntarily he gave his hand a toss, mentally exclaiming, "There

may be a dozen Madelines within a stone's throw for aught I know."

Col. Hoixter took up the note, tore open the envelope, and read:

"LINDEN LEDGE,
Thursday morning, June 3rd. }

"We have just learned of Col. Hoixter's illness, and tender our united sympathy, begging he will not hesitate to allow us any service in his behalf which may lie in our power. Hoping this charming morning may find him much improved, we remain,

Very truly and gratefully, MADELINE,
In behalf of the St. Claires.

Impatiently he tossed the paper from him. "In behalf of the St. Claires! Couldn't the girl speak for herself?"

He sat moody for a few moments, then took up the note and again read its contents. "What an iceberg! Formal enough for the daughter of an earl!" The note again put aside—at length—"Madeline is an acknowledged prude. Mrs. St. Claire understood that. After all, it may not imply what the words seem to indicate."

He placed the sheet in its envelope and deposited both in the inside pocket of his dressing gown, took up the basket and examined the delicate buds. The rare blossoms pleased him. Their perfume, mingling with the air of the room, recalled the day when the breath of a maiden fanned his cheek, and he thought it his forever. A shadow fell over his fine features—doubt was in the shadow. But the flowers—these were hope-inspiring. He placed the basket conspicuously on a low bracket and lay down to rest.

The following day, Ray with Dr. Mackintosh, was driving rapidly through one of the principal streets of Mellissina, when there passed them a carriage, and in it, a face that brought the tingling blood to his cheeks, and the quick inquiry: "Who is that Dr. Mackintosh?"

The doctor hastily turned his head to look, but the carriage had passed, the coachman being the only person visible. "It looks like the St. Clair carriage. Who was in it?"

"A young woman—two little fellows on the seat beside her, I believe."

"Yes, yes, no doubt! She always has children with her. Fine looking—handsome?"

"Yes"—disinclined to further particulars.

"Miss Madeline, I presume. I often meet her. She's never alone."

"And who's Miss Madeline?" Ray was about to ask, when a sudden turn in the road brought them to the house of Mrs. Lee. Dr. Mackintosh got out, saying: "Call here for me when you come back."

"I believe I shall give Mrs. Lee up to you," said Dr. Mackintosh that evening, while talking over the condition of the patients they had seen through the day. "She's very feeble—perhaps in no immediate danger, but requires frequent attendance—is an excellent woman—we must do what we can for her. She's poor—four little children—Julia, the oldest, a promising girl of twelve years. I'd incline to take her into my own house were she not such a help to her mother. There ought to be children in my house Ray. It's a mere staying place, without children"—looks thoughtfully out of the window—at length recalling himself—"You'd better see Mrs. Lee two or three times a week, that is, unless there is a change for the better."

XXIII.

The road to the house of Mrs. Lee, was lined with maples overshadowing pleasant homes, hedges, and groves of acacia, and fine old trees of basswood covered with heart-shaped leaves, the honey-bearing flowers drooping among narrow, cream-colored bracts, and sprinkling the air with fragrance.

One morning, Ray having driven slowly through this charming street, turned into the narrow way that led to Mrs. Lee's humble abode. Tying his horse to a leaning fence, a few steps from the house, he was walking leisurely across the yard, drinking in the pure air and enjoying the beautiful views on every side, when through the open door he heard the tones of a woman's voice and immediately recognized the words of the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

Unwilling to intrude upon what seemed of a devotional character, he waited for the reading to cease, his interest in the mean time awakened by the peculiar pathos and tenderness given the passage, through the intonations of the reader. At the words: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," she paused and Ray was about to cross the threshold, when the same voice commenced: "Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I."

There was a delicious melody in the music. Soon children's lisping voices chimed in and were carried through the hymn with a spiritual beauty and power Ray had seldom heard equaled. He waited until the last note had died away, then entering the house was proceeding to Mrs. Lee's room when through the open door he saw a form kneeling by the bed, one arm around a chubby, brown-faced boy, who nestled fondly up to the graceful figure at his side. Julia clasped the other hand and her two little sisters clung to the drapery that fell in folds around the kneeling figure. To Ray it was a most impressive service—the feeble voice of Mrs. Lee, and the low, sweet tones that fell upon his ear, just distinguishable from the lisping children's voices, as they joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. He stepped aside from the door and reverently waited until it was finished. A gentle rap announced his presence and he entered the room. He could not mistake the face. He had met it in the carriage. He could never mistake it again.

"Do you know Miss Madeline, doctor?" said Mrs. Lee, as he approached the bed.

Ray involuntarily extended his hand, which brought the crimson blush to her face, and reminded him that his earnest look of inquiry might be offensive to a sensitive young woman. "I must wait," was his mental conclusion.

He went to the bedside, talked with Mrs. Lee, and after a few moments turned towards Madeline, but she had noiselessly slipped away. He drew a chair toward the bed, made further inquiries, played with flaxen-haired James, and chatted with the girls, hoping she would return.

"Julia," said Mrs. Lee, calling the child from an adjoining room, "where is Miss Madeline?"

"She said she must go right home, but she'd come over again in a little while, and perhaps you could sit up then. She said she'd come and see."

"I want you to know her, doctor. She's the angel of our household. She staid with me last night. I've been so comfortable lately that I've been alone with the children—Julia is such a faithful little nurse! But Miss Madeline came over last night, and Julia seemed so tired and sleepy—the child has been up a

good deal for a week or so—that she insisted upon staying with me, and Julia must go and have a good night's rest. Then she was sleeping so soundly this morning that Miss Madeline got our breakfast herself; just think, when she has half-a-dozen servants at home to wait on her!"

"And I never waked up till eight o'clock," said Julia, "and she'd washed my dishes and done all my work."

"Then I asked her to read a few verses," continued Mrs. Lee, "and sing that beautiful hymn, 'Hiding in Thee.' I wish you could hear her sing that hymn, doctor."

"I wouldn't object any day," was the doctor's mental response. "Who is this Miss Madeline?" he was about to ask; but it suddenly occurred to him that he had better find out some other way. He felt sure it was the Madeline of St. Peter's. Moreover, he believed she recognized him, but did not wish to renew their very brief acquaintance—hence her abrupt leave-taking. These convictions, however, were followed with the possibility that it might be another Madeline; faces are often much alike, and it seemed improbable he should so soon find her in Mellissina. But he invariably fell back to his first position—it must be the same. There was never such another face—or at least, none but one.

The following day was Sunday. At the close of the morning service, as Dr. Gordon was passing through the vestibule of the church, Mr. Merrill, Superintendent of the Sunday School, touched him on the arm, saying, "I wish you'd do us the favor to take a class in the Sabbath School to-day. I hope you've no engagements to prevent," he continued, seeing the doctor hesitate.

"I've no engagements—must plead unprepared; but I'll take the class if you wish."

"Thank you, doctor. It will be a great relief. The teacher is absent, and I've been unable to find any one to take his place."

Mr. Merrill led the way to one corner of the chapel, where fifteen young ladies were seated, and as he introduced Dr. Gordon teacher for the day, their eyes flashed out a dazzling welcome. Ray, in glancing over the members of the class, saw that Madeline was one of them, she alone sitting with downcast eyes, her hands crossed on the Bible that lay in her lap, and that repose which Ruskin calls the height of beauty, in every lineament and feature. Just as the school were gathered in, Mr. Merrill returned and whispered a few words to Madeline.

"Yes," in reply, "I will take the class."

In passing Ray she stopped, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Pardon me, Dr. Gordon, for leaving the class." Turning to the Superintendent, she added, "Mr. Merrill will explain."

"Forever on the wing," Ray muttered to himself. He went through the lesson very little to his own satisfaction, but apparently with a different effect upon his fascinating auditors.

That afternoon he was sitting with Dr. Mackintosh in the library. The quiet of a Christian household pervaded every thing. Even the sunshine that the doctor would never allow shut out, seemed to struggle timidly through the clustering vines, and mildly light up the luxurious appurtenances of the room. Family portraits looked down from the walls and occasionally a rare painting or choice engraving. In niches were statuettes of Goethe and Burns, and in opposite corners, bolder figures of Homer and Milton. Cases of dark mahogany were filled with books—some in gay covers, conspicuous in "blue and gold"—some in the sumptuous leathers

of Russia and Morocco—many worn and dingy, but valuable. The two men had been led from the church—its influence and destiny—its failures and ultimate success—into conversation upon the silent poets, and philosophers, and divines around them on every side; thence to the rare books in their profession, and other works they had seen or read. Finally they approached foreign cities, and famous paintings, and places each had visited, and noted buildings—thus to St. Peter's.

The one thought that at the mention of St. Peter's, fastened itself in the mind of Ray, found expression thus: "Dr. Mackintosh, who is the Miss Madeline that I hear so much about in Mellissina."

The dark eyes shot out a curious look from beneath their knitted brows, as he silently asked: "What now? He inquired about her the other day when we were riding." Turning his gaze away from Rry and fixing it for an instant on the portrait of his wife, the doctor answered: "I don't know very much about her. Have you seen the girl?"

"Yes, I've seen her. You know we met her the other day on Broad Street."

Dr. Mackintosh looked up inquiringly, and at length asked, "Have you seen her anywhere else?"

"Yes, I've seemed to run across her several times. To-day Mr. Merrill asked me to take the place of a teacher who was absent in the Sabbath School. She was in the class."

"I'm glad you've got into the Sabbath School. You can do good there—hope you'll remain—and Madeline was in the class, was she?"

"Well, I can hardly say that. Mr. Merrill called her out to take another class—of small boys—I believe."

"Yes, yes! I see"—after a few minutes—"I shouldn't suppose any man would object to her in his class, nor any boy to having her for a teacher"—another pause—"This the only time you've ran across her?"

Ray understood the vein of humor that lightened up the doctor's face, but quietly replied: "She was with Mrs. Lee the other morning when I called there."

"She was, eh! She does a good deal for that poor woman. I've met her there. Mrs. Lee often speaks of her. The girl likes children, I reckon. I often see her riding with a ruddy face on either side. There's a good deal of the Dorcas about her."

Although everything appertaining to Madeline was interesting to Ray, still he was not finding out the thing he wanted most to know, and sat revolving in his mind how he could press the subject further without manifesting an unwarrantable curiosity. Might he not inquire as to her family—if she'd ever been abroad, and how long since her return—her other name, for he had always heard her called simply "Miss Madeline." Rejecting all these he finally decided he would gradually lead the doctor, who sat silently gazing upon the portrait opposite him, into a disclosure of whatever he knew concerning the girl in question. After much desultory mental discussion of this character, some ejaculation often bursts forth impromptu—never thought of before—yet frequently more to the point than all the nicely thought out speeches we have been cogitating. So it was with Ray. "Has she always lived in Mellissina?" A natural enough question, but Dr. Gordon had no idea of what he was now saying, until the words had bolted from his lips."

"Oh, no! never's been here till last fall—or at least, not very much."

"Where *has* she been till last year?" thought

Ray, almost breathless lest he should be compelled to continue his interrogatories, or learn nothing further of Madeline.

"She's as fine a type of womanhood as you will often see. She's really beautiful to look upon."—Ray already knew that.—"They say she's rich; heiress of Linden Ledge."

"Linden Ledge," repeated Ray; "the name does not imply great wealth, unless there is a stratum of gold in the ledge."

"A good deal would be required to get possession of it. It's the most desirable estate in town. Have you never noticed the place, just this side of Mrs. Lee's? a large, rather old-fashioned house back from the street, and almost hidden with trees. A little to the right of it are immense rocks, from which stand out bold ledges like old, forsaken castles, in many places almost perpendicular, and in winter, when covered with ice, sparkling like the pallisades of the Hudson. The ledges are surrounded with lindens, the largest I ever saw. Have you not noticed them? I've been by them at this season of the year, when they were literally filled with bees, and the hum, the busy toil, and the hurrying to and fro, was like the founding of a miniature Carthage."

Ray waited impatiently for the doctor to go on, but his eyes were fixed upon Agnes, who seemed to look down love upon the imposing figure that, lying back in his chair, returned her silent gaze. Ray was persistent. "I must hear more; he must tell me." At length he said, "And Madeline only came into possession of Linden Ledges last fall?"

Dr. Mackintosh slowly took his eyes from the painting and turned them upon Ray as he replied: "The place belonged to the St. Claires; Mr. St. Claire was a southern man, but very firm in northern principles; anti-slavery to the very bone; owned a large plantation in Alabama. Finding he could have no influence upon the policy of the South, and fore-seeing war was inevitable, he liberated what slaves he owned, sold all his property at the South and came to New York. He used to be here summers, and about six years ago bought Linden Ledge, but the man didn't live long after that. He'd been in poor health, and went to New York to consult his physician; was taken worse and died in a few days. Mrs. St. Claire remained in Mellissina most of the time. She was a delicate woman—had heart disease. I was called to her occasionally, although she was under the care of her husband's physician. Madeline was away at school. After she came home, Mrs. St. Claire took it into her head to go abroad—I always supposed, to give the girl the advantage of foreign study, though some say her physician recommended it. But it was an unwise thing. She died in Paris last November. They'd been gone about three years. Linden Ledge was left to this Madeline, a near relative of the family; one or two elderly people are to have a maintenance out of the property, I believe."

The explanation was satisfactory, but the mental inquiry followed, "Wonder if she is Tirzah's mistress?" Somehow he would be glad to know she was not *that* Maeline. He said carelessly, but with a purpose in view, "I judge Col. Hoixter was a southern man, from what he told me."

"Oh! yes; Col. Hoixter was on terms of intimacy with the St. Claires. I'm told that Mr. St. Claire made him executor of his will and I presume he has charge of affairs there now. He was in Paris at the time of Mrs. St. Claire's death and returned with Miss Madeline. Rumor says he is to marry her."

Ray very soon went to his own room.

XXIV.

"You needn't wait for me," said Col. Hoixter to the coachman as he stepped down from the carriage at Linden Ledge. Turning round he met a welcome from Tirzah, who seemed to dwell in a kind of watch tower at Linden Ledge, for never did a carriage drive up the avenue, that her eyes had not seen the instant it diverged from the main street, and never was there a familiar footstep upon the verandah that did not find proximity to a pair of bright red stockings and slippers mounted with crimson bows and in the centre, glittering steel buckles. Col. Hoixter was Tirzah's *beau ideal*. "He's so straight an' has sich gen'meny ways, an' sich a noble for'head. an' his eyes is so han'some; then he speaks so kin'er pleasin' like!"

Such were her praises of the man, poured into the ears of Ezra, the colored coachman, who at his own request came North with Mr. St. Claire, and had been a member of the household ever since.

"Tirzah, where's Miss Madeline," said Col. Hoixter, with that familiar air which is warranted by intimate family intercourse, and he sauntered through the portieres into the large parlors, lined with mirrors and dim old paintings, among olive and old gold upholstery, invitingly luxurious.

"In Sunset Corner?" repeating Tirzah's answer and not noticing the remainder of her reply—"she has some children ywith her. I'll go and find her, shall I?" and dazzling teeth were visible beneath the full mustache as he bent a kindly look upon her, and turning, walked noiselessly over the velvet floor to the designated apartment.

Sunset corner was in a remote part of the house—a verandah on the north and south side of the room and to the west a large gothic window, from which was an unobstructed view of the western sky. Against the horizon lay long ranges of blue hills, and intervening wooded valleys and meandering streams; cottages and affluent homes; shrubby plains, green meadows, fields of grain and pastures dotted with grazing herd; and nearer, Sunset Lake silent and still, reflecting in its crystal waters the birches and elms that quivered along its borders.

As Col. Hoixter approached through the open door, he saw Madeline surrounded with half a dozen brown and freckle-faced children. Two little girls were playing with dolls in a corner. The boys were sauntering about the room, with wondering eyes upon the light bamboo chairs and lounges of fanciful patterns; or their brown fingers were smoothing the blue damask cushions, or trying to pick the rose buds that spotted the matting of the floor. One little fellow ventured to open a small alabaster box on a bamboo table in the centre of the room, and was peeping into its blue satin linings when his eye caught the figure of Col. Hoixter standing in the door. Madeline who was reclining on one of the lounges answering questions and otherwise entertaining her guests, at the same instant turned round and met his gaze fixed upon her.

With a blush she rose and approaching him, said: "Ah, Col. Hoixter, come into the parlor. These children will drive you wild here."

"How then will Madeline endure them?" he replied, taking her extended hand in both his.

"Oh! I'm used to the noise," she answered slowly disengaging her hand.

"Let me get used to it too," drawing her back to the lounge and seating himself by her side. "Pray where have you found this motley group?" he asked looking round upon the children who stood staring at him with open mouths.

"They've come to make me a little visit this afternoon from the Mellissina County Home."

"Ah, yes! Mrs. St. Claire's pet. She spent a good many hours in that institution and I used to think her interest in it subjected her to great annoyances. You are carrying on her work, I see."

"I wish I were equal to such a work," she replied, a serious look upon her sweet and exquisitely formed mouth.

"You get enjoyment out of it?"—in a doubtful tone.

"Enjoyment of a certain kind—sometimes I think too much."

"Are these little freckled faces then so charming to you?"

"I would have them charming as God's creatures. But alas! I fear I am too unreasonably vexed by their wild pranks and ungainly ways."

"How can you help being vexed?"

"We do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us."

"Ah! Your stronghold, I see, but unfortunately it is a kind of strength that has never come to me."

"There are many things that come without the asking, but"—she stopped abruptly.

"Let me finish the sentence—this never does. Madeline will you not teach me how to ask that I may be sure to receive?"

"I think you know that already."

"How frequent are these visits?"

"Oh, usually once a week," smiling and looking around upon the children, who were again examining their dolls and houses, horses and steam-cars, and the various playthings in which children delight and which were kept as a part of the necessary household appurtenances at Linden Ledge.

"And you consider it a duty to be thus weekly vexed and annoyed?"

After a long pause—"I think 'tis pleasure that influences me rather than duty."

"With your views there would be pleasure, I suppose, in sackcloth and hungry jaws, and sand-scratched feet."

"Circumstances must decide that"—looking up with a sad smile.

"Do you really think, Madeline, there would be merit in such penance?"

"If anyone would be benefitted by it—otherwise no merit at all."

By this time one little yellow-haired boy with a round head and freckled face and white eyes tinged with blue, had commenced an attack upon the Colonel, by stepping in between his knees and giving a violent pull at his guard chain, which immediately brought out a heavy gold watch from his pocket.

"Ah, my little fellow," said the Colonel taking him on his knee and gently removing the watch from his hand. "What is your name, my boy?" he added, the blue-white eyes staring into his face."

"Let me git down!" was the unequivocal reply—a request which he immediately complied with.

"John, come here, dear," said Madeline.

The boy slowly approached picking little bits of paper from a block labeled "A Giraffe," which, in passing, he had snatched up from the floor. She brushed the hair away from his eyes and turning his face around toward the Colonel, said, "Tell this gentleman your name, John."

"John Bright," throwing back his head upon the arm that lay across his shoulder.

"And John is going to be one of our best boys."

"Yes'em" (rising inflection). Suddenly he gives

a bound, and seizing a tin trumpet from Walter Hall commences to use it right lustily.

"Blowing his own horn!" said the Colonel. "No doubt he will follow in the footsteps of his illustrious namesake, and at no distant day become famous in some Anti-corn-law League."

Finally Marvin, the largest of the boys, nears the door, and with a sly look at Miss Madeline, slips out; John Bright follows. "Can we go?" said little Helen, upon whose ear no necessary word of correction ever fell. Soon they all followed, and Col. Hoixter and Madeline were left to themselves.

"I regard it an unusual streak of good luck that I find you at home to-day, Madeline," said Col. Hoixter. Even Tirzah had vanished from the verandah when I first came here from the South."

"Yes; it was very unfortunate. I have scarcely seen you since your recent illness. Have you quite recovered?"

"Oh yes, entirely, thanks to Dr. Gordon. Have you ever met the doctor?"

"For a few moments (blushing visibly). I hope the winter passed pleasantly with you"—avoiding any further allusion to Dr. Gordon.

"I can hardly say that. The contrast between the South now and what it once was, is desolation in itself. Doubt is desolation too. Could I have gone away from here with that one certainty, it might have been different—it would have been. You could have made me happy anywhere through the winter, Madeline," and he looked down upon the blushing girl at his side, with intense love in his deep, earnest gaze.

"Was not the doubt in compliance with your own request?" replied Madeline without raising her eyes.

"Don't be hard, Madeline."

"How could I be hard with Col. Hoixter?"

"Not even a letter for the weary months; not a word from Linden Ledge."

"I thought cousin Hope wrote you."

"Beg pardon; she did; but what was that?"

Madeline was silent.

"I have hoped Mrs. St. Claire's wishes might have influence where the homage of a true heart has seemed to fail."

"She didn't know"—coloring deeply.

Col. Hoixter fixed his keen eye upon her, mentally saying, "Know what?"

"You could not wish me to leave myself out in a question like that," she continued quickly, lest he should have opportunity to consider the meaning of her first remark.

At that moment Marvin reappeared, a small tearose bush in his hand, pulled up by the roots. John Bright followed with a defiant air, one dirt-stained finger on his nether lip, and the other hand plunged into the depth of his trousers pocket, giving his short, plump thigh somewhat the figure of a big potato with a small one growing upon its side.

"He did this," said Marvin, approaching Madeline and holding up to her the rose-bush, at the same time nodding toward John.

"Come here, John," said Madeline. John hung his head, but obeyed.

"Did you know this rose-bush would die if you pulled it up by the roots in that way?"

"Yes'em."

"Then why did you do it, John?"

"Cause I wanted to."

"There will never be any more roses on it now. Are you not sorry you have killed all these beautiful buds?"

"No ma'm," and John Bright tipped his head

one side and turned his pale eyes and mushroom face up to the delicately tinted walls.

"I'm glad you told me the truth, John. I would not want you to say you were sorry if you were not."

Madeline could not withstand a glance at Col. Hoixter, nor did she exactly know what construction to put upon the amused look on his face as he sat watching her method of ethical instruction.

Nathan Hatch, who with the other children, had followed Marvin into the house, suddenly slipped out, but soon returned with a mottled Pansy in his hand, roots and all, and going straight to Madeline held it up before her, saying, "I pulled dis up, 'tause I wanted tu. I isn't sorry. Be you g'ad I tell trufe?"

"I'm curiously waiting to see how that problem is to be solved," said Col. Hoixter to Madeline, who sat demurely holding the pansy in her hand.

"Wish I could lay it on the table, after the manner of legislative bodies," she replied. "But that won't answer in the family, so you see the importance of wise heads at home, as well as in council." I've long been impressed with that necessity and am trying to act upon it." He turned away and took up a book that lay upon the table, while Madeline proceeded to impress upon the children how wrong it was to destroy the beautiful things God has made for us, and which others delight to look upon.

They listened awhile, then turned to their dolls and toys, John in the meantime laying his restless hands on everything within his reach, and Nathan following in his tracks.

"When do you send these little folks home?" asked Col. Hoixter at length, with a bit of impatience in his tone.

"Oh! they must have tea before they go," and Madeline rang the bell and told Tirzah, who appeared courtesying at the door, to ask 'Rushia if she could get supper half-an-hour earlier than usual. "It is time they were home now," she added, taking little Helen, who was standing caressingly by her side, into her lap.

At that moment there was a crash, and John Bright, with his yellow hair hanging over his eyes, and the blood trickling from his fingers, looked down unabashed upon a china vase that lay in a dozen pieces upon the floor.

"Good afternoon, Miss Madeline," said Col. Hoixter, hastily rising, and with his usual ease and polish, he bowed and left the room. Madeline followed him into the hall to beg he would excuse the confusion which the advent of so many children into a house must invariably bring.

"That is all right, Madeline—but the other—I hoped to see you—you alone this afternoon."

"Had it not been for the children, you know." The tea bell rang. "I cannot ask that you remain to tea in such a racket," she added as the children rushed into the hall toward the dining room door.

"No, Madeline—I'd rather take you with me."

Col. Hoixter walked down the avenue into the street toward the Lynde Hotel. Turnouts in gay liveries met him. In vain from coach and barouche, came sparkling signs of recognition. He was oblivious to the fashion and gaiety and show that in summer crowded the beautiful suburban town. He was disappointed in his interview with Madeline. Her language had left little room for hope, but he had already hoped too long to submit unflinchingly to defeat, nor after the experience of the year past could he believe it awaited him.

Col. Hoixter had, for the first time, met Madeline some five years previous while spending her vacation in New York with Mrs. St. Claire, and was at

once in love with her rare beauty, her originality and her peculiar simplicity of character. Her unaffected manners were charming to this man of the world. Her unassuming piety acted like a spell upon his doubting heart. Nor was he slow in making Mrs. St. Clair acquainted with the depth of his passion and in asking her permission to declare his love to Madeline. This attachment on the part of Col. Hoixter, was very gratifying to Mrs. St. Claire, nor did she for a moment doubt it would be fully reciprocated by Madeline. He was too fascinating a man to admit of any other conclusion. But she was unwilling an interruption of this nature should interfere with Madeline's progress in study, and prevailed upon the Colonel for the present to let the matter rest. As the attorney of Mrs. St. Claire, after the death of her husband, Col. Hoixter was much in the family, where he was always welcome, and where great deference was given to his opinions, the more so, as he had been for a long time before Mr. St. Claire's death, his confidential friend and financial adviser.

Every vacation found Madeline also at Linden Lodge, nor was she slow to perceive the deference paid to Col. Hoixter, nor to find in him a courtly grace of manner most attractive to young womanhood, and as she knew nothing of his love for herself, there was no restraint in her daily intercourse with him. She regarded him as a kind of Mentor, in whose judgment she could trust, and upon whose decisions she could at all times rely. His exquisite literary taste and familiarity with those studies in which, as a student she excelled, rendered him a most acceptable companion, while his position in the family seemed to point to him as her natural protector whenever circumstances rendered such attentions necessary, and as such, they were always received, until he began to regard her as unmistakably his, and waited only for her school days to be over that he might declare his love and receive her as his bride. But to his surprise and disappointment, when that time came, Miss Madeline, in answer to his protestations of eternal fidelity, very coolly told him her love for him was not sufficient to warrant such an engagement. Mrs. St. Claire had a full apprehension of woman's perverseness in matters of love, and was too sensible to press the subject home to Madeline. She knew its effect would be to render her first decision unalterable. "Madeline's an unsophisticated school girl," she said to Col. Hoixter, by way of explanation, "and don't know what love is. Let her alone awhile and her heart will assert its claims and you will find her in tears at your feet."

And so Madeline was let alone until Mrs. St. Claire decided upon going abroad, when Col. Hoixter again brought before her the depth of his passion, but to meet a similar refusal.

"Madeline," persisted Mrs. St. Claire, "thinks of nothing but the opportunity she shall have for fostering her love of music and study. To visit the homes of Schiller and Herder and to read in the original Iphigenia and Titan is all she seems to think about at present."

In this there was no attempt at deception on the part of Mrs. St. Claire. Madeline had once replied to her inquiries: "Why should I wish to marry anyone, when I'm getting so much out of life as it is?" and she fully believed in the reason she gave for the girl's apparent indifference. Col. Hoixter believed them too, and moreover had a feeling of pride in the rare attainments of one he still hoped to win. Nevertheless, there were misgivings in his heart as he saw the great steamer plunge into the sea and

bear away from his sight the woman dearer to him than all the world beside.

According to previous arrangement, at the expiration of two years, Col. Hoixter joined the ladies in Lausanne, where Madeline's evident delight at seeing him again led him to believe that, at length his suit had prevailed. Indeed, he was sure of love in the great dreamy eyes that anxiously looked up to his, although no word to that effect had he ever drawn forth from her lips. Besides, demands upon his time prevented his going with Mrs. St. Claire to Italy. Madeline seemed so heartily to regret this, and had evidently gotten so much enjoyment out of the few weeks they had traveled together, that he assured himself this would be their last separation and that the whole thing should be settled and their engagement announced when they met again in Paris. But alas! that event came with death on its wings. Mrs. St. Claire was barely able to escape from Rome and telegraphed the Colonel to meet her in Paris several weeks sooner than was expected. Her condition ever after would allow of no allusion to his connection with Madeline. She said to her one morning in his presence, "I have made Col. Hoixter the executor of my will, and regard all pecuniary matters as safe in his hands, and my darling child, in those hands I should look upon your future as safe also."

A deep blush was Madeline's only answer, evidently indicating a certain consciousness which Col. Hoixter interpreted as most favorable to his wishes. They returned to the United States, bearing with them the remains of Mrs. St. Claire, and whatever Madeline's feelings towards Col. Hoixter might be, his sympathy and unobtrusive attentions, his anticipation of her wishes and delicate consideration in everything appertaining to herself, deepened her regard for him and brought into her heart a gratitude that could never die.

Col. Hoixter's native, high-born courtesy forbade any allusion to his wishes, during the early days of mourning, but when in midwinter he was suddenly called South, he again sought her hand and begged an immediate consummation of his long cherished hopes. With tearful eyes, she assured him it could never be.

"Do not say that, Madeline," he passionately exclaimed, "rather let it still be undecided until I return in the spring." She only replied, "As you wish—but it will be the same then."

XXV.

"How would you like a trip into Pennsylvania to-morrow?" said Dr. Mackintosh to Ray one evening late in September.

Ready assent being given, the doctor continued: "I own a little farm out there, or at least, have a mortgage on it for more than its worth too, I guess. A Mr. Horton lives on the place. He probably calculates it's his by this time, for he hasn't paid a cent of interest nor have I heard a word from him for more than two years. I'd like to know what the man's about—thought once I'd ask Col. Hoixter to go out and look after things a little; or some other lawyer, but you can do it just as well. You've been close at work through the summer—can go up among the mountains and be gone a week or two if you like."

Accordingly the following morning Dr. Gordon was on his way to Cohosh—a small, out-of-the-way town in northern Pennsylvania—assuring Margaret however, when he left the house, that he should be home that night. The country was clad in the first brilliancy of autumn, and the journey of one hundred

miles seemed a mere pastime, although it lay through thinly settled and somewhat deserted portions of the State.

"Are there any carriages to be had here?" asked Ray as he stepped from the car and glanced about him upon a few scattered houses which bore the name of Cohosh village.

The depot-master looked inquiringly at the stranger as he replied, "John White, he keeps horses to let up there by the store. I'll send my boy an' git ye one ef ye want."

"Oh, no! The store yonder? I'll walk that way and find Mr. White."

"Well, he'll let ye hav' a ho'ss. How fur ye goin'?"

"Only a few miles. Do you know a man by the name of Horton, living in these parts?"

"Oh, Yes! Lewis Horton. He lives bout three miles off, on the Kadesh road. Lewis, he was round here yesterday."

Ray was about to walk from the platform when the man following him said, "Lewis, he's pooty hard up for money, I reckon." He looked into the doctor's face inquiringly as he added, "Did ye come from the Jarsies?"

"I left New Jersey about four hours ago."

"I s'pose it's Dr. Mackintosh."

"My name is Gordon, sir."

"Oh, well I knowed Lewis had some dealings with Dr. Mackintosh, and I thought likely he'd come up to see 'bout it."

Ray bade the man good morning and walked toward the store. There were several loungers sitting under the piazza, each boldly scrutinizing the approaching stranger.

"I'm in search of a horse and carriage to take me some three miles on the Kadesh road," said Ray on reaching the piazza. "I'm told a certain John White here has horses to let."

"Yes sir, that's my name," said a thin, red-haired man, with a deeply wrinkled face and a voice like the notes of a tin whistle. After a few inquiries he started off to "harness up the team."

An old man sat near the edge of the piazza and Ray began to ask him certain questions about the Kadesh road. There was something peculiarly familiar in the accent and tones of his voice as he replied, "Wall, I don't know nothing 'bout the folks as lives round here, but that's the road as goes to Kadesh," and he rose and limped along to one end of the piazza to point out the way.

"That must be 'mine host' at Wendham," and Ray immediately gave expression to the thought, "Is not this Mr. Stevens—Abiel Stevens of Wendham?"

"Yes, that's what they call me. But you've got the 'dvantage o'me. I can't call you by name."

"Do you remember Ray Gordon who kept a winter school at Wendham, and boarded at your house?"

"Wall, I guess I do. Now I declare if 'taint Mr. Gordon!" Abiel limped forward and eagerly grasped the hand of his old acquaintance. "Wall, I should not a known yer, but I see now good many of yer old looks. Purty young then; yer look older now. Wall, I didn't think er seein' yer here."

"How does it happen you are away down in Pennsylvania, Mr. Stevens?"

"Wall, you remember my son Abiel?"

"Oh, yes; I remember your son Abiel."

Wall, he kinder got strayed off away from home and found er place in er blacksmith's shop down here, an' so he stayed here an' worked a spell, an' then he brought his wife, an' so they live here.

"Then Abiel's married. He seemed only a boy as I used know him in school."

"Yes, he's married—do you remember Juley Bean?"

"Certainly, I remember her."

"Wall, my son Abiel married Juley, and she makes him a good wife; takes good care o' his things, is prudent an' a hard-workin' woman. I tell Abiel he couldn't a done better. Go up an' see 'em Mr. Gordon?" They live right up here," pointing to a street in the rear of where he stood.

"Thank you, I must first go out a few miles on business. If I have time when I come back."

At that moment a comfortable looking buggy drove up to the door. "Mr. Stevens, why not take a ride with me? I'd like to hear about your folks and the Wendham people; only about three miles; won't you go?"

"Wall, now, I declare, I reckon I will, if I shan't crowd you, Mr. Gordon."

"Oh, no! plenty of room. Let me help you in, Mr. Stevens," he added, taking his cane from the somewhat decrepit old man.

"Don't know but I'd oughter went round and told Juley," he said, "guess I'd better," making a movement to alight from the carriage.

"We'll drive to the house," replied Ray.

Julia came to the door at the call of her father-in-law, and immediately recognized her old teacher. The salutations and inquiries being ended and the necessary explanations given, Ray tightened the reins and drove away.

"Wall, I didn't think er sich a thing as seein' you. Where der yer live now, Mr. Gordon?"

"Mellissiana, New Jersey."

"Keeping school?"

"No, I've done nothing at that since I was in Wendham."

"Ye haven't! Gone to farmin' or perhaps ye're in a store?"

"No, Mr. Stevens."

"Well, what do you do? It's none of my business, but I'd kinder like tu know—he, he, he! I allus took an interest in the masters that boarded with me."

"I visit the sick."

"What, all the time—ev'ry day?"

"Nearly every."

"Oh, yer a doctor, ain't ye? he, he, he!"

"They call me one."

"Wall, I declare! Now why can't ye come and settle down in Wendham and live there with us?"

"You have Dr. Deems—that is, is he with you yet?"

"Oh, no! Dr. Deems, he left us a good many years ago—must been soon arter you was there."

"Where did he go?"

"Can't tell yer—somewhere out West, I b'lieve."

"That accounts for my getting no answer to the letter I sent him," thought Ray. He wrote Dr. Deems a few months after leaving Wendham, but received no reply.

"Folks said he wanted to be in a bigger place. Now if you'd come there, the folks 'd all be glad to see you; they allus liked you, Mr. Gordon; and I hope you'd have enough to do, and I guess you would, for they have a good deal of sickness, take it the year round."

Ray was not listening very attentively to Mr. Stevens. His next question indicated the direction his thoughts had taken. "Is the Maguire family in Wendham now?"

"The Maguire family? Let me see. Oh, yes! I remember 'em. The gal, what was her name? she went to school tu yu, didn't she?"

"Mudge Maguire. Yes, she went to school."

"Wall, Mis Maguire died, and arter a while they moved off out of town."

"Yes, Mudge died before I left."

Without noticing Ray's remark, the old man continued: "Mis Maguire she died afore Dr. Deems went away. Some said he felt amazin' bad 'bout it. You see, Mis Maguire she took the fever of Mudge, an' I've heard 'em say she use' ter tell the gal how she'd taken care of her till she'd got the fever herself, and knowed she'd die—and she did die."

"Yes, but Mudge died the very morning I left, Mr. Stevens."

"No, she didn't die neither; 'twas her mother died."

"Well, I happen to know about that myself (mentally); have thought enough about it to know." But he argued the point no further. "How's your wife, Mr. Stevens? She was a good, kind woman."

"So she was—so she was; but my wife that I had then—wall, she kept kinder failin' and fin'ly, 'bout four years ago, she got a drefful cold somehow, and she didn't live but a little while."

"Indeed! I'm sorry to hear that; 'twas a great loss to you."

"Yes, 'twas. She'd got to be so kinder feeble she couldn't do much; she did manage to keep round and see to things till she got that cold, and then she give right up. Purty hard for a man to be left alone in that way at my time of life—purty tough."

"But Abiel's gone; you don't live alone."

"No, oh no! I couldn't, yer see. I must have a wife to look arter my things, an' do the work an' take care o' me if I'm sick; a man needs a wife." Ray was silent, and eager to go on with his story, Mr. Stevens continued: "Perhaps yer remember Susan Stone."

Ray had forgotten whether he had ever seen her.

"Wall, Susan, she came an' took care o' my wife arter she got that—yer see she didn't do nothing arter that—an' so Susan, she staid an' done the work arter my woman died. Wall, she's neat an' spry, an' I liked her, an' so I told her I wanted somebody ter take care o' me an' my things, an' she wanted er home, an' I didn't see no use waitin'. At fust she kinder hung off—guess women does a'mos' allus—but fin'ly she come round an' so we went over to Parson Hill's and got married. She takes good care o' my things, an' she's a good deal spryer than my fust wife was. But some how she is'nt so kinder patient an' satisfied with ev'rything. I hate ter have a fuss an' so try to do purty much as she says."

"Who did you say married you?"

"Parson Hill. He's the minister there now."

"Then Mr. Grant has left you."

"Oh! yes, long ago. They got kinder tired o' him. They wanted a younger man they said. And so they got a younger man, but he didn't stay long. They said he wanted that Maguire gal."

"What Maguire girl?" jerked out of Ray's mouth like a bomb-shell from the mortar.

"Why that gal that went ter school ter you."

"Mudge? Why Mr. Stevens don't you remember she died the morning I left your house?"

Abiel sat looking out upon the thistles and hard-hacks by the roadside—his brow contracted as if to recall the circumstance that so greatly moved him nearly ten years before. At length, with deeper contraction, his head bent forward and his eyes still on the weeds by the roadside, he exclaimed, "Wall, I do remember som'thin' 'bout it now—how it went all over town that Mudge Maguire was dead, and they did think so, but her father, he come home,

and Dr. Deems he stayed right by her an' told 'em just what ter do and fin'ly he give her som'thin' that brought her to. I can't tell the partik'lers—had forgotten all 'bout it. But I remember now Susan's tellin' that Maguire said Dr. Deems saved Mudge's life—that's when they all was tryin' ter have him stay. Yer see Susan she took care o' Mis Maguire when she's sick. She's told me a good many things 'bout 'em."

"And you are sure Mudge is still living?"

"No! don' know nothin' bout that. They went off out er town in er year er so arter Mis Maguire died. Yer see she took the fever an' was drefful sick. I remember hearin' Susan tell how bad Mudge felt 'bout her mother."

"Where did they go?"

"Don' know nothin' 'bout it. Seems ter me they said some er his folks took Mudge off an' sent her ter school."

"Well, Mr. Stevens, I can't doubt your word, but it seems very strange, for I supposed Mudge died the morning I left Wendham."

"Wall, she didn't, but she looked bad enough when she fust got out, an' then she grew plump, and her cheeks was like roses, and her great eyes looked kinder soft an' sad like—I tell yer, she was a han'some gal. I remember her in the singers seat. She used ter go to meetin allers, an' the min'ster he stood right up in front er her, an' I s'pose he couldn't help likin' her. They said she was changed won'fully arter her mother died—went ter all the evenin' meetin's. Maguire, he'd never go, but he allus went arter her. They use' ter tell 'twas so none the boys could go home with her. Abiel said he needn't worry—uone of 'em wanted ter—he, he, he! But they did, yer see—couldn't help it—sich a han'some gal—an' Maguire he knew it too. I'd forgotten these things, but yer speakin' 'bout Maguire's folks brought 'em all back an' I remember 'em now."

Dr. Gordon also remembered Mr. Stevens peculiarities in story telling. Had he said Mndge had burst her winding-sheet and risen from the grave, his statement would have seemed scarcely less probable. But he could not dismiss the subject from his mind, and continued to take in the possibilities of the case, until when he reached home, he found himself giving a good degree of credence to a tale that at first seemed but the outgrowth of Mr. Steven's love for the marvelous joined with the shadows that age often draws over the most clear and retentive memory.

"Well, what did you think of Cohosh and my little farm out there?" inquired Dr. Mackintosh as they seated themselves at the table which Margaret had prepared with unusual care; she always did this at night, when either gentleman was absent from dinner.

"I saw Mr. Horton, and he promised to send a part of the money due within two weeks, if you'd not foreclose—I think he will if he can get it. He said as soon as he could sell the crops he'd been raising he would pay the whole amount, or at least nearly all of it. He told rather a pitiful story; said his wife had been sick; three of his children had scarlet fever last year, and he himself was kept in the house all winter from rheumatism. So he got behind, but the crops were coming in well, and he hoped to make it up this fall. I doubt if he's able to pay it all."

"Poor man! I'll not foreclose if that's the case. But he should have written me about it."

"You know, doctor, it's hard writing what is disagreeable for a man to say."

"So it is. I'm sorry for Horton. If he pays a part of the interest promptly now, I'll throw in the rest, and let him start new at the beginning of the year. I guess he's honest."

"He seems conscientious—talked well; has evidently had a good many drawbacks. They come hard to one who has nothing to fall back on."

"So they do. I musn't be hard on Horton. Cohosh is a disconsolate looking place. I should rather give him the farm than to live on it myself."

XXVI.

It was one of those delicious October days, when the golden sunlight like a saintly robe lies aslant the earth, that Dr. Gordon, late in the afternoon, started for the Mellissina County Home. This institution had been opened six years before, through the charity of some benevolent ladies in the neighborhood, who seeing the miserable condition of children in the county poor-house, bought a large, airy house with several acres of land, and assumed the care of all county paupers under the age of twelve years. From the beginning Dr. Mackintosh was greatly interested in this good work, and rendered its patrons invaluable aid, not only through his advice and liberal contributions, but also by his voluntary professional services. These he had transferred to Dr. Gordon, as he also had most of his practice in the cause of charity—"work enough for one man to do," Ray sometimes thought.

Fleet was trotting briskly over the road—Ray had sent the pretty roan to Dr. Mackintosh to be used and cared for while he was abroad, and was greatly pleased when on going into the stable on his return, she gave a low whinny, and as he came near, tenderly lay her soft neck down upon his shoulder—she was trotting along beneath crimson maples starred with gold, and great bronze-armed oaks, under which blue gentians wound their spiral fingers, toward the County Home, when suddenly she pricked up her ears, and looking ahead, Ray saw by the roadside what seemed to be a carriage partially overturned. As he drew near he saw a young colored boy frisking about with an important air, as if under the weight of some great responsibility, and near him, holding the horse by the bridle, a young woman whom he immediately recognized as Miss Madeline. Her face was flushed with excitement, her dress disarranged; and her long hair, freed from braid and band, falling over her shoulders, converted by the slanting rays of the sun into threads of wavy gold.

Fleet danced daintily up to her and stopped, at the same time turning her head round knowingly toward her master. Ray stepped from the carriage just in time to hear the colored boy say, "Why, Miss Madeline, you can't go back afoot; why it's ten or 'leben miles." He saw at a glance that Madeline was unhurt, and approaching, made inquiries as the nature and cause of the accident. "No one is injured, I hope," he added, looking round toward the boy, who was trying to lift the carriage into an upright position.

"Not in the least," replied Madeline. "Jerry is usually exceedingly well-behaved, but to-day, foolish creature, he took fright at that projecting rock opposite," and she patted the neck of the meek looking animal in a sympathetic way, as she continued, "The thill is broken in two places, and one of the wheels seems quite shattered."

"The spokes was broken afore," said Caleb the colored boy, "and we hadn't oughter come with it."

Caleb was ambitious of Ezra's seat on the box and to drive two horses instead of one, and would have been very willing to condemn the buggy as worth-

less, that, there being no other single carriage at Linden Ledge, in future, he might be sure of the "span," black and shining and caprisoned in gilt and polished leather.

"It would hardly be safe to try the carriage again. Caleb you'll have to take Jerry home and leave the buggy beside the road until we can send for it."

"But you can't walk home," persisted Caleb, "it's ten miles."

"Oh, no Caleb, it isn't five miles."

Caleb's plan was to throw the buggy down the steep bank and at the nearest house procure a "team" to carry Miss Madeline to Linden Ledge.

"Permit me to take you home, Miss Madeline—it will give me great pleasure if you'll allow me to do it." Dr. Gordon spoke the truth.

Caleb looked at him in a scornful way—he had never seen the doctor before. "Miss Madeline don't ride wid' strangers," he muttered between his teeth, seeing himself in danger of losing the hero's part in the "traj'dy," as he called it after the first crash was over.

"Dr. Gordon is not a stranger, Caleb," said Madeline with a deep blush. "You can draw the carriage entirely out of the road and then go home with Jerry. I'll be glad to accept your very kind offer Dr. Gordon."

"Let me help you Caleb," said Ray "The buggy must be heavy for a little fellow"—he forgot for the moment that he was speaking to a boy whose highest ambition was to be thought a man—but immediately added, "I see you understand just how to do it. When we know how to do a thing it is half done."

Turning to Madeline—evidently a little confused—he said, "I've a short call to make at the 'County Home' yonder"—the house was in sight—"and then return directly to Mellissina."

"I will go back with you to the 'Home'"—anticipating the embarrassment there would be in asking her to do it.

"Thank you"—lifting her into the carriage. "I shall be detained but a few moments," he added as they neared the Home.

Madeline declined to go in. "Sit still if you please—can I take the reins?" seeing him about to throw them over the dasher.

"Certainly, but you need have no fears, Fleet will stand," putting the reins into her hand.

The doctor disappeared, and Madeline, taking off her hat, proceeded to arrange her disordered dress and twist her hair into place, when the door opened and out rushed the children for "a good play in the yard"—a necessary part in the transposition from twenty white bowls filled with warm new milk, to twenty little beds with snow-white coverings. Upon seeing Miss Madeline again so soon—she had just left the Home when the accident occurred—they rushed towards her with exclamations of surprise. Little Helen soon found her place in "Mits Mad'line's" lap. Two girls climbed up and nestled at her side. The boys swung upon the wheels, hung from the dasher, and one little fellow lay at her feet in the bottom of the carriage. A pretty child with long yellow curls, was pulling grass from tufts near by and bringing it to John Bright, who conveyed it to Fleet's eager mouth.

Dr. Gordon soon returned and stood at the door looking upon the unique picture, until Madeline—who was entertaining the children with an account of her recent disaster—had finished coiling her hair, and was about to replace her hat—looking up met

his eye, bringing the delicate carnation to her cheeks, the rich, dark blood to his.

The children slipped down from the carriage, and as Ray, one hand on the dasher, was about to take his place beside Madeline, John Bright drew up before him, his big, brown fists crowded into his pockets, and his round hatless head turned upon one side. Looking into the doctor's face he said, "She ain't your Miss Mad'line."

"Unfortunately children tell the truth," said the doctor in a very low voice, as with a pleasant smile he stepped into the carriage and took the reins from the hand of the fair Madeline.

Dr. Gordon had wanted this very opportunity—a chance to find out if Madeline remembered him—an opportunity of being sure of what he already knew. He was pleased with the prospect and as he drove out of the yard, he was inclined to think the accident a most fortunate occurrence and himself a very fortunate man. Indeed, he was about to give expression to such a line of thought, when it suddenly flashed across his mind that he was riding with Col. Hoixter's affianced. The remembrance was like water to his newly ignited anticipations. But of course he'd a perfect right to take her home—was of Caleb's opinion that she couldn't walk—wished he could find Mudge—ten years! Should he know her? "Nonsense! Think of her when you are alone"—thus wound up his soliloquy.

"You are not a stranger at the 'Home,' I infer,"—Ray disliked the sound of his voice in uttering these words; would rather not have asked the question; paused an instant and then—"perhaps you are one of its patrons."

"No, I come out frequently to see the children; Mrs. Newton is gentle and affectionate and her influence over them is wonderful. They are mostly good children, some of them a little willful and obstinate."

A long pause.

Ray at length said something about the beautiful season of the year and the views around Mellissina, and the lovely homes scattered over the country, and finally found himself drawing comparisons between October in New Jersey and October in Italy.

Madeline thought there was nothing in Italian scenery that so floats the heart upon a sea of repose as the the golden serenity of our own autumnal days. Avoiding any allusion to St. Peter's, she spoke of the disenchantment that comes upon seeing what one has exaggerated by long anticipation—thought many of the artists might be well understood through copies—Titian, never. He must be seen in his own paintings. Leonardo's works are too studied; wanting in simple and direct expression of the soul. Michael Angelo's frescoes were beyond expectation. He had the Greek ideals. Rome was unsatisfactory however, without her senate—Cicero, Cato and the Scipios. But the Latins, after all, were merely imitators—the Greeks, real. They, "more than all other people have dreamed the most beautiful dream of life"—'twas Schiller said it, she thought. The Romans used their strength for the aggrandizement of self and for the acquisition of power—the Greeks to preserve their institutions and religion. Extravagance destroyed Rome—philosophy and art was the inspiration of Greece. Sophocles and Plato were not allured by the glitter of gold. Marathon was fought for homes and liberty, not for territory.

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece"—Here she stopped. Words had fallen from her lips like streams from full fountains. Over the soul of Ray they floated like the melody of other years. Her eyes, slightly raised, were looking far away in the sunset sky.

Suddenly a new light burst upon him like a flash from the serene heavens, bringing conviction and certainty that he neither could nor would resist. It was Mudge; the voice, the intonation, the thought, the expression, the face; everything was Mudge. As sometimes a great truth flashes out upon the student after long and perplexing research, so did this certainty come home to the heart of Ray Gordon. His first impulse was to clasp her in his arms with intensity of delight. But no! He must be true to what he had assumed. He had volunteered to take her home—he had no right to play the role of the lover without her consent, nor to take advantage of her accidental necessity. Besides, there was a possibility of his being mistaken. No, he was sure he was not mistaken. It had come to him like a revelation and he *knew*. He wondered he had been blind so long. Why, he could plainly see now that Mudge was the child—Madeline the woman. His new discovery kindled the passionate gaze with which he was regarding her when she suddenly ceased speaking. Was it an electric thrill from soul to soul that made her conscious of his gaze? She had not turned her eyes from the glowing West.

The sudden pause recalled Ray to himself and familiar with the lines, he finished the couplet she had commenced, without realizing what he was saying, until he heard his own voice repeating, "Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved."

"Can it be," he thought, she knows it all, and was startled at the aptness of the simile and so stopped as she was about to repeat it, or could she have commenced the verse as a challenge for acknowledging recognition?

She just bowed and smiled as he finished the line, never turning her eyes away from the glowing sky, but sat looking steadfastly before her like a vestal to the sacred fire that must burn on forever. Ray could say nothing—had but one thing to say. Soon they turned into the avenue to Linden Ledge. Fleet trotted up to the veranda with a mincing step. Tirzah was at the door, her steel buckles sparkling in the moonlight. Ray wished she'd go into the house. He didn't like Tirzah. The suggestions her presence imposed damped the ardor of his new discovery. A white haired man appeared, and in a timid way walked across the piazza to lift Madeline from the carriage, but Ray had anticipated him. "Ah, Madeline," he said, "I'm glad if you are safely home. Were you hurt my child?"

"Not in the least, papa. Dr. Gordon came to the rescue. This is my father, Dr. Gordon."

In a diffident way the man extended his hand, saying, "Come in, Dr. Gordon; we are greatly indebted to you, sir."

"The indebtedness is altogether on my side," replied Ray, awkwardly.

The door stood open. The hall extending through the centre of the house was brilliantly lighted. On either side were family portraits and beneath them sofas and reclining chairs, and in niches, statuary, and flowers upon small tables and on the floor Brussels that left no echoing footsteps.

As Ray was about returning to his carriage, a small delicate looking woman appeared at the other end of the hall clad in black, relieved by a profusion of lace about her neck and face. At her side was a handsome youth with dark brown curls clustering around his forehead. On seeing Madeline, he sprang forward and throwing his arms about her kissed her most lovingly.

"Why Arthur, when did you come?"

"An hour ago and was just starting for you. All

we could learn from Caleb was, that the carriage had run off an embankment and a stranger had run off with Miss Madeline."

"And this is the stranger," she replied, smiling. "Dr. Gordon, let me introduce you to our cousin Arthur St. Claire—a hopeful freshman from Princeton."

After a few words of explanation, Dr. Gordon stepped into his carriage and drove away.

XXVII.

Mr. Merrill having decided upon Colorado—the consumptive's home—as a refuge from the assaults of that fatal disease, resigned his position as Superintendent of the Sabbath School, amid regrets and tears and testimonials of affection, which were met by arrangements for an informal reception given to the teachers and older members of the school, as an expression of his appreciation of their services, time and influence in behalf of the work in which he had been so successfully engaged. Dr. Gordon's brief connection with the school insured him a place among the invited guests, an invitation readily accepted, in the hope of there meeting Madeline. He had been present at several parties and entertainments in which the fashionable and pleasure-loving portion of the community had freely indulged during the summer, but had never met Madeline, her recent bereavement affording sufficient reason for declining all participation in such festivities. But this was of a different character, and the sedate man was as impatient as a more youthful lover when the night came, and found him with several professional calls upon his hands. But he hurried through them—disappointing one, angering another, grieving a child—and at a late hour entered Mr. Merrill's parlor. After a little brief conversation with his host and those about him, Ray turned to look around the room, when his eye fell upon a group standing in a narrow alcove framed in with lace and damask. The central person was Col. Hoixter. At his side Madeline, in a dress of black velvet, closely fitting and displaying the contour of her fine figure in graceful outline. Her luxuriant hair, repelling every invasion of its right to coil and flutter over the forehead and clear-marked eyebrows, was gathered at the back of the head and fastened with jet. Rich *duchesse* bordered the velvet at the throat, and over her folded hands fell a frilling of the same material. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes cast down, and her face wore a sad, uncertain expression, as she stood, evidently taking little part in the conversation of those about her. The two remaining persons in the group were unknown to Ray.

Mr. Merrill noticing the direction his glance had taken, said, "Have you met Col. Hoixter? Let me introduce you, Dr. Gordon," at the same time leading the way toward him.

Ray assured Mr. Merrill that he already knew the colonel, and on reaching the group received from him a cordial recognition. After introducing the ladies, Col. Hoixter resumed a spirited conversation which he had been carrying on with one of them, and Ray turned to Madeline, venturing some common-place remarks, which were briefly answered, then an awkward stillness. He seemed powerless in his efforts at conversation. Before him was his rival—easy, self-possessed, the stamp of intellect upon him, his eye full of meaning, calm and grand enough for the bird of Jove. His coat buttoned high upon his chest—a style which the colonel might have learned was most becoming to his commanding figure—his right arm thrown back against his broad shoulders, slightly bending toward Madeline—although con-

versing with a lady who sat opposite to him—not a motion of her hand, not a flutter of her lace, not a stray coil, not a breath of hers escaped him; observed not with a jealous eye, but lover-like, proud of the maiden and his recognized place at her side. His face and bearing were indicative of an accepted suitor, eager to anticipate each unexpressed wish, and to read even the silent whisperings of the soul.

Ray felt embarrassed—was disappointed, jealous, wretched; wished himself back with the patient he had grieved. Could he only see Madeline alone! But the colonel was as adherent as a chestnut burr, and Ray was about turn from the group, when the lady with whom Col. Hoixter was conversing asked, "Have you met Mrs. Ross, the new bride, just from Cincinnati?"

The colonel had not seen her.

"Allow me to introduce you. You will find both Mr. and Mrs. Ross extremely interesting."

Ray took advantage of the suggestion to engage Madeline in conversation, and Col. Hoixter, too courteous either to interrupt or to decline the introduction, reluctantly walked away; the other lady soon followed.

Madeline, left alone with Dr. Gordon, began to look around the room, when Ray, apprehensive of the opportunity being lost, suddenly exclaimed, "Miss St. Claire, will you permit me one inquiry?" which, before she had time to reply, he proceeded to make. "Is not this the Miss Madeline I saw at St. Peter's, about a year ago?"

Looking up in a timid way, a smile upon her lips, she replied, "I am the Madeline, but not Miss St. Claire. Am very glad, however, of this opportunity to express my gratitude for the service you then rendered us."

A moment of awkward silence followed, when Ray hurriedly asked, "Are you not also the Mudge I once knew in Wendham?"

She started, raised her eyes to his for an instant, and with a surprised look upon her face, replied, "The same; I thought you had probably forgotten your former pupil."

"Forgotten you, Mudge! On the contrary, I have adored you as among the angels."

With a deep blush she turned towards a group of ladies at a little distance from where she stood, as if preparing to join them, when Ray, putting his arm around her, gently drew her inside the hanging damask behind which he was partially concealed, and seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Do not leave me until I can tell you how I loved you all those years as Mudge, and since I saw you in Rome, as Madeline."

"Oh, not here!" she exclaimed, disengaging her hand and stepping out from the curtains.

"Where then?" asked Ray, walking close by her side, out into the well filled room.

"We have met in Mellissina, and may meet again"—looking up with a faint smile—"Linden Ledge is not barricaded."

His head slightly inclined to hear the low tones of her voice, Ray caught the words. Instantly the dark gray eyes shot out their light into hers, revealing a love so intense that for a moment everything else, time, place, another's claim, was forgotten, but to meet in return the unmistakable look of a first love answering back the love it had not known till now. Ray saw the look—he could not misunderstand it—the long pent up yearnings that burst forth from those dark, dewy eyes, to meet his own passionate gaze.

Another saw it, and his keen discernment could not mistake its meaning; the very expression he

had longed for in vain, and at length satisfied himself with the conclusion that Madeline was altogether too reserved, and too much on her guard to allow any such expression of feeling. But now, a few brief moments with another had sufficed to call it forth, and he knew his fate was sealed.

Madeline turned away and met the eyes of Col. Hoixter fixed upon her. His arms folded, he stood firm, silent, motionless, a ghastly pallor on his face. Alarmed at his strange appearance, so unlike anything she had ever seen before, she made her way to him. He knew she was by his side, that her anxious face was upturned to his, that her white fingers touched his arm, yet gave her no look of recognition, but stood unbending, rigid, and apparently unconscious of every thing about him.

"I fear you are ill," said Madeline, scarcely above a whisper. "Had we not better go home?"

"I'm perfectly well, but will go home if you wish."

Dr. Gordon saw them approach Mr. Merrill, nor could he fail to notice the change in Col. Hoixter, as with firm step, tall and unbending as a mountain pine, he walked from the room.

Ray was glad in due time to reach the privacy of his own apartment, where he was somewhat inclined to self censure. What right had he to make love to Madeline—the promised bride of another. Perhaps his temerity might account for the sudden transformation in Col. Hoixter. He had no reason to doubt their engagement; it seemed to be generally recognized. He mused and reasoned awhile and finally concluded that after all he was glad he had done it. He wanted Madeline to know he was in love with her; why shouldn't he tell her? He was ready to meet any issue that might come from the haughty Southerner. That look of her's fully rewarded any inconvenience he might suffer from his rashness. But could Madeline, if about to marry Col. Hoixter, have given him the assurance that beamed forth from those radiant eyes! She could not be skilled in such feminine arts; he scorned the thought. Moreover, she had indirectly invited him to Linden Ledge; he should accept the invitation; very soon too. Considering how at an early day, he might bring about the visit, and with those love lighted eyes looking into his, he drew the blankets over him and soon fell asleep.

Col. Hoixter seated himself opposite Madeline. As the carriage passed into the street, she remarked upon the beauty of the night, but was briefly answered. An indefinable dread came over her, unlike anything she had ever known before. At length she ventured to say, "I fear you have not enjoyed the evening Col. Hoixter."

It met the reply, "Doubtless you have." Not another word was spoken until they turned into the avenue at Linden Ledge, when Col. Hoixter asked, "Can I see you at the house a few moments?"

"Oh, not to-night!" The words came spasmodically. She immediately added, "Mrs. St. Claire was ill you know when I left, she may need me."

"When can I see you?"

"Any other time."

"To-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"At four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"In Sunset Corner?"

"If you wish."

"Alone?" he added in low guttural tone.

Tirzah was on the veranda when they reached the house, and her dark face showed evident disappointment as Col. Hoixter with a brief good-night

to Madeline stepped back into the carriage and ordered the coachman to drive by a circuitous route to Lynde Hotel.

Madeline rushed past her up to Mrs. St. Claire's room, and finding that good lady fast asleep, went to her own chamber, closed the door, drew up the shade and greatly agitated, sat down before the window and gazed out upon the calm beauty of the moon-lighted night.

XXVIII.

The information Mr. Stevens gave Dr. Gordon was in the main correct. The report of Mudge's death was most effectually spread through the town by Mrs. Maguire herself, who, on her husband's reaching home soon after Ray left the house, rushed into the yard, and in loud wailings assured Mr. Maguire that Mudge was dead. The father did not think it possible for his child long to survive, until late at night, when she slightly rallied; her final recovery, however, being greatly impeded by the sickness and death of her mother, as related by Mr. Stevens.

Ruth, Maguire's only sister, and ten years his senior, was married early in life to Mr. St. Claire, a southern gentleman of wealth and influence, and the owner of a large plantation in Alabama. Until it passed into the hands of strangers, she frequently passed the summer months at the old homestead, and there first saw Mudge when about three years old, nor did she forget to remember with little tokens of affection the rarely gifted and beautiful child, though her mother's hostility to Mr. Maguire's only and fondly cherished sister prevented her from seeing Mudge again during the lifetime of Mrs. Maguire. At the period of her death Mrs. St. Claire was very ill. Immediately on her recovery she repaired to Wendham, and arrangements were made for Mudge to enter school in the vicinity of New York, preparatory to a full course of study in one of the highest institutions of our country. The house in Wendham was sold, and Mr. Maguire returned to the clerkship he had held when called home to Mudge, and which still remained open to him.

A little incident when Mudge was a mere child, changed her name—Madeline—and with such a determined spirit did she insist upon being called Mudge that she came to be known by that title and no other until after Mrs. Maguire's death, when she again assumed her real name, by which she was always called after leaving Wendham.

Mr. St. Claire's only surviving relatives were Mrs. Hope St. Claire, the widow of a distant cousin, and her son Arthur, a promising lad, anticipating a connection with Princeton when he should have achieved the work of suitable preparation. In the settlement of his estate, just before his decease, Mr. St. Claire made provisions that entitled Mrs. Hope St. Claire to a home at Linden Ledge, and also her son until he had completed his studies at Princeton. Mrs. Hope St. Claire had ample means, and her relative's object in the provision he made was, that Arthur might do his preparatory work under the eye of his mother, which would have been impossible at their home in northern Georgia, and also that he might become thoroughly ingrafted with northern principles, which in Mr. St. Claire's estimation was of the utmost importance. His southern friends always insisted that such radical views were due to the influence of his yankee wife.

Madeline, ever after she entered his family, was a favorite with Mr. St. Claire. Her hand naturally skilled in those little offices so acceptable to the invalid, was always ready to be employed for him, and

during her vacations she seemed to get more enjoyment out of these acts of tenderness and affection than from those sources of amusement which to young girls are usually so attractive. Although his vast estate, with the exception of small bequests, was given to his wife, Linden Ledge was entailed on Madeline, to which was added large legacies by Mrs. St. Claire.

Madeline recollected very little about her sickness in Wendham. She had an indistinct impression of seeing her teacher at her bedside, but she never knew whether it was a reality or the hallucination of her disordered brain, nor did she know that the report of her death was circulated through the town. She was aware of remembering Mr. Gordon in a way very different from that in which she thought of any other teacher, but although his face was often before her, his name never escaped her lips. When Col. Hoixter first declared his love, her reply was the exact truth.

As the subject was then dropped, she supposed the colonel had accepted her decision, and was much pleased with the amiable attitude he still maintained towards her. His power of fascination, however, was not altogether lost upon the girl. Her eye lighted up as he entered the room; she enjoyed his society; his conversation was always upon her favorite themes, and she saw he was master of those subjects in which she most delighted. She even found herself considering whether she could accept his love should it ever be offered her a second time. Back of the inquiry always arose the face of Ray Gordon. But what was the long remembered teacher to her now? He had forgotten Mudge, of course; why not forget him? She would never see him again. Perhaps after all she should think more favorably of Col. Hoixter.

At St. Peter's, Madeline at once recognized Dr. Gordon. That night during her lonely vigils in the Hotel de Turin, for Mrs. St. Claire's illness immediately developed alarming symptoms, came the conviction that under no circumstances whatever could she ever marry Col. Hoixter. She saw she was not recognized by Ray Gordon, nor was there any probability of her ever meeting him again. Still she knew the other love was impossible, and after Col. Hoixter left for the South, regretted that she had permitted any room for the subject ever again to be brought before her. This feeling was increased by the appearance soon after of Dr. Gordon in Mellissiana. At first she avoided any opportunity of conversing with her former teacher. But she soon saw this was a cross she must meet and overcome, and the effort to do this carried her far away from her surroundings, the evening she rode with him from the County Home, and clothed her tongue with legends of the past, until suddenly the intensity of his gaze, which she instinctively felt, thrilled her very being. She could say no more, and—stopped. Mr. Merrill urged Madeline to be present at the reception he was to give. Although declining at first, she finally consented; and he, crediting the report current in Mellissiana—that she was soon to marry Col. Hoixter—went immediately to that gentleman and asked him to accompany her. The colonel was greatly elated. He knew Madeline too well to believe she would appear with him at such a gathering had she not decided to listen favorably to his protestations of love, and although she seemed unusually distant and somewhat embarrassed, he ascribed it to her native modesty and a certain consciousness that a young woman cannot easily cast off, when for the first time she appears before the world with an accepted lover by her side. Indeed, this delicacy, so

unlike the women of fashion he was accustomed to meet—whom in his heart he utterly scorned—was most charming to this fastidious man, and Madeline more beautiful as bride elect than ever before. The charm of success was upon him; a victory he supposed himself to have won, somewhat after the manner of the ancient Roman general—by prudent delays—and his gallant attentions to the fair maiden fell as naturally as sprays from an overflowing fountain.

When Madeline learned of Mr. Merrill's request to Col. Hoixter she was greatly distressed, but finally decided to accept the situation rather than create a disturbance, which she saw would be inevitable. The change in him she ascribed to a sudden attack of illness, and even when in her own room, looking out upon the starlit heavens, she could not in any other way account for his strange conduct. Although greatly agitated, not only on account of this, but also from the declaration of Dr. Gordon, Madeline knew where to find direction and strength, and the following afternoon, upon hearing Col. Hoixter's voice in the hall below, immediately repaired to Sunset Corner, where she found him sitting opposite the window and gazing out upon the gold and crimson clouds that lay piled up in the western sky. Starting up, he held out his hand to her as she entered, and after remarking upon the glowing sunset, motioned her to a seat on the lounge, and placing himself at the other end, threw a package of papers upon the table, saying, "those bonds I bought for you. I leave Mellissina to-morrow morning."

"Not for any length of time I hope?"

"I'm going to the Adirondacks."

"I'm very glad."

"I thought you would be—shall stay in the city on my return."

Without seeming to notice the irony—"One must need rest after a whole summer's work in New York."

"I'm not going—to rest."

"Isn't it a little late for the scenery of the mountains?"

"Perhaps so."

Not knowing what else to do, Madeline went to the table, took up the package and read her name written in bold characters. A sense of desolation for an instant came over her, with the inquiry, "Must I henceforth assume all this responsibility?" Mrs. St. Claire had intrusted her financial interests to Col. Hoixter—Madeline was doing the same. She opened a small rosewood casket and laid the papers within it. A sad, weary expression was upon her face, as again seating herself she leaned against the blue damask.

During these movements of Madeline, Col. Hoixter was mute and motionless. Suddenly he rose, bade her good-evening, and was striding towards the door, when all the past rushed over Madeline, giving earnestness and pathos to her tones as she exclaimed, "Must you go so soon?"

He turned, gave her a look of searching scrutiny that for an instant she seemed to herself a culprit about to meet her doom and again sat down. There was a graceful poise in every attitude of limb and muscle. His face relaxed as he looked upon the crimson cheeks of Madeline. "Can it be that I've made a mistake?" The supposition brought to his features the grace of compassionate tenderness. He leaned forward and in a low husky voice said, "Madeline, once again I lay my heart—my all—at your feet. It is for you to say whether you crown the gift with acceptance, or drive me from you desolate—desperate."

Madeline quivered in every nerve, as the thought of what she owed to Col. Hoixter rushed over her. But there was no other way. Tremblingly she replied: "There can be no different answer from what I have always given." Looking up with a sad smile. "But I wish you wouldn't put it so seriously."

"Can it be otherwise than serious to have the hope of years suddenly blotted out forever?"

He sat a few moments in deep study. He could not even now realize the truth. He had conquered through life; must he yield in this one contest, when conquest promised everything? If he only knew her reasons—how humiliating to ask! Besides were they not severely revealed to him the evening before? But—perhaps—he was mistaken last night. He would find out.

"Madeline, will you answer one question—have you a heart to give, or does it belong to another?"

It was a long time before she replied, "Pardon me if I decline to answer that question."

"Then after all these years of friendship—you certainly cannot refuse me that little—you are unwilling to trust me with one of your secrets."

"I know I owe you everything, Col. Hoixter, I can never forget your kindness, nor can I ever repay it. But there are some things we hardly know ourselves—much less can we reveal them to others."

He caught at the reply. To him it answered the first part of his inquiry—to her the second. "Be my wife, Madeline, and it is repaid a hundred fold." He longed to clasp her to his breast, but dared not till the right was fairly won.

"Do not misunderstand me. Let that question be decided at once and forever, I beg of you."

His countenance fell—there came a hard disappointed look. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Did you know Dr. Gordon before he came to Mellisina?"

This abrupt inquiry brought an additional flush to her cheek, but, glad of an opportunity to give him a direct answer, she replied unhesitatingly, "Yes, long before I even saw Col. Hoixter."

"And all these years that love has been in your heart?"

"I'm not prepared to acknowledge so much."

"I shall never understand a woman. It's impossible. She never knows her own mind."

"Have my words ever led you to that conclusion?"

Without answering her question he asked, "Did Mrs. St. Claire know Dr. Gordon?"

"She never saw him—that—she saw him once—just for a moment."

"When?" Col. Hoixter was asking himself,

"Did she ever deceive me?"

"A short time before her death."

"Did she know of your love for him?"

Madeline hesitated, but soon replied, "Mrs. St. Claire never heard of Dr. Gordon."

Over Col. Hoixter's face came a dark, sullen frown. Soon the blood faded from his cheeks—not a muscle quivered. He rose and putting out his hand said "Good-bye, Madeline."

She gave him her hand; he clasped it tightly. "I have never intended to deceive you Col. Hoixter," she said, "I have thought myself very candid," a tremor in her voice, "circumstances have led to things as they are; I cannot explain more now, if I could, I would. It would be a comfort to know you did not blame me. I should despise myself forever if guilty of anything wrong toward you."

Convulsively he grasped her hand for an instant,

then flung it from him exclaiming, "I cannot endure this"—and was gone.

In six weeks was announced the engagement of Col. Hoixter and Miss Hamilton, a reigning belle in one of the fashionable circles of New York.

XXIX.

A mellow, crimson light is in the room. The partially closed blinds and low drooping curtains admit narrow beams of sunshine that fall rippling over the floor like the laughter of a child—A few glowing coals brighten the grate and before them on one side hang snowy linen and woollens and a dressing gown lined with flannel, soft as velvet; on the other, a satin screen painted in the colors of autumn, sumac, blue-asters and golden-rod, standing between the fire and the bed. In the centre of the room a luxuriously cushioned chair with warm wrappings for its anticipated occupant, and on one side a lounge with similar appurtenances. By the bay window and almost concealed in its draperies, sits Rachel the nurse, her patient face crowned with a puffy little cap of white muslin beneath which fall shocks of brown hair variegated with abundant lines of silver. Over her shoulders a white handkerchief which is brought forward and crossed upon the breast. Beneath blankets of creamy hue, bordered with stripes of blue and crimson, and to the touch like a dove's breast, lies Dr. Mackintosh, thin and pale from recent suffering.

In the first paroxysm of an attack similar to those he had before experienced, each being more severe and dangerous, he said to Dr. Gordon, "My dear boy, in your hands I am safe, as far as medical skill is concerned. Do the best you can. My soul is in God's keeping. To me it matters little whether I live or die.—as He wills. I believe I'm ready to go if death is at the door." But again Death passed, by, even as of old, when scarlet threads hung from the lintel.

The aged Christian lay easy and quiet, looking out upon the beauty of a morning in February—he had asked the shade to be raised at the window on one side of his bed. The rain and sleet of the previous night had hung leafless trees with ice, which the morning sun converted into sparkling diamonds. Every twig and withered blade of grass, the hedges and great overhanging elms and twining honeysuckles and drooping evergreens, the door-posts and leaning fences were clad in jewels.

For two weeks the doctor scarcely slept, and now that he was no longer in pain, a drowsiness was upon him both day and night. Turning his face away from the window, he yielded to the dreamy spirit hovering about him. Rachel caught the flutter of bed clothes and coming forward, moved the pillows with an experienced hand and gently lifting the blankets laid them lightly over the broad, beating chest.

"Are you comfortable?"—to the sick man like an angel's whisper.

"Yes, thank you."

Rachel returned to her place behind the curtain—his eyes must not meet hers forever fixed upon him, but not even the lifting of finger that she did not hear. Dr. Mackintosh cast his eyes over the room full of comfort, and sweet with the perfume of flowers, and his heart blessed God for the life he was still sparing and for all the attention and kindness and love lavished upon him. Then the eyelids fell and he half dreamed of other days—of Agnes and the little one upon her breast. He saw the sweet blue eyes looking fondly into his, and felt her deli-

cate fingers twining his snowy locks. Her white arms were again round his neck and her lips pressed to his own.

A gentle tap roused him—followed by the entrance of Dr. Gordon, his hands filled with rosebuds and heliotrope. Handing them to Rachel, he approached the convalescent and placed his fingers upon the feebly beating pulse.

"I'm nicely this morning," looking up at Ray with a happy expression on his features.

"Pulse more regular; breakfast relish?"

"Yes, good; nicely prepared."

"Glad to see you comfortable."

"Yes, yes, I know; it must be a glorious morning."

"Nothing could be more so. Madeline is down stairs. Do you think it would hurt you to see her a moment?"

"Hurt me? No! It would never hurt anybody to see her, the dear girl; tell her to come right up."

"But you know you mustn't talk much, uncle Hugh."

"No, no! I won't talk. Bring in Madeline, I want to see her." He felt the perspiration start, and there was a tremor in his hand in the effort he had already made. "Ray," calling him back when he had reached the door, "she needn't stay very long."

Madeline, approaching the bed, knelt down and kissed the pale hand she was taking in both hers. "I'm glad you're better."

"Yes, I know you are, my child; you've been so thoughtful through it all. Why the heat of those blazing coals would have burned out these old eyes

but for the asters and golden-rod. And the flowers! why this has been fairy land and Flora queen. Ray, you must tell her how much they've been to me," he added, withdrawing his hand and shading his eyes from the light that, as midday approached, came in strongly at the window beside his bed. Madeline stepped noiselessly to the window, drew down the shade, and again stood beside him. Removing his hand from over his eyes, and placing it beneath her white fingers. "Thank you, my dear child," he said, and looking up to Dr. Gordon, added, "Ray, do you expect to prove yourself worthy of this woman?"

With a happy smile Ray looked down upon her, and putting his arm around her waist, drew her toward him and kissed her burning cheek.

The doctor closed his eyes wearily. Ray whispered, "shall we go, darling?"

"No, no!" said the sick man, clasping the fingers that lay in his hand. "I shall get over this—God willing—but soon there'll come another attack, and ere long, one that will carry me off. Before I go, I want to see these hands"—tightening his fingers around the hands that lay in his broad palm—"joined in holy wedlock. I wish you might name an early day."

Ray Gordon pressed close to his heart the woman at his side, whose eyes turned up to his, were answered back with the look which once known, and that soul can never be utterly desolate. "I wish so too," he said, "Shall we not, Madeline?"

SARAH M. WYMAN.

[THE END.]

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES BY MISS J. BOLTE.

(The article from which the following extracts are taken was written by Colonel Tcheng-Ki-Tong, military attache to the Chinese Embassy at Paris, and is of peculiar interest as having been written in French, by a Chinaman, for the instruction of Europeans as to the manners and customs, government, institutions and policy of his native land. We should be glad to reproduce the entire article did space permit.)

I need not say what my astonishment must have been in proportion as I became better acquainted with the customs of the Occident, not alone the questions that were put me revealed the strangest ignorance, but even the books which pretended to come from China related the most extraordinary things.

If they only contented themselves with saying that we were dog-eaters, and that we served serpents' eggs and roasted lizards to our guests, that would pass. I do not even see any great inconvenience in pretending that we are polygamists—there are so many others of them—and that we give our children—our dear little children—as food to animals * * * of which the name in French escapes me. These are eccentricities of such a nature, that

it is useless to be alarmed at them; it only suffices to establish truth.

Nothing is more imperfect than a note-book of travel; the first person met represents in himself alone the whole nation of which one pretends to trace the customs. A conversation with a person who has lost caste in society is a precious document to a tourist. A malcontent will make himself the interpreter of his grudges and throw contempt on his own class. All the notes will be false, there will be nothing exact in it.

Customs represent the result of all the influences of the past; they are the slow work of centuries, which have passed, and in order to understand, you must know this long line of traditions, otherwise you are out on a venture, and your story will have no authority.

We are obliged to say that very often the book is made before the journey, for the reason that the only object of the journey is the book to be published. They go to look for three hundred pages of printing. It is not truth, that is the object. On the contrary, what ensures the success of the book, is the horrible, the strange, the hideous, or accounts of the most repugnant habits.

To show simple life, as it is led at the family hearth, to study the language in order to meditate on its traditions, to live every day life as a mandarin with the mandarins, as a learned man with the learned, as a laborer with laborers, in a word, as a Chinaman with Chinamen—this in truth would be taking too much trouble for a book. And yet, is it not indispensable that these conditions should be fulfilled, if we hope to give any information of value? Is it no longer necessary to learn in order to know?

In traveling, the tourist who meets a giant will write in his notes: "The people of these distant countries are of great stature." If on the contrary he perceives a dwarf, he will write: "In these countries, one only sees dwarfs, and would believe one's self to be in the countries described by Gulliver." It is with customs as with facts. When we hear of a case of infanticide, quick the note-book: "These people are barbarians!" When we learn that a mandarin has been lacking in honor, again the note-book: "The mandarins are vile." It is not difficult and in this wise history is written, conformably with the known proverb: They that come from a distance can lie with impunity.

I am of the opinion that civilized nations should found an academy, whose mission would be to control the books giving the impressions of travelers, and in general, all publications having reference to the customs, to the principles of government, or to the laws of foreign countries. It ought not to be permitted to falsify under the pretext of speculation, or at least since all rights are optional, there should be some kind of an index, to signal such a book as lying, and such a one as being sincere. Then the honesty of the author would be a quality more commonly desired, since the efforts of each to speak the truth would be recognized, estimated, and recompensed. Why not establish a sanitary cordon against calumny?

I proposed to myself in this article to present China as it is, to describe Chinese customs with the knowledge that I have of them, but with the spirit and taste of an European. I wanted to put my native experience to the service of my acquired experience; in a word, I try to think as an European who has acquired all that he knows of China, and who pleases himself by drawing comparisons between the civilizations of the Occident and the extreme Orient, and those to which the study may give rise.

If here and there we find criticism on the manners of the Occident, it must not be forgotten that I wield a pen and not a brush, and that I have learned to think and write as an European. Criticisms are the salt of discourse, we cannot always admire, and from time to time we come to think, like the peasant who was vexed at Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called, "The Just." We cannot always apprise without being commonplace, and I have tried not to become so.

My reader will therefore remember that if my criticisms have no other importance, they will serve to give variety to the style, which I excuse myself for presenting with all its imperfections, and which has no other ambition but to be clear.

I have tried to instruct and to please, and if sometimes I have allowed myself to be led away by my love for my country, I in advance beg pardon of all those who love their native land.

1.—THE FAMILY.

The institution of the family is the base on which rests the whole social and governmental edifice of China.

Chinese society may be defined, the assemblage of families. Since the most remote times, the influence of the family spirit has prevailed in all orders of ideas, and we say according to Confucius, that to govern a country well, we must first have learned to govern a family.

The family is essentially a government in miniature, it is the school in which the governors are formed, and even the sovereign is a disciple of it.

The difference between the Orient and the Occident is so characteristic with respect to the organization of the family, that it has appeared interesting to me to first give a general idea of this institution, reserving a detail of its principal features later.

I draw with great strokes its general characters; this will be like a sketch of which I will finish the outlines.

The Chinese family may be likened to a civil society in participation. All the members are obliged to assist each other and to live in community. History mentions an ancient minister named Tchang, who united under his roof all his family, issue of nine generations. This example is cited as a model, which all must try to imitate.

So constituted, the family is a sort of religious order, submitted to fixed laws. All the resources are put in the same box, each one bringing in his share, without distinction of more or less. The family is submitted to the law of equality and fraternity,—grand words which are inscribed in the hearts and not on the walls.

Each member of the family must conduct himself in such a manner that harmony exists among them. This is a duty, but perfection is met nowhere, and when we conceive an ideal, we know by experience that all laws have their exceptions, as there are spots on the sun.

If by any chance this accord has been disturbed; if the order is not maintained in the family, then the law authorizes the division of the wealth of the community, division which is made equally among all the members of the male sex. I will explain later why the women do not profit by it.

This organization as far as regards assistance has its incontestable advantages. When a member of the family is sick, he receives all the help of which

he is in need ; if the work ceases to bring in the income necessary for his support, the family comes to the rescue, either to repair the injustice of fate toward him, or to lighten the evils and privations that age engenders.

As is to be seen, this institution of the patriarchal system is such as flourished formerly in biblical periods.

The authority belongs to the oldest member of the family, and in all important circumstances of life, the decisions to be taken are submitted to him. He has the functions of a chief of the government ; all acts are signed by him in the name of the family.

The tourist who travels through our country, can easily convince himself of the truth of these assertions. Should he demand to whom this property which he designates with his hand belongs, he would receive in reply : to such a family. If he examines more attentively what he desires to know, he will read on the landmarks, which serve to settle the boundaries of each property, the name of the family proprietor.

Things are arranged with us as they are in the Occident after death. In the cemeteries near the towns, tombs can be seen on which are written these words : "Family Sepulchre." There brothers are united, that often have hardly seen each other ; there sleep side by side, parents who could never love each other. They are reconciled in death and their shares are equal ; we begin at the beginning of life, this work which death finishes without contest.

Each family has its statutes regulating the customs ; this is a kind of written law. All the property the family possesses is inscribed therein, with its respective dedication. So the profits of such a field are put aside for pensions for the aged ; another furnishes the prizes accorded to the young people after their examinations, the revenues that serve to pay the expenses of the education of the children, those that constitute the donations to the girls that marry, in a word, all the expenses which answer to the foreseen demands, are inscribed in the revenue.

The statutes not only determine the conditions of the material life, they also define the duties, and such article fixes the punishment, which must be inflicted on any member of the family, who by guilty conduct or dissipation, has seriously injured the family honor.

Without doubt it would be difficult to understand how these customs could be maintained, if everything in education did not proclaim respect for it. Our educational system is wisely adapted to the end it proposes to attain, that is to say, that it supremely inspires family love.

Without this precaution, the family would probably be as divided in the Orient as in the Occident, where we must admit, it no longer exists as a social force, where it has no other advantages than to establish relations, whose usefulness manifests itself in inheriting unexpected estates,—a circumstance which alone awakens the family spirit.

There are five general principles which form and maintain the family spirit. These are : loyalty to the sovereigns ; respect toward parents ; union among brothers ; constancy in friendship. These principles are the main points in education, and tend to introduce into the spirit the conviction, which it is necessary should be rooted there in order to secure love in the family, and to uphold the ancient organization, in spite of incompatibilities of temper, which generally serve as excuse for less excusable disorder.

The family in which we are born has forty centuries of peace behind it, and each passing generation adds to its prestige. Therefore we must not be astonished that the family spirit is so powerful in China, and that the first article of our symbol is, faithfulness toward our sovereign. The sovereign in fact is the key of the vault of our edifice, he is the head of all the families, the patriarch to whom all devotion is due. To serve the sovereign is to serve the great master of the universal family, and to honor one's own family. This sufficiently explains, that the highest motive power of ambition is to belong to the administration of the state.

The respect towards parents or filial love, manifests itself under all skies. It lives in the heart of man, it is a natural sentiment. In China, filial respect is very great, and has its peculiarity in the fact, that the parents benefit by all services rendered by their children. In this way not alone the children owe respect and gratitude to their parents, but even those who benefit by the good offices of the children, must show themselves grateful to their parents.

When a state functionary is made a noble, his parents are raised to the peerage at the same time. Ennobilization has a retroactive effect, and in proportion as the dignity of rank is elevated, it rises equally in the family of the ancestors.

This custom is characteristic and establishes a profound difference between the habits of the Orient and those of the Occident. The nobility does not solely consist with us in the honorary title which a sovereign confers. We distinguish two kinds of nobility, the one hereditary, and the eldest son alone is the incumbent, as is the case in England ; the other is attached to the rank of a state office.

Hereditary nobility is only accorded on rare occasions ; it is granted to honor and immortalize eminent services, as valor in war for example. The nobility attached to the rank of an office occupied in the state, is a kind of nobility *de robe*, it is not transmissible to the descendants but to the ancestors. When an officer is promoted, his parents obtain a dignity equal to his ; they are really ennobled, if I may so express myself by the right of author, so as to receive the homage of filial piety, but no matter how elevated the rank of the officer may be, his children are entitled to no privilege.

Chinese aristocracy is therefore composed of those whose official rank constitutes nobility, and those who owe it to inheritance. This, when not sustained

by personal merit, is without influence in the Middle Kingdom.

I have indicated the union among the wedded as a principle of the programme of education; it is in fact a principle whose excellence cannot be too much praised, since marriage in China is indissoluble, not that we must understand this to be so, from a legal point of view, (we know that in certain cases Chinese law authorizes a dissolution of marriage,) but from the point of view of the respect due to the family and especially to the parents.

The indissolubility of marriage relates to a precise cause, which depends on the circumstances by which it is produced. In China, they marry young, and the parents choose a suitable spouse for their children.

In Europe, there is nothing of the kind. There, the young people judge for themselves, whether it is suitable or not for them to marry, and whether it is time to give up bachelor life. There exists a great number of motives, to which the best years of marriage are sacrificed, those which are the most happy for the wife. With us, we still observe the customs and habits of the good old times. Here, the parents marry their children, and they verily believe, that in order to well choose a suitable wife for their children, their own experience is not entirely useless.

In China, marriage is exclusively considered an institution of the family, and it has for sole object the growth of the family, and a family is only prosperous and happy as it becomes more numerous. From this point of view, it is logic that the wedded respect a union desired by their parents, alone for the sake of the principle of filial love.

I have also spoken of fraternity; this is not a vain word. Words are always effective with us, and that of fraternity, especially among brothers, has a true reality.

Fraternity is a sentiment which has its source in the family, and from it draws its strength. It is therefore not astonishing that fraternity has lost its character in society where the family has perished. In its place a kind of sentiment has been substituted which resembles resignation—I do not believe it to be Christian—and which aided by habit, results in bringing forth the *modus vivendi* among brothers. Our habits are entirely different.

Friendship also is one of our most precious duties; it is not a useless sentiment, and to make use of the same expression as La Fontaine, I will say that neither the name nor the thing is rare. We even possess an ancient formula which simply defines the duties of friendship. Here is the literal translation of it:

By the heaven and the earth,
In presence of the moon and sun,
By their father and their mother
A. and B. have sworn an unchangeable Friendship.
And now, when A. riding in a chariot
Meets B. in a coarse straw hat,
A. descends from his chariot
In order to meet B.

Another day, B. riding on a handsome horse,
Meets A. carrying a peddler's pack,
B. dismounts from his horse
As A. had done from his chariot.

This is without doubt practical friendship, that goes beyond the purse, this cape around which friendship steers with regret, as though it were but an accomplishment.

Examples of devotion to friendship abound in our national history. Such a one takes off his clothing in order to dress a poor friend whom he meets on his way. These examples are frequent enough and do not create St. Martins. In regard to this I have remarked that in Christian countries absolutely ordinary traits of character are set up to the admiration of all. Practising virtue is presented as a wonder. Is this from excess of humility, or is it an avowal of their own weakness? I rather incline to the latter opinion.

According to my ideas, the word charity spoils many human sentiments. The pretention of pleasing God and all his saints, that is to say, all the world, makes us neglect our special obligations. Charity is a manner of doing good, but as it is a divine manner, men can only practice it in the methods of imitators. There is a certain secret in the proceeding that cannot be learned. To assist unfortunate friends, is with us a custom, it is not a virtue.

Not alone the rich help their unfortunate friends, but even the poor assist their still poorer ones. If you belong to the class of the lettered, all your literary friends will unite to assist you. Are you a workman, your brother workmen will act in the same manner. This is customary among people of the same class. There are clubs organized among friends, to contribute to the marriage of one of their number; other clubs where they also assemble to assist the widow of a friend, or to educate his children. The human being is not isolated.

What has astonished me in the customs of the Occidental world, is the indifference of the human heart. The misfortune of others seems to attract no sympathy, on the contrary, it has even been written that it gives pleasure. The fact is not praiseworthy, and yet there is no want of heart nor of good sense. The only cause is, they are not practical.

Alfred de Musset the favorite poet of a great number, has written these verses:

Celui qui ne sait pas durant les nuits brulantes
Se lever en sursaut, sans raison, les pieds nus,
Marcher, prier, pleurer des larmes, ruisselantes
Et devant l'infini joindre les mains tremblantes,
Le coeur plein de pitié pour des maux inconnus.

For unknown evils, that is the ideal. Compassion for evils that we do not know, takes the place of that which we should have for those, that we only know too well. I have never read anything to equal it. Either it is pathetic beyond expression or else it is a parody on compassion. In poetry all is excused even nonsense, this is a license. Yet the most beautiful verses wear a sad aspect when simple truth is opposed to them, like a ray of sunlight amidst the scenery of a theater.

2.—RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Religion has existed in all ages. Primitively it constituted the mysterious bond that united the creatures with the Creator, and its symbols embraced adoration and gratitude. Under the diverse forms which express the sympathy of the human soul for the universal spirit, we find the thought of the supernatural united to the strangest practices. In his soarings toward God, man has his downfall and is reminded of his imperfect nature. But there is a first flight, which seems to be winged. Religions are less complicated in proportion as we go back along the course of ages; they are simplified and tend toward that unity which for us defines the harmony of beauty. It seems that then they must have been worthy of God. But this radiancy gradually diminishes as the world grows older, and ends by throwing but faint glimmers through the lengthening shadows on the road of humanity, as at the close of a beautiful summer day.

This impression which I have received in studying our old books and in reading the admirable maxims of our sages, I also experienced in searching for the secret of our destiny in the holy books of the Occidentals. It seems to me that the great day of serene light has already shone, and that we receive but the last and pale reflections of it. Everywhere I see a resplendent truth whose beauty is one; I seem to hear an immense choir of all the voices of heaven and earth harmonizing, and when in abandoning the enchantment of this dream, I hear the tumultuous clamor of the world, which has become a chaos of creeds, I am struck with astonishment, and begin to doubt, whether if there were a truth, its faith would not in spite of myself impose itself on my conscience.

We have nothing to envy the Occident in its religious beliefs, although we do not place ourselves at the same point of view. I will therefore not discuss the merits of religion; man is so small when regarded from on high, that it matters little to know in what manner he honors God. God understands all languages, and especially that which expresses itself in silence by the interior movements of the soul. We also have worshipers from the soul and worshipers from the lips. The one and the other do not know each other, we have the ideal religion, that which forces the contemplation of the spirit, and we have the terrestrial religion, that which forces to the manifestations of the arms and legs. In a word, we are acquainted with counterfeit and sincerity.

Religions have the same source as the spirit. We have the religion of the learned, which corresponds to the state of culture of the most enlightened body of the empire, that is, the religion of Confucius, or better, his philosophy, for his doctrine is that of a master of a school, who has left his moral maxims, but who has not devoted himself to philosophic speculations on the destinies of man, and the nature of the deity.

Confucius lived in the sixth century before the Christian era, and his memory is held in such reverence, that there is not a town in China that has not a temple erected in his honor. His philosophic system consisted essentially in the education of the human heart, and the word education is really the one, which best expresses the object of his doctrine. Educate, that is to say, lift from earth the inert man, who by the bad use of his faculties has become degraded, and open his eyes in order to show him the blue splendor of the unlimited world, to accustom him little by little to go forth and feel himself a spirit, thinking, willing and knowing. Think, will, know, are the three degrees of this education which begins with the awakening and finishes with science, and of which the formulary possesses the most beautiful maxims that ever philosophy has written for humanity.

Yet we must not believe that the doctrine of Confucius confines itself only to maxims and advice without indicating a precise method. There is a very exact teaching in this doctrine, it is really a practical course of moral education, I will try to define the plan. The principle on which this doctrine reposes is to maintain reason within fixed limits. Confucius said that the human heart was like a galloping horse, which pays no attention to rein or voice, or else like a torrent that descends the rapid slopes of the mountains, or like an outbursting flame. These are violent forces, which we cannot master without subduing them before they have time to develop.

He said that the human heart has an invariable ideal; justice and wisdom, and the five senses have a seductive power to divert it from this ideal. To voluntarily arm ourselves against the dangers of this seduction are the means that Confucius advises to his disciples, and the invisible weapon that he gives them is respect. Respect is a general sentiment that extends to each action of life. Negligence is the first cause of corruption; there is no negligible quantity for reason.

It is negligence that puts us in the power of habit, which has cynically been called second nature, as though nature were not one and identical. Respect extends to all acts of life, especially to the most insignificant; it removes unhealthful influences and accomplishes little by little, the patient work of education.

Confucius makes us observe that the five senses, such as they are defined, constitute the faculties, but not the endowments. Yet man has received endowments from nature, and he indicates them to us. These are: a respectful countenance, smooth speech, a fine ear, a discerning eye, a deliberate mind. These particular states of our faculties must be developed without relaxation.

Respect therefore is the base of the philosophic system of Confucius, as charity is the base of the evangelical doctrine.

Respect pertains to actions, charity to individuals, or to speak more exactly, to one's neighbor.

I imagine—this may be a caprice of my mind—that Confucius could have foreseen this charity which creates a neighbor. But our moralist would not have ventured to propose an aim so perfect. It needed the presumption of a God to believe in the existence of a neighbor. He preferred to leave to man the initiation of charity, and when he gives him the key whereby he may obtain human perfection, he is not without hope that humanity will receive some benefits therefrom.

I have no intention of going through a course of religion, much less of converting any one, inasmuch as Confucius left to all the liberty to worship God as they pleased. I only will remark that this system which consists in elevating the human heart and directing all its thoughts toward God, as the obtaining of a sort of good moral result, is neither lacking in grandeur nor in logic. It seems but just that the human being should deck itself in all the splendors of virtue to communicate with the divine being, and to present worship as an elevated and sublime idea, which satisfies the spirit and enchants the reason.

I will probably be accused of embellishing the subject and of showing only the beauty of the theories. My reader knows better than I that the books with the magnificent bindings are those which are most rarely opened; that precepts do not make men wise, and that it does not suffice to know them in order to apply them. I have heard to-day that our morals resembled the dead languages, that they were no longer spoken, that men would gladly give them the archeologic epitaph. * * * But I know many morals which have the same fate, and the maxims of fraternity and equality, even those of liberty, appear to me, to occupy the arrangers of words more than they do the sincere disciples. This criticism is easy to make; the men that compose the great human life, like to discuss the enormous straw of their neighbors, and forget the imperceptible log which belongs to themselves. These consequences set off to better advantage the utility of maxims, for with a little more respect and a little less negligence, life would be more worthy and more estimable.

I return to the practical maxims. Confucius has in his doctrine a quantity of small means which victoriously combat great errors. This is like homeopathy applied to the maladies of the soul. He defends, in order to cite one of his means, the fixed idea, that is to say, prejudice. He says: All men are alike, the ancient and the new; what is good for the one is good for the other, they do not differ. To imitate them in the wisdom of their conduct, is the best road to follow in order to know oneself.

In a word, he tries to create a common point of view, which would unite all consciences. No one would escape this magnetism, and without mental reservation, without the conception of any other ideal, all minds would turn toward the moral sun of

the world to receive its beneficent light.

He yet says: Enter into the intimate dominion of nature, study the good and the evil, and you will be penetrated by the sentiment of nature itself, and in spite of the vast dimensions of the universe and the distances which separate social conditions, you will conceive in your conscience the principle of equality of all beings.

If you sustain conscience you will restrain desire and arrive at the terrestrial ideal which is tranquility of the spirit.

"Tranquility is a kind of vigilant attention. When it is complete all the human faculties display their resources, because they are enlightened by reason and sustained by knowledge."

The religion of Confucius, originally admitted neither images nor priests. Since then, certain ceremonies have been added to the doctrine, and there have been established certain regulations for worship. But these ceremonies receive but little attention from the minds that consider the principles of the system.

Religious unity does not exist in China, where does it exist? Unity is a state of perfection, which exists nowhere. But if they have several religions in China, I will hasten to say that they have but three, which is very little.

Besides the religion of Confucius, there is that of Lao-Tsè, which is only practised among the lower classes, and which has for its principle, the transmigration of souls; and the religion of Fò, or Buddhism, whose doctrines belong to metaphysics, and in which there are some admirable points of view.

Buddhism owes its origin to a holy reformer called Buddha, who lived in the sixth century before the Christian era. According to him the material world is an illusion, and man must endeavor to isolate himself in the mists of nature. This is the doctrine of the contemplation of God, that is to say, of the immaterial being. The aim of this ideal life, is to call forth ecstasy; then the divine principle seizes the soul, invades it, penetrates it, and death completes this mystic union. Such is the abstract principle of this religion, which has very pompous temples, altars and worship. I will add that the Buddhist monks, who live in vast monasteries, possess great wealth.

As may be remarked in all countries, religion has its sincere partisans, its detractors, and those who are indifferent. These are numerous in China. Indifference is a kind of negligence, which attaches itself to spiritual things, it is a kind of malady which receives no attention. Everywhere where there are men, indifference is found. But in stating our customs, I have no religious hate to record; this is something stupefying to me. I can comprehend that one hates, the I for example, but a religious idea, a religion!

As to atheism, it is said to be a production of modern civilization. We are not yet civilized enough to have no creeds.

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And sun and stars for evermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgment here had spurned,
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
 Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
 Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
 And if some friend we love is lying low,
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
 Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
 But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
 If we could push aside the gates of life,
 And stand within and all God's workings see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife.
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
 God's plans, like lillies, pure and white, unfold;
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
 When we shall clearly know and understand,
 I think that we shall say, "God knew the best!"

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The present number of the HAWAIIAN MONTHLY completes the volume for 1884 and is the last which will be issued. The enterprise was an experiment. We believed that such a periodical as was projected would be useful in this community, that it would have an appreciable influence for good, that it would fill a niche otherwise vacant, and finally it was hoped that it might prove remunerative. Although this latter hope has not been realized, we think that in other respects the MONTHLY has been a success. We have demonstrated that a monthly periodical, independent in spirit, dignified in tone and discussing the topics of the time with intelligence and candor can be produced in Honolulu and maintained at a fair standard of ability without depending to any material extent on outside talent or selected matter. Of course we have not fulfilled our own ideal. Few of us probably do that. We have endeavored to stimulate thought, promote intelligent discussion of public questions and produce a magazine of which the community need not be ashamed. How well we have succeeded, our readers must judge. Had our pecuniary support been more ample, so that we would have been justified in continuing, we should have been able to improve the quality of the MONTHLY and add materially to its variety and interest. As it is, we are assured that there are many by whom it will be missed. Our labor has been one of love, and notwithstanding the many annoyances incident to editorial work, we shall always look back to our connection with the MONTHLY with pleasure and satisfaction. To the friends whose able pens have so generously contributed to make our pages interesting and instructive, and to all who as subscribers and advertisers have contributed to the support of our enterprise, we tender our sincere thanks and the assurance of our hearty appreciation.

We would call particular attention to Prof. Scott's paper on "Evolution," in the present number of the MONTHLY. It undertakes to give, (which is all that can be attempted in a single magazine article) a condensed statement of what the doctrine of evolution really is, together with a brief outline of its claims and of the facts and arguments by which these claims are sustained. There is one point on which we are disposed to take issue with the author of the article in question. We have never seen any exposition of the doctrine of evolution which to our mind accounted in a satisfactory way for the existence of the moral sense in man. The moral sense, or, as some would call it, the moral faculty, is not to be confounded with the moral judgment. This latter, by which we discriminate and judge concerning the moral relations of things, by which we decide ethical questions and determine what is right and best, and which convinces us of our duty in any given circumstances, is largely, if not wholly, the result of experience and training either personal or inherited. It may have been developed in the manner claimed by the evolutionist or in some way analagous to it. But the underlying moral sense that which not only helps us to determine the right but insists that we shall do it, which impresses upon us an imperative sense of obligation to fulfill the law of absolute rectitude, not only independently of, but in direct opposition to our own interests and inclinations, this seems to us to be another and quite different thing. We have no desire to dogmatize upon a subject which we have not made a special study, but we fail to see in any of the lower orders of nature—that is, lower than man—the germ from which this faculty can have been developed.

Good men will be as faithful to God in prisons as in palaces.

FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

For years it has been the great aim of fashion to combine "simplicity and elegance"—that is to say, to gain an original effect by simple means, and though skilful manufacturers and clever modistes have endeavored again and again to introduce gorgeous, ostentatious stuffs, fantastic ungraceful shapes, and over-loaded ornamentations and decorations, yet these were merely sanctioned, or allowed to pass, and only worn by those not gifted with in-bred discretion and good taste, and who do not know that the greatest simplicity often includes the greatest elegance; for plain material may be more elegant than the richest fabric, if it be of solid worth and arranged in a distinguished manner suited for the occasion on which it is to be worn. We would at the same time entreat our readers to remember that fashionable and elegant are two expressions which do not express the same thing. What is elegant, it is true, will always appear fashionable, yet the latter is often far from being elegant, however rich it may be; rich and elegant have also very different meanings, though often considered synonymous. Elegance is nothing but harmony in every particular, so that a toilette must not only be perfect in style, becomingness and color, but must have a certain something, better to be understood by a passing glance than by a thousand words.

The newest collar for cloth suits is the round stand-up collar cut in two pieces to fit the neck, and to look like a continuation of the dress. It fastens on the side.

Flounces cut in points are favorite trimmings.

Bustles are prominent as usual, the most stylish being long and narrow. Skirts are of the average width—two yards and a half.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.—A correspondent raises these points of etiquette: Mr. and Mrs. M.— receive the following card:

MRS. BLANK,
THE MISSES BLANK,
Friday, January Eighth.
From four until six. 10 B St.

First. Should this be answered, and how?

Second. If the gentleman is not able to attend, should his wife carry one or two of his cards, and ought the cards to be in an envelope, addressed one to Mrs. Blank and the other to the Misses Blank?

Third. If the daughter is invited, should her name be engraved on the same card with her mother's?

Last. Should the guests call a few days after the reception, and if so, the gentlemen unable to call, should his wife when she calls hand in his card with her own at the door; or, if calls are not necessary, should cards be sent to Mrs. Blank and the Misses Blank?

ANSWERS.

First. This implied invitation requires no answer.

Second. The wife should convey one card for herself and one of her husband's for the hostess, and another for the host, and leaves them without envelopes, on the hall table, unless the servant offers a tray for their reception, which attention is quite impossible where many guests are coming and going at the same moment. If more than one lady is receiving, the right hand end of of the cards may be folded over to indicate that the entire family is remembered by this formality.

Third. A daughter's name is engraved upon her mother's card during the first year in society, but after that she has a card of her own. If she be other than the eldest unmarried daughter, her first name is engraved, and if it is the first society year of two daughters, both their names are engraved, in full, beneath their mother's, and prefixed by Misses.

Fourth and last. No call follows after an afternoon tea or reception. Happily it is counted as a call if those who are bidden are present either in person or by card. Sometimes when only one in a family presents herself or himself, he or she leaves the cards of those who are unable to be present. If only cards respond to the offered courtesy, they must be sent in an unsealed envelope by a messenger on the day indicated, and, if possible, during the hours set apart for receiving. If invitations have been sent to different members of one family, in separate envelopes, the response must be made separately. If cards for all the household are included within one envelope, cards are sent to the hostess similarly addressed.

When entertainments require answers to their invitations they should be made immediately and in the same style and degree of formality as the language chosen by the hostess.

Afternoon receptions are counted as time saving arrangements, and should be held as social blessings in a large city where it is impossible to find leisure for the old-fashioned ceremonies and never-ending process of making and returning calls.

Of course, after a dinner, ball, party or other grand entertainment, a call of ceremony, to imply or say "thanks," and to make inquiries, is indispensable, albeit the greatest share even of such formalities is necessarily performed by cards, which are left in person, because the late hostess has such a press of engagements that she cannot be at home to an extended circle of acquaintances.—*Social Etiquette in New York.*

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.—CHARADE.

The answer to this will be found by changing the punctuation, thus: My first, *in*; my second, *sat*; my third, *iate*; my whole, *insatiate*.

SQUARE WORD.

E A R L
A G U E
R U L E
L E E R

FLOWERS EMBLEMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Monkshood.
2. Ivy. (iv)
3. Snowball.
4. Tulips.
5. London Pride.
6. Everlasting.
7. Trumpet Flower.
8. Osier.
9. Elm.

Mistletoe.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.—FLOWERS
EMBLEMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Aloe.
2. Primrose.
3. Pennyroyal.
4. Larkspur.
5. Endure.
6. Buttercup.
7. Lady-Slipper.
8. Oats.
9. Sage.
10. Star of Bethlehem.
11. Orange.
12. Musk.

Apple Blossom.

SQUARE WORD.

R I P E
I D E A
P E E R
E A R N

BEHEADED WORD.

Habit—a bit—bit—bit—T.

WHIMSICALITIES.

"Now, as I understand the tariff, Clarence," said a fair young bride, about whom still clung the odor of the orange blossom, "nearly everything that is imported from the old world has to pay a tax. Am I right, dearest?" "Yes, fond one," replied Clarence, as he softly stroked her brown tresses; "in order to protect our home industries, under the present system, most importations pay a tax. There is a party who would remove the tariff." "Oh, Clarence, you will never vote for that party, promise me." "And why not?" asked the devoted husband. "Because then our hired girl could get a French artificial bouquet on her bonnet just like mine, and that would be perfectly horrid." As Clarence fondly embraced the fair economist he thought of the noble and unselfish motives that would actuate the ballot in the hands of women.

A young man asked the lady of his affection, the other evening, how she liked the looks of his new-style standing collar. After critically surveying him and the collar she replied: "Very nice, indeed. It looks like a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum."

"Of what did you say they convicted the doctor?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it was purgery."

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there *pour les convenances*. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say *twice*, Ethel, dear; *two* is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class the story of David and Goliath, and she added, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub opened his blue eyes with wonder, as he remarked, "Oh teacher, what a memory you've got."

The chum of a boarder at a hotel struck him over the head with a wash-bowl, the other day. When his friends ask him what ails his head, he mutters, "Inflammatory room-mate-ism," and adroitly guides the conversation into another channel.

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

When Adolphus placed his arms around the neck of Angelina, he said it was for a neck's press purpose.

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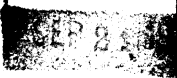
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